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CHRISTIAN IMPERIALISM

CHRISTIAN IMPERIALISM

BY

A. C. HILL

AUTHOR OF "THE SWORD OF THE LORD"
"SHALL WE DO WITHOUT JESUS?"
ETC. ETC.

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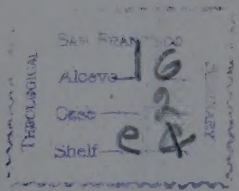

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TO

THOMAS YATES

KENSINGTON

MY DEAR YATES,

Permit me to give at least some appearance of distinction to this book by inscribing on its forefront the name of one, who is not only a richly gifted public teacher, but also, which is to me far more important, an old and valued friend.

ARTHUR C. HILL.

GLASGOW, 1917.

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BOOK I

PRINCIPLES OF IMPERIAL RULE

"God, whoe'er God be,
Keep us from withering as the lords of Rome,
Slackening and sickening toward the imperious end
That wiped them out of empire. Yea, he shall."

SWINBURNE, *Rosamund.*

I

THE RELIGIOUS INSPIRATION OF THE EMPIRE

When the European conflict started, there were many capable observers who believed that the day of Britain's greatness was nearing its end. Young and vigorous Powers were rising in the world. These would endeavour to win for themselves primacy amongst the nations. Combined against Britain, they would pull her down. Then from amongst them would emerge the new ruler of the nations. The Sea Queen would be eclipsed, her star go down in a lurid sky, and a chapter of world history close in gloom. To these dark heralds of a coming woe, this clash of armed peoples resounding through the world was but, for Britain, the beginning of the end.

So has it often been. The prophets have pronounced the doom, but the truth of history has belied their vaticinations. Shelburne, seeing that America is to be separated from England, is certain that our time of national supremacy is over. Wellington, having concluded a victorious campaign and entered into political life, sees no hope that the nation can ever again be as prosperous as it has been. Yet this was immediately prior to a time when prosperity came to this country as though literally poured upon her from the skies. Surely there is precedent for believing that the sad-eyed sages who foretold disaster for England as the consequence of this struggle will be wrong. They have made the mistake of prophesying before the event.

Indeed it is already clear that at the end of this conflict we find ourselves in the first flight amongst the

great nations. Nay, we are not only amongst the first, but, by the consent of all, the British people are now the world's leaders, exerting an influence over mankind such as their ancestors dared not hope to wield. The ordeal by battle has been tried, and the men of our blood have not betrayed our trust. And yet this primacy of ours has been won at such a fearful cost that, if we should ever be tempted to insolent elation over our dignity of place, such a disposition could speedily be quelled by the recollection of those graves, heaped and pent, in France, in Flanders, in Gallipoli, which remain, a melancholy yet splendid memorial of the toll exacted by Imperial rule.

Recognising then the greatness of our past achievements, understanding that we have just come through a crisis which has tested our fortitude and resolution to the utmost, it would seem that we are now entering upon a new and momentous period of our history. It will not be an easy time, this which is even now opening before us. The timid and hare-hearted, the laggards, who ask only that the movement of life's wheels should be accommodated to their own lethargy, will find it a disturbing and even painful epoch, full of shocks to their dull intellects and torpid sensibilities; but the bolder spirits, to whom March winds and sea spume are not unwelcome, will surely find the age to their liking. And there does seem reason to believe that, having been especially blessed of God throughout this time of trial, our countrymen will think more soberly of their obligations, viewing them in the light of an Imperial destiny, and seeing in them a call to high spiritual endeavour as well as an increase of secular responsibilities.

We have heard much in recent years of the decay of faith. That was to be expected in an age which knew much of comfort, was on speaking terms even with luxury, but was a stranger to the austerities and cruelties of war. There is good reason to believe that we have seen the worst of that phase of thought and feeling. Something has happened for which the purveyors of polite negations and dubious sophisms were not prepared. Those assaults upon accepted moral truisms with which

we had become familiar have suddenly ceased. The clever sophist, contemptuously gibing at the beliefs and convictions of simple, honest men, has now no audience. Plain humanity has come to its own again. For we have seen the sophist clad in armour, wielding artillery, smashing cathedrals, spearing children, and raping women, and he is not a lovely figure in our eyes. War is always terrible, but this war, an obscene and filthy madness, into contact with which decent men have been forced through the machinations of titled perjurers and kingly thieves, has disgusted and appalled mankind, and led them, sickened and horror-struck at the indecencies and crimes possible to an irreligious society, to view a little more sympathetically the ideals which religion, and especially Christianity, represents.

By religion I mean the belief that a moral Intelligence and Will is in the Universe, and that man's function in life, the one thing that gives value to his transient existence, that focusing-point of two immensities, the Past and the Future, is his effort to understand and interpret the meaning of that Will. And by Christianity I mean that theory of life which sees in Jesus of Nazareth the predictive ideal of human character, and in His Cross the symbol of life's deepest meaning.

A good deal of the feeling that men have had about the Christian religion is translatable into terms of indifference and ignorance, the result, partly of the cumulative attraction of other interests, by which they have been drawn away from formal religious practices, partly of a vague idea that in the presence of the incalculable forces revealed and liberated by the new knowledge, religion no longer matters, has become an insignificant element in human affairs. The recent struggle, so fierce and agonising, has in some minds deepened this melancholy temper, convincing them that religion is incapable of seriously affecting the conduct of men in societies; but there are others, and their number is likely to increase, who have been driven back to those beliefs which in the past have so vitally affected the life of man, and it is not a vain hope that we may now see a revival of faith in the value of religion.

Amongst the reasons which seem to authenticate this hope for the increased influence of religion, one may be found in the shattered idols that lie round about us. The things to which numbers of good men had pinned their faith have mostly broken down. We know now that democracy has far to travel before it can, if ever, guarantee for itself immunity from the fever of war, and that Science alone, by which I mean the explanation of natural phenomena, and the application of the energies latent in phenomena, cannot satisfy the desires of a reflective and aspiring humanity. This is the real, the true tragedy of our day. Man thought he held Prospero's wand, by which Caliban could be charmed into a sweet docility, and lo, the wand is broken, and the beast is ramping at large and roaring for his prey. They who dreamed of human felicity being perfected by the skilled use of knowledge must now confess the vanity of their dream, for, alas, Science, in this restricted sense, has only given fresh weapons to those who foment discord and turn it to their own profit; and the genius of man, ever finding new inventions, has become the most potent weapon for his own destruction.

Of course this does not mean that the work of Science, which perhaps is only in its earliest stages yet, is to cease or even to be hindered by international conflicts. There may even be those who will say that this world war only proves again the truth of the old Greek's saying, "War is the parent of all things." But I believe that it will bring home to mankind at large the truth, that the creation of a tolerable world order depends upon the frank recognition of forces which have their seat and being in the soul, that not all our inventions will save us from the degradation of these unholy conflicts, with their far-reaching and menacing consequences, if we do not bring our social and economic machinery under the control of a universal moral law, and learn to think of men, not as targets for sharpshooters or fodder for the conquering worm, but as children of the Spirit, heirs and assigns of an Eternal Love.

If this be so, then with the cessation of the war we shall require to find again those emotions by which man

is maintained as a spiritual creature. We shall discover that whilst our need for the gifts of Science is greater than ever and must be met by a liberal diffusion of knowledge through all classes of society, it is only by the faith of the believer that the nobler feelings of the soul can grow. It is a new day that is now dawning for mankind, a day which will be the more wonderful to many because they have not expected it, thinking that religion had served its purpose and met its doom. But even these are being driven to see that a world without ethics, and without religion as the ground of its moral principles, is a machine without oil, which at the best goes screaming and grunting on its way, jolting and stumbling on an uneven road, and at the worst falls to pieces in hideous ruin and combustion, dragging driver and passengers into one weltering mass of wreckage.

Because of this we may expect in the immediate future a measure of appreciation for the Christian faith. It will be acknowledged that it has done much to make life tolerable to men. Its ability to engender heroic virtue will not be denied. And those who have kept this faith alive in their hearts, who have clung to it when the world seemed to have passed it by in scorn, that world which lived, as Miss Edgeworth is said to have written, "as if Christianity did not exist," will be esteemed as guardians of the sacred fire. For it will be seen that in preserving this religion men have, unwittingly, guaranteed their ultimate freedom, and whilst seeking the glory of the skies have found the glory of the city and the field, a truth perceived even by those men who, behind the barricades of Paris, bowed to the image of Christ, the master spirit of revolt. And the present writer believes that the new sense of Imperial responsibility, which will surely be one of the fruits of this war, will imply a fresh appreciation of the value of Christianity. For we have not been brought in safety through these fierce Gehenna fires without some purpose to be served thereby. What the ultimate issue of that purpose may be we cannot say, but at least we may believe that this Empire of ours must now be thought of as something more than a huge trading concern—it must be seen as an

instrument in God's hands, an agent for the fulfilment of His will.

Who indeed can watch this creation of an Empire, and not see the working of a Power greater than human forethought and skill? A purpose exists in many different minds, each of which co-operates in seeking a common goal, so that this building of roads through untracked lands, this creation of fair cities in the wilderness, this centrifugal movement combined with attachment to the centre, seems to proclaim obedience to a common though unconscious impulse which, unhasting yet unresting, inerrant as the planets which no eclipse can move from their path, at once adventurous and religious, has been as a dæmonic urging, forcing our people towards Imperial rule.

Such an interpretation suggests ideas which are in essence religious. It contains implications which are radically Christian. It enables one to understand why so many of the men who have built up the Empire by their adventurous exploration or by their military exploits have been men of passionate faith, who, though their theology has often been simple, if not indeed crude, have yet had an attachment to their religion and its Founder which has been the chief source of their energy and daring, and have often thought of themselves as literally missionaries, authorised, not merely to add territory to the possessions of a great king, but to aid the weak, to create a government beneficial to mankind, and to make accessible to all the religion by which they were themselves controlled.

What then is the spiritual impulse, if such there be, by which the creators of this Empire have been controlled? I answer that it is Religion, belief in ordination to a perilous task and a glorious end which has been the instinctive motive of our mightiest achievements. It may seem but comic to some of our critics to suggest a relation between the Empire and the Christian Faith, in a time when the energy of the statesman is directed to practical affairs, and the so-called spiritual forces must be left to take care of themselves. Yet against this contemptuous indifference it may be urged that

the worship of Deity, the cult of a vigorous religion and the sanctity of its temples, is possibly as important to the welfare of a State as the industries on which its economic prosperity is built. For religion alone can create a genuine solidarity, give to a multitude, a race, the corporate unity they need for greatness. Heine did not exaggerate when he said that in the Tabernacle the Jew had a portable fatherland. Nations, like individuals, cannot live by bread alone.

But it may be asked, What relation can there be between the ideas and emotions generated by religion and the political development of a particular human society? Are we not confusing things that differ? Would it not be better to admit that religion and State policy are two incompatibles, dealing with distinct spheres and mutually exclusive? Then, on this assumption, there is no necessary connection between ideas and conduct, and therefore improvement of the judgment, by discussion, analysis, comparison, becomes superfluous. Men become wise, if at all, as poppies grow and their ideas of good and evil, of life and death, of Origins and Destiny, are as vain and ineffectual in the actual world as the beating of a bird's wings against the granite walls of a fortress. Such a doctrine is as dangerous as it is false. For the truth is, that men and nations live as much by ideas and emotions as by wheat and beef, and it can never be a matter of indifference what the citizens believe. Therefore that is a poor nation, whatever its outward splendour, in which the seers and singers are despised. It may have a glorious past, but its future will be devoid of greatness. For the poet and prophet are needed to remind men that mighty spirits are requisite for great actions, and to revive within us the ideas and hopes by which a nation's soul is nourished. If they speak a great language, strange to the dulled ears of worldly men, it is because they have mused upon truths which time cannot corrupt nor destroy. They are watchmen who call us from soft slumbers to take our place in the phalanx, to renew the perpetual struggle against falsehood and wrong, and though we may resent their insistence upon the need for effort, may complain

of the strain that their high words put upon us who, after all, are but men, and wish to be no different from our kind, yet in our hearts we know that they are in the right. So when we are told that we belong to an ordained people, that our position entails sacred obligations, we may wish that they would be silent and leave us to our apathy and sloth, yet our conscience will still echo their adjurations, though we try to be deaf to their clamant call.

We British people do not easily lend ourselves to the control of these charmers, yet we can hardly deny the wisdom which speaks through them. For this flag of ours represents, we know, something more than a glorified grocer's store. It stands for the interests and traditions of many races, is the silent promise of freedom and peace to many of those who are yet in bonds, and it may well be, as it has appeared to some of our noblest, that it represents a people elected by divine suffrage to its position of rule.

The critic of the Empire would assert that any such belief proves the Britisher's incapacity for the creation of a world philosophy. Yet it is a striking fact that particular nations seem to have been called to leadership at different periods of history. To each in turn some task has been entrusted. Each of them has contributed something to the invisible wealth of humanity. Religion, science, law—these have received new and valuable bequests through the labour of separate nations. Hebrew, Greek, and Roman have each gained something for humanity, have won wealth which has become the property, not of a race only, but of mankind.

It is this fitness, this harmony between the time, the work, and the people which, at least in part, justifies the belief in a national destiny. As we speak of a man's vocation, meaning that he is qualified for some special labour and feels within himself the call to such labour, so we may speak of a national mission, believing that communities as well as individuals may be inspired to serve the Will that guides the world. And this affords, at least, a clue to the interpretation of our Imperial position, the work for which this nation has been raised

up and guided thus far in its course: not to force men's minds into an iron mould, if that were possible, but to diffuse throughout the world the twin blessings of liberty and law—this is the purpose for which we have been elected to place and rule. And if swaggering pride should ever become our besetting sin, if sword-rattling, Zabernism, and frantic gasconading about the Mailed Fist should become our dangerous pastime, what curb so strong, what so likely to make us modest and humble in our bearing, as the belief that we go forth, not at our own charges, but in obedience to the stern Will of Him who casts down the mighty from their seats and exalts them of low degree?

Some of our instructors would have us believe that there is nothing important in the matter of race, yet any kind of internationalism which desires to transcend the national spirit can only do so by first recognising that the national spirit exists. Lafcadio Hearn tells us that he found Japanese children, as they became older, grew away from him, becoming incorporated in the body of the nation, while he was left outside. This is inevitable wherever there is a strong national instinct. The blood must tell. How many famous conquerors have tried to escape from the pressure of this national instinct! Opposed by a sentiment which they despised, desiring to act as benefactors to their subjects, they would compel men of different race to amalgamate, as one throws rubbish of many kinds into the same sack. It is a perilous mode of treating men, and not the less dangerous, in that it suggests a high disdain of man's central affections. These minglings of tastes and habits, far from killing, may only strengthen the repellent forces, until the explosive point is reached, and the society, organised from without, is dissolved again into its discrete units.

The mistake of the speculative thinker lies in his desire to mould humanity after a definite pattern. He forgets that he is dealing with creatures who are subject to unreasonable loves and hatreds. Great Englishmen have usually been free from this irrational passion for uniformity. Of Charles Gordon, in some respects one of our greatest, it was said that "his heart was dis-

interested and therefore his eyes were clear." There have been amongst us many clear-sighted men to whom the thing that needed doing shone as in the glare of day, men whose clarity of vision came from the desire that their own task might be worthily done, bringing no disgrace on the edifice into which their piece of work was to be built.

Aided by this high idea of their Imperial vocation, such men have not succumbed to the crushing sense of their insignificance as individuals, but have preserved in dangerous situations the ability to act on their personal judgment. They have served the State without becoming servile. Aware of the value of discipline, they have, on occasion, enforced a Spartan rule, and have fostered a passion for the observance of the laws, that fine virtue which illumines the noblest of Plutarch's heroes, and is seldom absent from the character of notable Englishmen. But they have had little reverence for the superiority which would quench every spark of personal initiative. Freedom to take risks, willingness to bear responsibility without ostentatious protection from the consequences of failure—these are the marks of our great men.

Occasionally, it is true, we have trusted our fortunes to one who could not bear the strain, and a Lord Raglan, victimised by the punctilio of his position, oppressed by the example of his master Wellington, works like a hard-driven clerk at his desk, forgetting the greater issues of the campaign in his observance of the immediate duties of the day. But in most cases we have been favoured with men who were capable of making their own regulations, willing to risk defeat on the chance of winning a victory. And it is by this ability to throw up, in the time of need, men who, equal to the emergency of the hour, would dare to accept a responsibility which might well have seemed crushing, so fraught was it with the treasures of Destiny, that the mighty deeds of our national history have been wrought.

Few types of men stand better than the British the wear and tear of movement and change. They are manifestly chosen to be the pioneers of exploration. Yet it is not because they are the cleverest of men that they

have won their place in the world. Indeed, the Englishman has a secret dislike for the clever man as such, firmly believing that the Old Bailey is his likeliest hostelry. There is a real distrust of merely sharp intelligence. And there is justice in this dubiety. The Oriental mind will always be more subtle, more alert for fine distinctions than the Saxon. For mental swiftness and finesse the Eastern is the better man. But then the genius of the Saxon is not found in his intelligence alone, but in his character, his resolution, his daring, his will to risk all rather than submit to base conditions. Without making a song of it, the truth remains that the average Briton has the largest endowment of the "Will to Power." And yet these people have a strange sanity of conduct in every circumstance of life. Look at their management of politics, how rarely they overstep the line. They are capable enough of fierce indignation. There is in them plenty of Berserker fury, the heritage of their Scandinavian blood, but they have a full measure of self-control, and this makes them equal to the most exigent times.

This is why they have usually saved themselves from the calamities which wait upon extremists, seldom pushing the claims of logic too far. They have limited the authority of the doctrinaire. We used to think this a defect in our countrymen, and would have preferred to see French logic applied to British institutions, but most of us now regard it as a happy instinct which induced them to leave so many loose ends in the texture of constitutional government.

For instance, the ancient ideal was to find the philosopher and seat him on the throne. The sage should sit in the seat of the mighty. That experiment was tried, and one of the saintliest of thinkers ruled the Roman Empire. The experiment was not quite successful. Amongst the rulers of Rome there was no better man than Marcus Aurelius. But there were better monarchs. The English people have not made that mistake. They have not regarded domestic virtues as a substitute for kingly qualities, and to-day "the Crown exercises a beneficial substitute of influence for power." It is not

that the King is the wisest or the ablest man in the Empire. He is there as the embodiment of an idea. He becomes a sacred emblem. He stands for the holy fire once guarded by the Vestals. He summarises the genius of his nation and gathers round him all that is best in the kingdom. In the words of an old admiral, "The Crown is to be honoured though it hang on a bush," but it is to be honoured for its emblematic significance, not for the personal qualities of its wearer. For this reason those people who look for the fall of kings in our land are likely to be disappointed, even in a time when many crowns are in a position of unstable equilibrium. Our constitutional monarchy is likely to outlive every form of change, and will continue when all the political experiments have been tried.

And there are good reasons for this increased hold of the monarchic principle on the affections of the British people. The House of Brunswick has not always been responsive to the sentiment of the nation. Its chief representatives have sometimes forgotten that they were monarchs of England rather than rulers of Hanover, and Thackeray's deeply-bitten etchings of the Georgian line remain, a lasting indictment of men who did not appreciate the responsibilities of their great position. But for three generations this nation has been peculiarly fortunate in its rulers. A queen of heroic temper, a man of world-wide interests and sympathies, and a noble gentleman have successfully proved that a hereditary monarchy is compatible with the largest development of free institutions. And to-day there is not one responsible person in the Empire who does not gladly acknowledge that in our reigning monarch we have one whose simplicity of life, devotion to duty, and chivalrous manhood are a precious possession to the Commonwealth. A new lustre is added to the Crown when it is thus worthily worn. Virtues which are admirable wherever found, obtain a rarer grace and splendour when they are set in high station, and shine, not in obscurity, but in the full glare of public life, the cynosure of every eye. "You was a good man," moans poor Marty over the grave of Dick Winterbourne, the man she has silently loved and

worshipped. That eulogy of a virtue which is beautiful in the husbandman, becomes a finer and more fruitful thing when it can be applied to one whose goodness shines through all the attributes of kingly majesty. Honouring such a monarch, we honour whatever is best in ourselves, and give a weightier sanction to the noblest elements of our common manhood.

The comprehensive genius of the British people is revealed in their amalgamation of forms of government. Tacitus thought that the combination of royalty, aristocracy, and democracy was impossible. Yet this blending of the different orders of society is one of the marks of our policy. Surely the people who could thus combine elements so diverse have a superior talent for political practice. One reason for this is that our people have instinctively recognised the truth implied in the metaphorical phrase, the body politic. They know that society is an organism, that each of its parts has its own function, and they consistently refuse to allow any section of the organism to monopolise control. It is not a question of high and low, great and small, but of distinct functions co-operating to a common end, the welfare of the whole. This is the natural order, where each individual is given full liberty of expression for his own idiosyncrasy, limited only by the equal rights of others. This is the idea, the theory, implicitly held by British men, on which the Empire is founded. I do not say that we have always acted in accord with the theory. I insist on the extension of democratic influence, because I believe we have not given that element its due proportion in the past. But there is no doubt that we have succeeded beyond any other people in co-ordinating these separate forces of Imperial and national life.

Another reason for our success is found in the immense area of our activity. The part of the world that our people rule is so vast that every form of genius can find room for free exertion. If you affect a theory of government which suggests Prussia and the Jackboot, somewhere an opportunity may be given you to lick into shape the raw material of human life. Having the temper of one who is "against the Government," being

any kind of rebel, short of an assassin, you may find men who will welcome you as a confederate. Every kind of theory may be held and, within certain limits, applied, and no one be any the worse. Thought and speech have larger licence within the Empire than in any other society of men. And this is not so much the result of legislation as the product of ideas and sentiments engrained in our national temper. Claudius Cæsar could slay and murder, but could not alter a letter of the alphabet. The limitations of rulership are obvious. The authority of racial temper is almost boundless. And this authority is paramount amongst the British people.

How often has our national predilection for compromise been treated with scorn by the publicist. Yet in this ability to be satisfied with the second best we may find one of the causes of our national greatness. There are two famous nations with whom we have at different times fought for precedence. One of these, the French, has always rejoiced in the possession of a logical faculty unequalled in the world, whilst Germany may claim an ability unsurpassed for abstract thought and philosophical speculation. Yet these magnificent qualities have hindered rather than helped these nations in their colonising schemes. For the logical genius of the one and the philosophic mentality of the other are dangerous forces when operating in practical affairs. In the actualities of human life there are many circumstances which will not permit the enforcement of a rigid logic. And when handling men, it is more important to be sympathetic and adaptable to unexpected circumstances, than inclined to treat them as algebraic figures. The notable persons who are remembered as colonists and rulers of men amongst the British peoples have been wonderfully free from the tyranny of abstractions. Possessed of a keen eye for the facts of a situation, more interested in achieving success than in obeying regulations, they could take advantage of whatever was favourable in their conditions and force a victory where defeat seemed certain.

Here, indeed, is the essential quality of the British people. They have applied themselves to every sort of

circumstance without being hampered by preconceived ideas. They are the least doctrinaire of any race of men. Confident in their own ingenuity and resource, careless, when confronted by vital issues, of custom and rule, they have bent their minds to doing as well as they could the piece of work on hand. As an emigrant, the Englishman will not readily forget the country that bore him. But he is not in Edmonton or Mandalay to sentimentalise over his recollections of Putney or the Cumberland Lakes. He is there to make a home for himself, and the new world is as interesting to him as the old. As a soldier he has always fought with insufficient men and imperfect equipment. But he has been more concerned about winning his battles and so ensuring peace than complaining of his boots and bayonets, though he has not refrained from doing that. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable in the story of this people than the sublime confidence which the Government has reposed in the military forces and commanders it has sent out. "You are British men. Remember your race and do the best you can," seems to have been the principle on which the men in authority acted. And that immense faith in the qualities native to the race, though it has sometimes brought disaster, has on the whole been abundantly justified.

Not less important is the Englishman's respect for the conventions of an alien people. He understands that there are sentiments more powerful than laws and stronger than legions. The Egyptians accepted Roman supremacy, but when one of the soldiers happened to kill a cat, the sacred animal of their nation, they tore him to pieces. The British understand these prejudices and affections, and see that they require no justification beyond the fact that they exist. Thus rendering just homage to opinions not their own, they obtain respect for their judgment, even though affection may be denied.

Then the British know that social structure is always superior to political organisation. That is why they try to preserve the social structure intact, while the political organisation may be altered to suit varying needs. This may not appeal to the logical mind of the Teuton, but its value is proved by the vitality of British

forms of government and the relative ineffectiveness of forms which, abstractly logical enough, have been applied like clamping irons to living men. Government is not a Science but an Art. To succeed in it, you must know that you are handling, not inanimate blocks, but flesh and blood. I am told that in Palestine the Bedouins kindle fires round the roots of the palm trees. Thus they burn the tree so that it falls with the first high wind. In this manner they secure the fruit which grows at the tree-top, and, incidentally, have destroyed the forests which once abounded in Palestine. Not dissimilar is the practice of those conquerors who have compelled their subjects to shape their lives on fixed models. Seeking obedience in secondary matters, such rulers have sacrificed the richest elements of national life, spoiling and scattering treasures bought by the anguish of heroes. The British people have generally abstained from this folly, and therefore are admired even where they are not loved.

And even their enemies must acknowledge that beneath a careless demeanour, a boyish and even foolish gaiety, the English conceal a seriousness of purpose not easily deflected from its chosen goal. Napoleon hears that Romilly has killed himself because he has lost his wife, and declares that such a thing being possible proves the worth of the English character. The single fact would scarcely bear such a wide induction, but it serves to focus what the most acute mind of his generation had recognised, that the bluff heartiness of the Englishman covers a profound capacity for feeling. Fluent utterance may be difficult for such men, but the character indicated will bear the strains of life better than that to which a great sorrow means no more than the sharp pang of an aching tooth. This disposition to find real significance in events, to believe that the issues of them are weighty and enduring, is what keeps desire strong, gives the power of earnest pursuit, and in a word makes man's moral fibre firm. The Englishman plays much, but he seldom plays at life. His instinct is to grasp its problems with iron hand and to hold on, finding a solution in action rather than in abstract thinking.

This has been the characteristic of the race in war. They have had a falcon's eye for the point of attack and have sought it with invincible resolution. Grandiose schemes they have left to more imaginative minds. Mahan tells us that in our earlier naval conflicts with France, the French officers were frequently better versed in the science of their profession than our own. But what our leaders lacked in theory they made up by their will to bring the question at issue to a decision, their eagerness for an actual trial of strength between opposing fleets. Their ships often badly provisioned, their orders from home frequently vague, they knew that their work was to destroy the enemy's fleet wherever found. This was their objective, and to it all else was made subordinate.

Nelson says to his officers that if they are uncertain what to do they had better close with the enemy's ships. The counsel is typical of the race and its temper. Seldom planning with meticulous care, confident in their genius for action, they have desired to bring matters to a crisis and to set their fate in the balance. And a marvellous good fortune has generally accompanied them. Their history is indeed not without its record of mistakes, inevitably so, since they have worked with a free hand in circumstances where precedent was no guide. The cost of their glorious liberty has not seldom been paid to Heaven in personal loss and national disaster. But, while others have been travelling on well-marked paths, the British man has advanced where there was nothing but his own wit to guide him. In pursuit of a goal but vaguely seen, he has made acquaintance with every peril, and, freely accepting the risks inseparable from new situations, has seen his resources grow with every fresh emergency.

It is a peculiarity of his race that this man seems to revolt against every kind of ideology when engaged in secular enterprises, and suggests a preference for the lower rather than the higher valuation of his work. The rank swamps of sentiment he abhors, and thus the observer may be misled into thinking him impervious to this influence. Strange deception! A diffidence in speaking of matters personal to himself, a dislike of

exaggeration, may lead one to think him a hard and even a dull man. The falseness of his manner is not deliberate, it is merely the glassy surface that conceals the depths, the calmness of a statue covering the volcanic fires of passion. "Let it be thought that you are odd and all things are allowed." The Englishman has taken that maxim to heart. Viewing life from his own angle, content with his own way of doing things, finding joy in conflict for the sake of the game, he has often bewildered those who try to explain him. With little vanity and with much pride, seldom concerned about the judgments of others on his conduct, he travels unconcernedly on his chosen road.

To live by the rule of a high inward command, and yet to be gaily careless in the lesser matters of the law, is not uncommon amongst men of his race. And this obedience to a secret compulsion, never more manifest than when victory seems infinitely remote and failure their inevitable portion, has contributed not a little to their phenomenal success.

Is this a dangerous doctrine, this theory that a nation may be chosen of God for a high mission in the world? It is full of danger, as are all ideas that stir the soul and call men to live upon the heights. Little men, vulgar men, selfish men, can make of this idea a weapon of death for themselves and others. Use it for base ends, and it will let all the horrors of hell loose upon mankind, as the men and women of Picardy, Belgium, Poland, and Serbia know to their cost. But then such men have no right even to speak of Empire, do but debase the name and prostitute the thing by their approval and support, remote as they are from apprehension of its majestic meaning. The servant of Empire must be of those who seek the dangerous places, who know that the true life for a man is one of perpetual peril, of hardship blithely endured, of sweating brain and wearied hand, and such a man, be he statesman or mechanic, may well be animated by the passionate desire to make this free Commonwealth of ours the most potent of all instruments for the ennoblement of mankind.

II

THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF THE EMPIRE

Of the once famous kingdom of Pegu there is left to-day nothing more than a certain musical spire, a curiosity attractive to the traveller in tropic lands. That, say a hundred proverbs, is the lot of all earthly things; they are born and they die. And the life of the dragon-fly, flashing, a thing of beauty, through a few summer days, and the life of an Empire, are alike insignificant, negligible, when contrasted with the Eternity in which the birth and death of suns is but the incident of a day. Why then speak of an Empire as though it were exempt from the common law, as though it could endure? Yet to those who believe in the Divine ordering of the world, who have faith in an end, to further which humanity exists, it will not seem an absurdity that a race, a people, should be ordained to act as a leader for mankind. And where such a race continues to manifest the qualities which fit it for leadership, it implies no contradiction to established laws to believe that it may indefinitely endure, retaining its position in the van of human progress.

This does not mean that the condition of humanity can ever become static, which would be a denial of all progress; still less that the leading race should live upon its past, becoming a kind of petrified giant. Conservatism of this kind is but a synonym for death. Fixed institutions, rigid mental habitudes, the imprisonment of the free spirit within archaic forms, however firm and fair the forms may be—all these are the denial of life. As such they make, not for perpetuity, but for stagnation, torpidity, decay, to be followed, in obedience to historic rule, by anarchy, disruption, and the creation

of new and better moulds for the molten fluid of life. When I suggest that there are elements in our Imperial system which justify the hope of continuance through a prolonged, an indefinite period of time, I mean that there are in this people, and even in the institutions they have created, those qualities which render such a theory tenable. Our countrymen have an engrained but not a slavish reverence for their own past. They do not welcome change for its own sake. Their pragmatic habits of thought make them anxious to know the reasons for any alteration of procedure before they will acknowledge its worth or give it their serious approval, a fact of which our law courts alone are a sufficient proof. But they have also a swift facility in fitting themselves to meet a new situation, a dependence upon their own judgment in critical affairs, which has been proved in a thousand instances and in every part of the known world. And this combination of an inner firmness with easy adaptability is reflected in their corporate life and seen in their political institutions. These men are not the creatures of ideas alone, do not allow thought to be divorced from fact, and are certainly not the subtlest theorisers in the world. But neither do they ignore the importance of ideas. A code, a formula, a system they know to be valuable, to be necessary, and they usually have one. But they will not deify it. It is there to serve, to prove itself workable; if not, it must yield to the pressure of realities and make way for a better theory. And this is the only mode by which continuity of life can be maintained.

Time was when the mean tyranny of our landed proprietors made sheep stealing a capital offence. Reverence for ancient law combined with respect for property made this abominable relic of ancient days tolerable. But the time came when Englishmen could bear the iniquity no longer. They abolished it, wiped off the Statute Book what was an insult to the dignity of man. For generations our seamen, the most valuable of all those who laboured with their hands for the national well-being, were murdered by greedy shipowners and brokers, sent to their doom in overloaded boats, to

make bigger dividends for the owners. It was a crime, but it was supported by precedent, sanctioned by law. The day came when the Commons realised the inhumanity of the system and made its continuance impossible. A slow and costly method of doing business, says one. Granted. But the point is, that these changes, terribly necessary as they often are, tardily made, because the Englishman holds to his legal rights, believes in law, nevertheless *can* be made and *are* made, however ancient the rule that has to be broken, when it is once seen that to make them is essential to the well-being of the nation. And it is this combination of fixity and change which ensures duration of existence.

Look then at the past story of our Empire. Is not the most striking thing about it this celerity in meeting new combinations of circumstance, this skill of a fighting man who never loses sight of his enemy, and is always prepared to meet him with a new and courageous ingenuity ?

Fifteen hundred years ago—a small period of time as we count it in these astronomical days—the island of Britain was known as the land of death and silence. And for many generations its inhabitants had something else to do than think of wandering about the world in quest of adventure. They would find sufficient of that in their own country—in the ceaseless conflict with a reluctant Nature and hostile neighbours. For a thousand years England was the home of a race which was constantly fighting with itself, or engaged in preventing the inroads of other nations upon its territory. Through many generations the worker lived near the soil, tilling the ground for the benefit of his overlord, marrying and begetting children, and going at last like his fathers to a resting-place in the quiet glebe. Setting aside the raids from the Continent, of Roman, Dane, or Norman, this land was cut off from the rest of the world, became a garden of sorts, really enclosed and protected by the sea. Only when the Armada had threatened us, and been destroyed, did the future of England as a colonising and adventurous power become possible. The English Navy was then born. Then

began that Titanic struggle, with Spain, with France, with the Portuguese, for the possession of the fairest half of the globe, that mighty conflict of which the echoes can be heard even yet. Four hundred years is no long period in which to build a vast Empire. Yet this is the full measure of time that has been employed in making England the first sea power, the chief colonising agent in the world. John Bull may be, as Newman suggested, a spirit neither of heaven nor hell, but there must be in him some faculty for thought, adventure, and leadership which is not too freely bestowed upon mankind.

And if the judgment of foreign nations be an anticipation of the verdict of posterity, then it seems likely that English thought and rule will have its own place in the world's story a hundred centuries from now. Though England has not made all those daring experiments for which France has become famous, yet few realms of thought and activity have been left untouched by Englishmen, and wherever they have ventured they have at least tried to bring the common life of man a little nearer to their own ideal. This justifies the faith that for centuries to come the British Empire may continue to supply the world with the elements of the finest human character; for though, says Niebuhr, every free constitution goes through life to death, yet by raising more persons to highest freedom it has an advantage over individuals. And it is in the using of this advantage, by producing an ever greater number of persons who have been raised to the highest freedom, that the strength, the durability of Empire is to be found. The slave habitually thinks of his master as a buffer between himself and life, preventing free interaction between the man and his conditions. He cannot therefore develop himself, cannot give his best to the life of the community. But the free man, feeling the effect of every change in circumstance, must relate himself anew to a continuously unstable world, and is thus always qualifying himself for more efficient service to the corporate body. Such free men will resist more successfully the disrupting element in the State. They are the inheritors of its precious tradition. They bring

to it a heightened quality of life. They are the salt which prevents the body of the State from corruption. Granted a succession of such citizens, proud and free, yielding themselves to every noble discipline that they may guard their heritage with easy skill, and each eagerly responding to every call of the ever-changing world, there is no reason why the Empire of which they are the sons should not be indefinitely maintained in vigorous and healthy life.

Is it said that the Empire is too big, too unwieldy, to last for long? There is, of course, the possibility that a breakdown may occur. The multiplication of wheels in a machine increases the chance of going wrong. But there is no inherent danger in the mere fact of size. Bulk without brains, muscular power and weak vitality —these are the sure precursors of doom. But, assuming that as a people we do not grow fat, become plethoric and scant of breath, the vastness, the wide diffusion of our Imperial interests and responsibilities, is no authentic augury of decline. And the art with which British leaders have yielded when it was necessary, the skill they have shown in making the individual self-governing wherever that was compatible with the interests of the body politic, thus strengthening the bonds that bind the Empire together, appear to justify a reasoned belief in the perpetuity of the fabric they have helped to create.

Another reason why we may expect the Empire to continue, for a long time to come, is found in the large measure of liberty which it grants to all its citizens. Ancient liberty, it has been said, wanted representative government, emancipation of slaves, and freedom of conscience. It is yet debatable whether we can with safety give the first of these to every section of our dominions. But that we have guaranteed the two others to all under our flag is a fact which can be proved by anyone for himself. Slavery, the greatest curse under which the soul of man has ever laboured, has been eliminated wherever the rulership of the Empire extends, and though there may be, as Bagehot has said, Englishmen about the world who would like to see the hateful institution brought back again, it is certain that for

our people, and through us for the rest of the world, the institution is dead.

Similarly with freedom of conscience. There are good men who judge us severely because we have given too much of this commodity to others. They think that in our dealing with others, especially with subject races, we have allowed their standards instead of our own to be the guide of our conduct. But the reason for such a policy is clear enough. Our trusted leaders have always desired (Herbert Edwards of India is an example) to prove the Englishman's right to govern by the manifestation of a moral superiority. They have resented everything that hinted at bowing in the House of Rimmon, at the subordination of our ethical judgment to one which they believed to be not only different but inferior. Of course not all our countrymen have felt like this. Some of them have thought of conscience as the Spaniard thought of the colour line, a prejudice which ought not to affect conduct. They have allowed the moral standard of the people amongst whom they were living to be the rule of their own actions, and in so doing have missed the opportunity of justifying their claim to command, and have lowered the moral prestige of their countrymen. No more fatal blunder can be made by men who are entrusted with responsibility in foreign lands. For the chief reason by which external rule is justified in the minds of men to-day is the belief, well grounded or not, that those who are made subject to a law promulgated and enforced from without, are to be educated to the willing acceptance of those principles and ideals which the more advanced races hold in common. But the true Imperialist has always sought to educate the conscience of those whom he rules, has desired to see the subject race render willing obedience to the inner monitor. And when this is in process of being achieved, he will wish to grant the largest freedom to those who have shown themselves worthy of this trust.

It cannot be doubted that wherever the rulership of Britain extends this freedom of conscience is granted. And its continuance is guaranteed by the united will of

a people which has won such freedom for itself, and has not forgotten the price at which the boon was purchased.

Surely then there is good reason to believe that this Imperial Power, so full of hope for the future of mankind, is something better than a house of cards, to be blown down by the first strong breeze that smites upon it, that it conceals within itself a force of duration which will enable it to grow, like the deep-rooted oak of the forest, drawing strength from the winds that blow through its green and waving branches.

But the main ground for our faith in the continuance of the Empire is found in the steadily increasing influence exercised over its policy, at home and abroad, by Christian principles and ideals. Whatever causes have led to this result, the Empire stands to-day in the eyes of multitudes of men for a political system, the servants of which are endeavouring, often with shadowy notions of the ultimate meaning of their principles and conduct, yet with great sagacity and courage, to set forth before mankind those theories of life which have been stamped with the seal of Christ's approval. And it is necessary in the interests of Christianity and of the race that this fact should be stated, without Pharisaic pride, yet in the most explicit terms.

For amongst those who look with careful eyes on our Imperial achievements and designs, there are some to whom even the name of Empire has become an abomination, since they know too well what these fabrics, welded by the will of a despot, or subject to an oligarchy avaricious of power, have meant to the world. Freedom of the person, the sense of self-respect, these have often disappeared under the tide of Imperial authority, whilst the small peoples, struggling to maintain their independence, have gone down like trees beneath the silt of a measureless inundation. An Imperial and military caste has arisen, before which the citizen must bow as to the deputies of God. The soldier's pride swells until he becomes intolerable, while the civilian is reduced to a trader, whose only function is to supply the fighting forces with financial assistance.

Is this the final judgment of the humane upon British

Imperialism? Is there in it nothing worthy of moral homage? Nay, may we not retort upon our critics by another query? Are there not circumstances in which it becomes a crime to refuse obligations which seem to be bound up with our destiny? I believe there are, and that he who, being of our blood, rejects the idea of Empire is unfaithful to a solemn trust. Whatever our personal predilections, we British are an Imperial race, and must acknowledge the duties which are interwoven with our situation in the world. A puissant people, dedicating its talent to the enlargement of its authority in the world's councils, must have affected the moral quality of mankind by the impact of its national soul. This nation is the spiritual director as well as political ruler of great populations. Such responsibility may be denied on the ground that we give freedom of worship to all, that our attitude to them is not affected by the question whether they are Mohammedans, Buddhists, or Christians. But as British men we are credited with certain beliefs and judgments which affect our conduct. And we have not only undertaken to govern these various races with justice, we have tried to create in them a respect for British ideas and have thus made ourselves responsible for the effect on them of our character, our thought about life, our belief. Do they admire the typical British man? Then they will entertain some respect for the British man's gods. Let the British man protest that his gods are his own affair, that he does not ask the Hindoo or the Bantu to accept these, but only his cottons and machinery. Human nature being what it is, the faith by which this travelling and conquering people live will be considered, and the religious ideas which thus affect the thought of so many millions will be passed under review.

I am not arguing that justice and mercy, truth and honour, are the special property of the British race. They are of course universal standards of measurement. They are to be found, inchoate and rude, in the soul of man everywhere. But I do say that the British people have succeeded, beyond others, in giving a specific form to these ideas, in translating them into practical formulas.

It would be egoistic madness to maintain that we alone bow before these principles. But it is plain fact, that in this morally muddled world, we have given a definite shape to ideals and hopes which are common to all mankind. Equity, fair dealing, the effort to find the median line where two apparent rights conflict, the struggle to make truth the common medium of human intercourse, it is no hypocrisy, but the mere acceptance of the actual to say that these qualities, in broad outline, mark the Briton's work in the world. And the emphasis laid on these qualities is one of the fruits of that religious faith which lives and burns, often a flickering rushlight, but seldom wholly quenched, in the soul of our race.

Is it said that religion of any and every sort is a commodity for which mankind will have little use in time to come? The facts do not support this judgment. The question whether men need religion is no longer an open one. It has been settled by the decision of the anthropologists, the students of man under every social condition, whose verdict, practically unanimous, is that religion, crude, repellent, polymorphous, often scarcely recognisable, lives even in the horrible lineaments of the idol, and dwells, a vital energy, in the lewd and ferocious dances of the savage. Is humanity likely to jettison this important aid to life? Far from that; it seems a reasonable judgment that men will think more rather than less of their religion, that they will feel shame for having been ashamed of religious belief, that the era on which we are now entering will see a vigorous rebirth of the religious sentiment, and that the nation that would lead, having some conception of what life means, must formulate its ideas, giving to them the impress and the sanction of religion.

Men who know the dangers that threaten every Empire realise the need for some form of religious belief, to give to those who have lost confidence in secular institutions some faith in the future of the human race. And it may at least be asked where a better can be found than the religion of Christ. Things for which the world sells its honourable peace and joy yet fade and pass into oblivion. The urns of the dead preach to the living,

reminding the boldest of the term fixed to human achievement. And that philosophy which makes God the central fact of the universe, emphasises the importance of the soul and declares that in spiritual manhood is found the purpose of creation, alone offers the explanation of life which can save the thinker from despair.

Granted that Christianity is true, and the scattered pieces of the world fall into order, may be seen as parts of a whole. Its discords are capable of being subsumed, taken up into a higher harmony. The imagination can dwell on the purple picture of crashing worlds and bursting suns and oceans weltering in wild tumult round a frigid globe, and yet see beyond the fulgurant gloom a prospect fair and wide, where the emancipated soul, bearing its burden of spiritual acquisitions, may continue its unimpeded career. If the central ideas of Christianity are false, what is there for humanity but a long pilgrimage, lit by transient and tormenting sunbeams, to the frozen seas and icy caves of universal Death?

And how can one fail to see the spiritual element in the history of the Christian peoples? Cruel, rapacious, murderous, they often are, seeking their own glory, wielding the sword with horrible severity, careless of Him they profess to worship, carrying with them always the shadowy gloom of poignant tragedy, but never commonplace and seldom dull, because they represent man, conscious of his soul, in conflict with the animalism in his own members, striving against the Nature which would limit him to the earth that he disdains. Christianity endows man with this splendid and sinister significance, removing him from the control of temporal accidents and giving an eternal value to his strivings and achievements. That Hebrew king whose songs, born in blood and tears, have been the consolation of suffering men for a hundred generations, is he not the representative figure, the heroic type, of all men, who, in a world of cruelty and strife, have sought to find a meaning in the agonies they have seen, have endured, and often have helped to cause? Shepherd, bandit, warrior king, traitor, and adulterer, how there echoes and sings through

his wild chantings the unspeakable grandeur and limitless abasement of the soul! Acquainted with every evil, he yet remains dear to the heart of all men who have known the hills and the valleys of human experience. For such men find in his fierce and pathetic outpourings an image of themselves, and realise across the years their kinship with this wounded and deformed but mighty spirit. Because there lives in the man of British race this capacity for the highest good as well as the deepest evil, because he appreciates the majesty of law even when he dares to repudiate its sanctions, because he has created a structure which, like himself, is possessed of an inner firmness with a flexuous adaptability to a varying world, it is at least a reasonable belief that the Empire may live, endure, and carry on its beneficent activities throughout the life of many generations yet unborn.

There are two sources of power to the Empire, the cultivation of which will require in our leaders and rulers the utmost exercise of foresight and skill. The one is the spirit and temper of nationalism. The other is the developing self-consciousness of democracy. Neglected, despised, rudely handled, they are pregnant with peril to Imperial interests. Cheerfully welcomed, wisely managed, trained by sympathetic teachers, they will become a fruitful source of strength, a guarantee of stability to our Imperial rule.

Consider the relation of nationalism to our Empire. As an ideal for mankind, internationalism is certainly present in the mind of Christ. He anticipates a time when the antagonisms of men will be overruled by the growth of amicable relationships, when the hostile races of men will become aware of their interdependence. Yet the growth of this spirit of unity amongst men will have failed in its purpose if it destroys the peculiar qualities contributed by each tribe and nation towards the common stock of well being. That enforced uniformity which has so often been sought by the world's rulers finds no approval in the words of Christ. Such efforts, in the light of later knowledge, seem pathetic. The Cæsarean dream of supremacy, though

not without its benefits for the race, is now seen to have been vain. The effort of the Church to keep Europe in subjection was part of a false policy, one of those blundering endeavours through which man slowly learns the lesson of toleration, of respect for free opinion.

Why have so many nations, adventurous, predaceous as wolves, failed to enforce their will upon mankind? Because the rule of the sword, exercised by men devoid of respect for national sentiment, cannot build up a community of States. Your conqueror must find an idea, a faith, which will serve as a nucleus around which the nationalities may gather, if peoples of varying history and habits are to become willing co-operators in Imperial enterprise. No ingenuity of intellect, no preponderance of force can continue to hold in subjection men of an alien race and creed, if there is not added to these things the rarer quality of respect for individual freedom, the belief that men have the right to cherish the feelings and customs to which they are habituated.

What is this nationalism, concerning which men are so sensitive when their own right to it is in question, so impatient when another asserts it at inopportune moments? You cannot easily define it in terms of the concrete. Is it dependent upon purity of race, a community of blood and lineage? Not altogether. Defoe's *True-Born Englishman* is a mixture of many strains. Yet no one would deny that the English are a nation. Even the Jew, whose pride of race is proverbial, can make but a doubtful claim to purity of lineage. Is it geographical contiguity, nearness to each other, enforced relations as neighbours? Austria, with its numerous races, within easy reach of each other, yet with mutual hostility lying latent, would seem to disprove this. Is it a common language and literature that makes a nation? This is certainly of vast importance but it is not decisive. The nation may exist as a distinguishable entity within the community, using the common language of its neighbours and rulers. Wales and Scotland are nations, yet English is the prevailing tongue in both countries. Or the nation may exist with a multiplicity of languages in use within its own borders, as in India or China, if we think of these

as nations. Nationality is then not absolutely dependent on any of these things. What is it, then? It is a spirit, a sentiment, a passion, vague, intangible, made up of many streams of feeling, not reducible to any formula, yet tremendously real, and potent to create or to destroy.

Is it said that statesmen ought to be better employed than in studying anything so indeterminate? The statesman who does not appreciate the meaning of nationality, who cannot recognise it when it appears, has no right to his title and position. He may have any or every accomplishment, from that of the bank clerk to that of the philosopher, but he is not a statesman. Poland is a nation, and no crime or cruelty can destroy her national spirit. The Irish are a nation, and not even our harsh kindness and stupid wisdom have deprived her of the claim. To guide and train and use this spirit is the task of an Imperial leader.

Is it urged that national sentiment is a frequent provocation to war? The objection is weighty and just, but it need not apply where national life is fostered under the ægis of a powerful Empire. It seems to be the case that the small nations cannot live independently. They need protection by a stronger military force than they can provide. Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland can only maintain their independence by agreement, based upon force or fear, between their mighty neighbours. And in many cases it is for the benefit of the smaller State to become politically incorporated with a Great Power. But this need not mean and ought not to mean the destruction of national life. It may be desirable that Hungary be part of Austria, but if the result of this is the death of national spirit amongst the Magyars, Austria has committed a political blunder, even a crime. Certainly a great Empire ought to conserve its own characteristic civilisation. But this should be a composite product, the result of contributions from many different sources; and this blending can only be valuable to mankind when the separate elements are really distinct. This is the reason why we need the national temper, and ought to foster it amongst the different

peoples who acknowledge allegiance to the flag. They have their peculiar genius, their special gifts, and the Commonwealth needs and can use them all.

To the true governor of men this human nature of ours appears everywhere radically the same. Just as from the similarity of the substance of meteorites to that of the earth, it has been inferred that the substance of the universe is the same throughout, so it will be found that the elemental material of human nature is everywhere similar. Yet the differences of sentiment, of manner, and custom are real. The gulf between the Eskimo living in his queer snow hut, with his unlovely habits and crude ideas about society and sex, and the refined exquisite of modern civilisation is not impassable, as some unfortunates who have travelled from the higher to the lower platform have proved. But there is no denying that it is both deep and wide. The Hindoo with his bizarre forms of worship, so alien from the temper of the European, clearly belongs to a great section of the human family, yet it would take many moons to change him to an ordinary member of Western society. Considering such facts the cynical philosopher may think of men as moved rather by repulsion than by sympathy, may see them as porcupines huddled together for warmth, but mutually repelled by their spiny covering. Yet not repulsion but the attraction that man feels for man, prompted not alone by vulgar needs but by a desire for frank intercourse with his kind, is the true source of social relationship. Gregarious man must always be, or else sink back amongst the fierce and lonely brutes he has left behind. And this instinct for fellowship is the material out of which, under the influence of protective government, the nobler form of Imperialism must be created. It is this sense of fellowship in the most important things of life which serves to link together the different forms that humanity has assumed.

To what extent then can this nationalism exist within the Empire? Can this culture of a special genius be allowed free play, or is it dangerous to the collective body and therefore to be discouraged? Has Mr. Yeats been wasting his time over Cucullain and Deirdre, or

should the ancient traditions of a people be made to live again in every new age? Can there be any doubt as to the answer? Nationalism is to a community what home and parents are to the individual. These link him to his kind, give him a definite point in space and time to which he is related. He is drawn away from the immense vacuity surrounding him to a rood of earth and a score of people, who are to him more interesting and important than the kings and emperors of all ages. So does the spirit of nationalism work upon a million men. To what would be an airy nothing, a congregation of phantoms, it gives a local habitation and a name. It is an enchanter's wand. "Be silent, Polish dogs," is the harsh command to the murmuring Polish Brigade, swept by a terrific fire in the Franco-Prussian War. That did not help them to endure, and the shaken lines were on the point of breaking when, above the turmoil, there rose the song of the bugles, and "Poland is not dead" stirred again the martial ardour of a valiant race. Mazzini, walking along the Appian Way, hears the voices of the dead soldiers of Italy calling to him, "How much longer have we to wait?" He could not bear the thought that his people should remain under an alien heel. But there must have been some sentiment in the heart of the common people to which he could make his appeal, or the history of modern Italy could never have been written. For nations do not win or keep their freedom merely by asking for it. They cannot assert a national life which has no existence. If they would win the crown of freedom they must carry their cross of suffering.

Yet even where independent existence is impossible, the maintenance of a national spirit will keep a people alive and strong, though they are forced to acknowledge a political suzerain. And to understand this is important to an Imperial people. For the interests of the British people are scattered throughout the world. Each of their possessions may offer a possible opening for attack to a watchful foe, and therefore to each nation within the borders of the Empire there should be given the fullest life consistent with the safety of the whole.

For only those populations which are conscious of their own worth and dignity as members of this Commonwealth can be depended on for full loyalty in times of stress. Irritated and annoyed by petty tyrannies, or sinking into despondency through lack of a sufficient motive for exertion, despising themselves and hating their rulers, how should they feel the affection of loyalty towards institutions in which they have no part, to laws, in the making of which they have no voice? Let them feel that they belong to a sept, a clan, a nation, that their traditions and customs are acknowledged and even admired by their rulers, and their historic patriotism will prove a fecund breeding-ground for devotion to a commonwealth of nations.

Of course there will be differences of degree and station amongst the sectional parts of the Imperial Commonwealth. We shall not give to the backward races who have entered into the Imperial fellowship the same influence and standing as is given to the men of our own blood. For we hold in fee for these less advanced peoples our inherited treasure of liberty and independent thought. They are to be educated to appreciation of the advantages offered by union with the Empire. That process may be more protracted in some cases than in others. But the only justification for our use of Imperial authority is the implicit guarantee that we intend to train our younger brethren in the art and practice of self-government. We are to give to them the largest measure of national freedom consistent with their position in the Imperial Federation.

Nations, says de Tocqueville, are prouder of what flatters their passions than of what serves their interests. If that be true we must be prepared, in the practice of government, to minister to both these appetites. We must prove to our fellow-citizens that it is not only a profitable thing to be connected with the greatest of Empires, but that a genuine glory is to be gained by the establishment of such a relationship. And therefore the statesman will not despise the distinctive features in national character. He will remember that men are not always the creatures of interest. He will seek for a frank

and free allegiance rather than a terrified submission, and will welcome to his council table the spokesmen of every faith and tribe. If the Empire is to endure we must cultivate the largest variety of racial and national character. Our comradeship is not with slaves but with free men. We are a multitude of tribes and peoples, speaking many tongues. But we shall not have succeeded in our purpose until there is a common acknowledgment from all that we are free citizens under an Imperial sway.

The second source of power, and also of possible danger, to the Empire I find in the rise of the democratic spirit. If nationalism, properly guided and wisely inspired, may prove a cohesive and strengthening element in the fabric of Empire, so also the democratic temper, a never-ending menace to a certain type of politician, may reveal itself as a powerful agent in building up a rich and complete Imperial life for our people.

In the *Spirit of Laws* Montesquieu pays a generous tribute to English polity. A man with eyes as clear as any that ever looked out upon the world, he finds in that polity his ideal of national government. Especially does he admire that quality of balance which gives a nation strength, continuity, and adaptability to the changing needs of the time. A monarchy constitutional and limited, avoiding alike the harshness of autocratic despotism and the disturbing consequences of an Elective Presidency; an aristocracy independent of popular control, yet kept in constant touch with the desires and hopes of the people; and a commonalty adequately represented in the Commons—these formed a unity, made up of differing elements, which to the French thinker might well be regarded as the model form of government for mankind. And there are many who have accepted his judgment as correct, and thought of the British Constitution as the nearest approach to a perfect form of government that this world can offer. It is to such as these that the growing influence of democratic ideas in thought and in practical legislation seems to augur ill for the future of the world.

The diffusion of education amongst the masses of

the people, the introduction of a free press, and the publication of cheap literature, have all synchronised with the advance towards self-consciousness of the populations of Europe. And to those who believe that self-government for the masses of men must always be impossible, a foolish dream, and that the art of ruling men is difficult, and can never be understood or practised save by a trained and guarded camarilla, the advent of democracy is a portent of evil presage, a flood to be stayed and barricaded by every ingenuity of political artifice. For they see in it a growing menace to the existence of Imperial power. They can discover no reconciliation between the needs of an Empire that extends across half the world and the increasing desires of a self-conscious democracy. Is concord ever possible between these two ideals? Must our people be content to live under the protective surveillance of a separate ruling class, or may they ever hope to take an intelligent and active part in the government of the Empire? It is upon the answer to this question that the future of the Empire must rest. One school declares that popular legislation in Imperial affairs must destroy the very thing it would conserve. The other asserts that only by increasing delegation of power from the rulers to the ruled can this mass of humanity, with its differing interests and opposing wishes, continue as a Great Power.

Let it be frankly admitted that if democracy means simply mob rule, then it cannot prosperously direct the affairs of a great Empire. But why state such an obvious truism? Why not go further and say, what is perfectly true, that mob rule, government by a crowd, in which the wildest passion and the loudest voice carries the day, is not only incapable of governing an Empire, it cannot even manage a gipsy booth in a pleasure fair, it is indeed impotent to rule anything? Who but an inhabitant of Bedlam or a country squire ever thought of democracy as being a synonym for mob rule? A congregation of the betting fraternity, yelling out "two to one" on Epsom Downs, or a hundred mobsmen watching a prize fight, is not democracy. We still have

those superfine and scented gentlemen amongst us to whom "the people" means "the swinish multitude," a dirty, voracious crowd of unwashed human bodies, turning this way and that before every new breath of opinion and passion. A month in any tolerable workshop or factory in Europe or America would teach them more of what "the people" really are like, than all they can ever learn from skips and scouts at college, or from the noisy and bellicose ruffians, usually fierce supporters of Church, Distillery, and Throne, who dance, mow, grimace, and fight for the delight of the silken-vested gentlemen of England. In the workshop these persons would learn something of the industry, the self-respect, the love for order and respect for law which mark the masses of our people.

And they would also find that no one admires more than the democrat those qualities which display at their best the aristocratic tone and temper. Courage, willingness to die, devotion to a corporate body or to an idea —these appeal to all men. Democracy does not scorn them. It asks that they should be expected from all. That they should be thought of as belonging to a class, the democrat will not believe. They ought to be the attributes of all men, and he would have them become such. He therefore welcomes the leaven of aristocratic ideas which is found amongst our countrymen. If he detests their ingrained snobbery, he at least appreciates their ability for veneration. He knows that we cannot ignore in our calculations the rulership of the, presumably, wisest and best. But he is anxious to know to what extent this aristocratic idea and temper can adapt itself to present conditions, and the answer is not discouraging to his ideals. The finer qualities of aristocracy are being diffused throughout the whole of our society. Democracy can acquire and produce them without ceasing to be democracy.

Look for proof of this at the ease with which transition from one stratum of society to another is effected. The man who wins wealth or distinction finds most doors open to him. It may be true that some few generations are required to produce the finished gentleman, free

from the direct influence of money, with a position practically assured. But the saving grace of our aristocracy is this certainty that the competent man, not necessarily the best and noblest, but the most efficient person in a given situation, can find admission to their order. Separate your aristocracy from the people, make the possession of sixteen quarterings essential to recognition, and a high-spirited people will neither support nor tolerate such an effete anachronism. Make it accessible to every worthy talent, and its place in the national life will not be denied. For the wildest democrat cannot ignore the services rendered by aristocracy to the Empire. Its cadets and younger sons have proved their worth in every part of the world. Is this to be discounted in deference to the cynic? Shall it be urged that they have fought for their own hand, have supported their own class interests? That is not entirely true. They have gone forth as adventurous Englishmen, not as the partisans of a ruling faction. They have fought for the Empire, not for their own house alone. And what lover of the people would deny to these finely-bred souls, though their mistakes and even their crimes are written on many a bloody page, the praise that their reckless valour has deserved?

Lyndhurst may have reason to describe Whiggery as an impudent fraud, a selfish aristocracy masquerading under the name of liberty. Goldwin Smith can seriously declare that the British aristocracy is the third power for evil in the world. And such judgments may well make the lover of his country pause. Yet the nation has never felt that these sweeping condemnations were entirely just. Of course we know that our leaders are not free from those dispositions which are supposed to mark the mob. They have too often acted foolishly to claim immunity from the fallibilities of mankind. Not always has altruism been their ruling motive. It may be charged against them that they have affected to despise trade and commerce whilst prudently seeking alliance with the successful grocer and the prosperous brewer. But this is no crime. Rather it is the natural instinct of self-preservation, the instinct of adaptation

to new conditions, without obedience to which neither individual nor society can live. And if we claim admission to the aristocracy for every form of talent, we cannot logically deny it to wealth, or blame the aristocrat that he allies himself with Crœsus, even though that gentleman has nothing but his money-bags to recommend him.

True enough there was a time when the continuous possession of land throughout many generations was the only accepted sign of social dignity. But the revolution in industrial production—the consequence of steam, electricity, and the coming of the machine—has changed all that. In a world where wealth is mobile, where a new invention may at once destroy a million pounds of invested capital, and open up a way for the creation of a hundred millions more, the high-born man must relate himself to the plebeian plutocrat, or suffer social effacement. My Lord Dumpling of Desert Auburn, good, honest fellow that he is, even if a trifle thick-headed, must leave his coverts and hounds, dear as they are to his manly heart, and go occasionally to the City, work up again his decimals and percentages, and try to follow the wily stratagems of Aaron Blooberstein, the fabulously opulent financier and Company promoter. He may even, if he is amongst the more intelligent of his class, learn something of the art of making jam and pickles, or casting eighty-ton guns, and may find himself marvelling at the sight of his ancient name on a placard announcing the incalculable virtues of Dumpling's Cough Mixture or Productive Guano. This is the law for him as for humbler men. If his pointers and beagles, his old bay hunter and his carefully-tended pheasants, and that pretty stretch of the river where a two-pounder will always rise to a "March brown" well cast, are to be enjoyed by him and his any longer, he must have an interest in something more productive than fat Lincolnshires and shorthorns. This is the reason for the change that has come over the English countryside since Waterloo was fought. And our aristocracy has come through the ordeal with some credit to itself.

Why then is the Englishman sympathetically tolerant towards an aristocracy? Because he knows that there is something in it. And in the main he is right. There

is something in the presence of a class, by its birth set free from the claims and pains of labour, which adds an unbought grace to our collective type. The refinement of which they are the exemplars, a flower that the world will not permit to die, may not have the obvious utility that we find in the work of the manual labourer, but, like all artistic products, it has its place in a highly-developed society.

Montesquieu hit the mark when he said that the inspiring motive of an aristocracy is honour. And in our world, where the temptations to dishonour are frequent enough, it is important that there should be a body of men pledged by the tradition of their order to the observance of this code. What then is this "honour"? Falstaff declares it to be no more than a word. But he was wrong. Primarily it means that men shall guide their conduct by other considerations than those of financial profit. Not that a man is entirely independent of money; no man is that; but that the desire shall not be his only or his chief motive. The man of honour may lack desirable social virtue, he may be improvident to the verge of bankruptcy, a doubtfully loyal husband, as unsatisfactory a father as my Lord Castlewood, yet in the critical hours of life, when momentous decisions are made, the sequences of which no one can foresee, he will be guided by arguments which have little to do with the financial side of life. The nobleman who stakes his fortune on loyalty to his king, throwing himself against the stream of the popular will, may be a fool in the eyes of the worldly wise, but he has vindicated the principles of his order. Sophists may prove beyond wrangling that there is no reason in this deference to a received opinion. But the aristocrat will believe that his honour binds him more firmly than the chains that fastened Bonnivard to the pillars of massy stone. During the negotiations over the return of the Bourbons, Wellington told Talleyrand that he would have nothing to do with any public statement which was not strictly true. He was applying, in his own direct fashion, the principle by which his life was guided, by which he would have his order ruled.

Futhermore, an aristocracy at least implies that wealth

is used for other purposes than ostentation. It illustrates the art of spending money in pleasurable ways which shall at the same time refine the taste of the crowd. At its best it will also teach the necessary lesson that wealth represents labour, and that to squander it is not merely bad taste, but a crime against humanity.

Such a class will help to create and maintain a high standard of manners. That fine art of doing all things with grace, so that the commonest actions are nimbed with an indefinable charm, can only be successfully taught by an aristocracy of leisure and wealth. Certainly Benjamin Franklin, no adept in the mysteries of courtly bearing, must have been of more value to a kingdom than a score of the powdered flunkeys who sneered at his brown suit and studied utterance; and William Penn, a stiff-necked creature, had little affinity with the panders and courtesans who gathered about a dissolute and unworthy monarch; but he was capable of founding a community over which a great king might have been proud to rule. Yet in our admiration for the solid qualities of human virtue, we need not forget the fine art that makes the passage of a beautiful woman across a room as stately and fluent as the movement of a floating swan.

And which of us can forget how the wealthy and high-born youth of our land have acted during the strife of the past three years? Men to whom life had seemed nothing but a game, light-hearted youths, without a care in the world beyond the choosing of a new tint in socks and ties, have gone, blithe and unabashed by fear, to face every form of wound and death. Knut, masher, dude, swell, the dressy boys, the drinking boys, the treating boys, the "now-we-are-out-for-the-night" boys, the rather soppy boys, and the barmaid-ogling boys—all the foolish, vapid, swaggering, and prancing youth, whose exuberant high spirits fizzed and foamed about our world, have suddenly been changed, turned into men, sobered by the cold douche of reality, braced to stern and tireless effort by the shrill bugle of war. To us, alas, never, nevermore will come their laughter, light and gay, to fill our empty world, never, nevermore will their thoughtless chatter sound sweetly in our ears, for from their distant graves

in Flanders and by the blue Ægean Sea they rise upon our mental eye, clothed in the splendour of their own heroic pride, owners of an immortal but dearly-bought renown.

Because the aristocracy of England has been guilty of cruelties and stupidities, it would be foolish to ignore its potencies for good. British men are well aware of the vices and ineptitudes which find in an aristocracy a fertile soil. But they believe in their ability to cope with these, to limit the pretensions of the exalted ones. And therefore we may believe that although democratic influences are bound to become more assertive and important, there will remain in the Empire a class of men distinguished by their scrupulous sense of honour, the exemplars of a fine loyalty to king, country, and people.

And this recognition of the value of an aristocratic order should not disturb our conviction that the mass of the people must and will have a vastly greater influence in the management of Empire. It need not drive us into agreement with the cynic who spoke of "the barren desert of democracy in which every mountain is a molehill and every thistle a forest tree." To believe and act on that theory means that there can be no reconciliation between the ambitions of an alert democracy and the spirit of Empire, a doctrine dangerous to the highest interests of our people.

What then is the justification for this antagonism to the development of popular control in Imperial affairs? Writing the history of Rome, Ferrero illustrates the thesis that democracy has never lasted a whole generation. And Ferrero is only one amongst a host of brilliant and laborious writers who have spent their strength in repeating the oft-told tale. Where the many are heard and allowed to rule, the few and the fit are submerged by rhetoric and sentimentalism. There is the burden of their song. Hence it is that the educated man, even though his sympathies lead him to be on the side of the populace, feels that he must be hesitant in his judgment, slow in his action, and dreads lest the sympathies of the heart should interfere with his perception of the facts.

Ask why there is this breach between democratic ideas and rulership, and we learn that one factor is the

moral cowardice of politicians. Something may be said for that judgment. The demands of Empire on the individual are heavy. You cannot continually pander to a volatile populace and attend to the needs of distant kingdoms. The men at the centre must have imagination sufficient to visualise the struggling millions on the other side of the globe. And the politician must instruct his constituents, where they fail to co-ordinate the facts of the situation, so that, as their representative and not as their delegate, he may act according to his judgment. Besides this, says the critic, the demands of the democratic spirit are insatiable. Democracy thirsts for more as the desert for rain. Make some concession to its greed to-day, and you do but increase its avarice for power. It will regard any government as weak and ductile merely because it is considerate and desires to be just. So runs the tale. And let it not be denied that there is ground enough for the pointing of the moral. Thucydides wrote his history in the belief that what men had done and suffered, they would do and suffer again. And since he found the partnership of democracy in State affairs injurious, he concludes that it must always produce the same disastrous results.

But is it true that the tragedies of Government usually arise from the participation of the commonalty in State affairs? Is it not nearer the truth to say that they spring from the refusal of rulers to allow the people to know and to practise the art of self-government? Who made the dynastic wars which ravaged Europe for ten centuries? The people? Certainly not. They were born in the council chambers of kings, priests, and politicians. Who imposed the taxes which kept the population of Europe on the verge of starvation, and strangled commerce and agriculture to feed patrician pimps and prostitutes? Was it the plebeian mob? No,—indeed! Their glorious lot was to pay, and evermore to pay, and to see the fruit of their labour wasted to gratify the folly, the pride, and the ambition of their paternal rulers. And why should we always speak of the reaction of an overruled society against its governors as though it were a calamity or a crime? It may be both, but it may also

be neither. Naturally the people who are reaping all the profits of a particular system will feel that any change in the system is iniquitous. But they are not the best judges. Every mile of ground that the people have won in this age-long conflict has been won by force. Every concession granted by those having authority to those whom they govern, has been made under the motive of terror. Rob a tigress of her cubs, take the knife from a madman's hand, it is not a more dangerous task than to try to limit the inherited and vested authority of ruling persons.

And it should not readily be forgotten that it is not a natural law alone, not mere accident which has kept the masses of the people in past times in a state of blind ignorance. It has too often been the deliberate policy of rulers. Believing that the products of the earth were at best very limited in quantity, that only a few could enjoy them, it was not unnatural that they should wish to limit the number of competitors for the desirable things of life. Hodge and his kind were to plough and reap. Would he plough contentedly on an empty stomach if he knew as much as Rector or Squire? James and Jennie had to work in the mill. Would they work cheerfully if they read and thought for themselves? These questions are still, to some of our contemporaries, waiting to be answered. But to those who can see the signs of the times they are already answered. The War has given its judgment on this matter. We know now that, in competition with the most efficiently trained and organised nation in the world we shall be beaten, if we do not utilise to the full the talent with which we are so liberally endowed. This nation has got to be educated from Duke to bootblack, or we lose our place in the world. We do not yet know the resources of Nature, but we can see that they are vaster than we ever dreamed. There is no parsimony in her gifts. And our task will be to increase and multiply the wants of the multitudes of men, certain that trained intelligence is the means whereby the desires created are to be adequately met.

And since ignorance has too often been made compulsory for man, to blame him for his lack of knowledge

is the cruellest of jokes. Yet this is the line taken by those who turn our eyes to the ancient democracies or ask us to study the failures of revolutionary effort. Is there then no possibility of individual growth in the elements of good government? Is not man capable of modification under favourable conditions? The Irishman has but to leave Cork for Chicago, and he will be found there, not merely as the day labourer and the tipsy hooligan, but as the leader in politics and the successful merchant on 'Change. The whole story of creation, as expounded for us by the evolutionist, is but a homily on the possible improvement of man. Why then take it for granted that in the most important sphere of all, in his relations with the State and with his fellow-men, the individual is to be regarded as incapable of amendment?

But it may be said that democracy cannot serve the interests of Empire, because the multitude so soon loses control of itself. Swayed by passions, how can it take a clear and unbiased view of any difficult situation? Some storm in the diplomatic world produced by an ambitious statesman or meddlesome monarch, and in a moment we see all that the workers have hoped and struggled for blown to the winds. Would the Commune, with its insensate destruction of all the treasures of civilisation, have been possible under a strong Government? One whiff of grapeshot administered by a man who knew his trade would have stopped that frenzy at the start.

Certainly popular government is not free from these dangers. Democracy is no guarantee of sober judgment on the part of all. But it is a guarantee that the sober as well as the drunk, the wise as well as the foolish, shall count for something in times of crisis. And by what right do we assume that the wise and sober belong to one social stratum, and the drunk and foolish to another? Every intelligent mechanic knows better. Fanatics, cranks, zealots, the "all or nothing" gentry, the "die-in-the-last-ditch" squadron, are proportionately just as numerous amongst the well-to-do, when their interests or their prejudices are threatened, as amongst those who depend on a weekly wage. Sanity and reasonableness,

sweetness and light, are by no means the exclusive property of Matthew Arnold's social equals.

And if the masses of men are to remain for ever in this state of nonage, what becomes of all our cant about the utility of science, about the value of our discoveries and inventions? Are not these things to have any effect on the life of man beyond providing one class with further facilities for vagabondage, whilst the multitudes of men are more securely bound as helots to their tasks? We had thought they were to help in the education of a race of men who saw more clearly the issues of their conduct, and who, because they knew, would refuse to be swept away by the tidal waves of passions. Were we deceived? Then, in the name of reason, let us hear a little less of the benefits to be derived from Science and the Humanities!

When Selwyn, deprecating the movement of politics in his time, contemptuously said, "Our grandchildren will see colliers and day labourers Cabinet Ministers," he was probably only half in earnest. Yet his prophecy was singularly near the truth of things, and whatever might be the political tastes of the wit, he must have admitted that the difference between the man born in the palace and the politician who received his education in the mine was less than he expected, that talent overrides every social boundary and lives in every stratum of human life.

The opponents of democratic ideals declare that there is nothing in democracy which can support a nation in the hour of crisis. Confronted by a grave problem of government, the bureaucrat is admitted to authority, every liberty is withdrawn, and the ruler becomes more despotic than the hereditary autocrat. This has the appearance of truth. But it ignores democratic flexibility of movement and swiftness of adaptation. In a democratic community the best talent is available and can rise quickly to the surface. It can assume authority with an ease unknown to those communities where status and custom rule the order of life. The soldier commanding in the field for a democratic society may prove incompetent. But he can be removed and a substitute installed far more easily than where, as in an aristocratic

society, birth and precedence must be considered. We know with what rapidity capable men came to the front during the Revolution in France. The new opportunities gave a mighty impetus to genius and ambition, so that we have men like Hoche, Moreau, and Bonaparte forcing themselves swiftly and effectively on the public eye. A society which from its looseness of structure seems to be in danger of falling to pieces provides occasions for the emergence of talent never given by the fixed forms of social order. The weakness of democracy in times of national exigency lies upon the surface, open to all. But the strength which such a society possesses is latent, fed by that spirit of freedom which democracy engenders and fosters. Had democracy been really the weak thing that its opponents would have us believe, the fate of the United States would have been different, and Gladstone's declaration that Jefferson had founded a nation might have been more than an unfortunate miscalculation.

It is not far that we have to go for an example of this. When this nation was called upon to defend the rights of Belgium, it was, from the military standpoint, lamentably unprepared. That deficiency of preparation might have seemed to an observer fatal to our cause. Yet was there ever a more triumphant vindication of the argument I have just stated? It was the spirit of a free people which made the gigantic efforts of the last three years possible. Men, money, munitions — they have sprung as it were from the ground; multitudes of men, millions of money, and countless guns and shells have been produced as by magic to meet the needs of a score of battlegrounds. We were not organised for war. But we had in us sufficient of the democratic spirit, that spirit which flames so brightly and fiercely in the breasts of our French Allies, to make organisation, when the hour once came, a task well within the compass of our powers. It is in such crises that the soul of a free people becomes a majestic reality, a titanic force, making the impossible ridiculously easy.

If it is true that the cause of Christ goes hand in hand with the cause of the people, then religious men

must make these two the inspiration of all efforts to create a durable Empire. Unless the people are willing to make themselves responsible for good government, we look vainly for any promise of continuity. Let them think of the Empire as an instrument, a means rather than an end, having its reason for existence in the emphasis which it may give to fundamental moral ideas. Let the citizen realise that he is living under a Government which is at least striving after the realisation of a Christian Commonwealth. Then there will be born in the breasts of men a loyalty, a devotion to the institutions of their country, a faith in the majestic destiny which she is to fulfil, as the centre and heart of a comity of free peoples, which will be the surest guarantee of an ever-growing authority and power amongst the nations of the world. Christian democracy can make this Empire of ours the beacon light of all the world. Let us not in puerile fear draw back from our great enterprise.

III

COLONIAL OR FEDERAL?

To many observers the Empire appears as a feebly welded mass of varying and even hostile elements. They see it as an old and worn-out frame, from which the living spirit has departed. Or it is to them as a child's skeleton, still gristle, not yet bone, liable therefore to be crushed or broken by strong pressure. Speak to such observers of the long life through which the Empire has already passed, not without success, and they think of the senility of age. Ask them to look forward to the future and they speak contemptuously of our feeble efforts to carry the world, Atlas-like, upon our shoulders. Yet in truth this nation is neither old nor young. It is in that state in which it may remember its splendid past, yet may reasonably expect a more glorious future. It is mortal, being earthly, but it is far from dead. Men would have us believe that our State must be decaying because some few centuries have passed over it. There are modes of comparison equally legitimate by which it may seem to be in the first flush of manly vigour.

Of every animal it is true that it has some strong point, or it could not live, that it has some weak point or it would not die. This is equally true of communities, of nations, and States. They also can only live in virtue of their strength. Something in them has proved of service to themselves and their neighbours. Each State will be strong in one or more of these things. No one State can be possessor of them all. But no State exists for any length of time which does not possess some of these qualities. And when such qualities have ceased to operate, the community must die, must make way for

younger and stronger races. Imagine a State so wisely ordered and controlled that it can avoid the exposure of its weak places and maintain its protective forces. There is no reason why it should not continue to live, to grow, and to expand to an indefinite extent. This we believe to be true of England. Instead of the weary Titan struggling under the orb of fate, England presents itself as the herald of man's future greatness, and we are to-day even more concerned with the coming years than with the glory of the past.

Strong reason for this view is found in the discovery made by England, during stress of the War, that the Colonies are bound to her by ties of affection. The devotion displayed by the Dominions is an asset of such value that it was worth some expenditure of life and fortune to prove that it was there, and now it remains as a definite fact with which the whole world must reckon. Actual experience has convinced us that no effort will be made by the Colonies to separate themselves from the Mother Country so long as England metes out to them justice tempered by generosity. And this affection, which unites the different branches of the Empire, though not easily translated into figures, yet gives to our rulers a weapon more effective than any hitherto held by a modern governing Power.

This temper has slowly grown out of relations which were not always kindly. Ancient expansion of governmental authority meant the exploitation of the ruled for the benefit of the rulers. Emperors and kings went forth on their marauding and conquering expeditions, not with any Utopian idea of spreading the benefits of civilisation, of increasing the number of rational and well-ordered societies in the world, but simply that they might augment their wealth at the expense of the lands and peoples who fell under their sway. And it needs no genius to understand that this was normal conduct. For the whole history of mankind had hitherto shown, century after century, how this idea was accepted and acted upon by the strong nations of the world. The Assyrian swept forward with his chariots and horsemen, that the satrap might enjoy the pleasure of having kings

as subjects at his table, or following as captives in his train. The Phœnician, carrying his merchandise through the known world, was concerned with the possibilities of extending the sway of his monarch, of increasing the income of his own people; and the welfare of subject races would be a matter of no concern, save as their well-being might make them profitable to his purse or useful in his armies. To Hamilcar it must have been indifferent whether his slaves were developing the ideas and sentiments which form manly character, but it would be of the first importance that they should contribute to the coffers of the State and be obedient soldiers in his predatory armies. And even the "Roman Peace" brought little more than this to the many nations under the sway of the Imperial eagles. That the Colonies should maintain Consuls who would make fortunes at the expense of those they governed, that the prestige and force of the Mother City should always be primary with those exercising rulership in her name, this is written large over the records which tell us of her greatness.

And it is doubtful whether those daring spirits who first began to build the fabric of British Imperial sway had any higher notion than this of their function. The fierce rovers who first entered the prohibited seas of the world, sailed along unknown coasts and made for us those ocean roads along which the ships of the world now travel so freely, were certainly conscious of the possible benefits that the Island civilisation might confer on the races with whom they met, but they were chiefly distinguished by the love for adventure and the passion for acquiring what was not their own, which was characteristic of the time.

Going forth upon their occasions, these men began that long record of conflict in which the maritime and colonial history of England is bound up with the records of Spain, Portugal, France, Holland, Germany. Each of these Powers has attempted to create an Empire by colonial expansion, and each has fallen back before the advance of England. Throughout this long period, when Englishmen have been making war against the world, they have not always successfully kept sight of

the best ideals of their race. Surrounded by enemies, it has been necessary for them to be as wary as their foes were ruthless, to meet guile with guile and force by force, if they would avoid destruction; and yet, studying the situation, and considering the manner in which such expansion has happened, it becomes clear that England need not be ashamed of her sons, but may even view with pride both the work accomplished and the manner of its doing. Thinking of English colonial ambitions, comparison with Spain, her one-time mighty rival, is inevitable, and it is not England that suffers by the comparison. For where can the world find such a story of wasted opportunities, of tragic blunders, as in the subjugation of Peru, the annihilation of the ancient dynasty of the Incas, the succession of murderous exploits by which Spain fixed her grip on that portion of the American Continent, and the final failure of the ghastly system which the Conquistadorés had clamped upon their captured lands? Portugal, equally avaricious and futile, took five hundred millions of dollars from the mines of Brazil, and at the end had only twenty-five millions of specie in her national coffers. So fruitless is gold and silver if not allied with industry and freedom! To wrest gold from the mines to keep the native population in a state of terrified subjection, so that life for the slave is bereft of all dignity and worth, these may be the dominating ideas of a ruling caste, but they spell the utter failure of colonisation.

And this is the more to be regretted in that there was, behind the political adventure of the Spanish Government, an idea which, if properly carried out, might have proved beneficial to all mankind. The Church had the noble ambition to fulfil the Master's command, to send her servants forth as heralds of the Cross, and had she fulfilled this obligation without uniting herself with dubious political designs, had she refused to countenance persecution as a means to enforce acceptance of the faith, Latin America might have been the home of a new and noble civilisation. But from such a union of piety and crime what else but tyranny and anarchy could come?

The distinction between the colonial operations of Spain and those of England lies here. The Spaniard was concerned with the splendour of his own metropolis and the glory of his king. The Englishman has been chiefly concerned with the function of governing for the benefit of the governed. This may seem to be but the dogma of ignorant prejudice. But the facts bear out the statement. The spoliation of a people was successfully carried through by the Spanish adventurers. They planted their foot rigidly on the land they had conquered. No nation ever had a finer opportunity for the development of a colonial system which would root itself in the interests and even the affections of the subject races. That they failed utterly to make use of their opportunity is matter of history. Industry was starved that the grandees might live in splendour. For the long views of the statesman are usually absent from the conceptions of the Spaniard, who, unable to understand that the work he is doing to-day may be the foundation of an edifice which is to last for a thousand years, gives as little as he can and takes all that comes to his hands. To bleed a nation to death has never been a profitable method of colonising, and Spain remains as the abiding example of how work of this kind should not be done.

And it has taken Englishmen a long time to understand that base usages and legalised harshness were not the best material out of which to make an Imperial sentiment. When the Imperial idea was beginning to take hold of England it was natural that the resolution to keep for the benefit of the Old Country what had been acquired should be predominant. Colonies were valued because they were profitable. Their lands were looked upon as a dumping-ground for our surplus population, a safe receptacle for human material which could not be easily fitted into the machinery of an older civilisation.

But the Empire can no longer be simply a means for the exportation of younger sons and the waste products of our civilisation. That it ever should have been so regarded has made even the term "Colonial" hateful to the victims who had been exploited for the benefit of

others, who were even prohibited from trading with any other country but England, on the ground that this legislation would create greater kindness of feeling amongst the different parts of the Empire. Colonisation of this kind, meaning simply the exploitation of the colonist, can never be revived, and any effort to recall the old ideas would disintegrate the Empire.

Arising out of this revolt against obsolete colonisation is the disposition to seek for a closer union, moral and political, with England. This movement is in part a natural evolution arising from men's consciousness of need for closer fellowship, the feeling that their responsibilities are too vast to permit of mutual indifference, that since the Colonies are likely to become important peoples, even great nations, in the future, they must equip themselves for meeting their obligations, and since they are menaced by the uprisal of new Powers, not necessarily favourable to their progress, perhaps even hostile to their existence, they must take measures for protection against future perils. And what better security than the certainty that they are one with the Island power whence they have gone forth?

Any such alteration, to be effective, must imply some form of Federation, by which the Dominions will be bound to England and equality of treatment guaranteed to them. For the people who have proved themselves so capable of appreciating the benefits of British Government must have their own share in the control of affairs in which they have a vital interest. "If you want us to help you must call us to your councils," expresses a sentiment with which most of us would sympathise; for who would expect men to suffer, to risk their property and life, in the defence of Imperial interests, without having some recognition more tangible than voluble admiration? It will surely yet come to pass, not without advantage to all concerned, that from the United Kingdom, Australia, South Africa, and Canada there shall be drawn a consultative body, which shall have the exclusive control of all foreign affairs, and of the Imperial forces destined for the protection of the Empire. Such a body would be representative of the real feeling of

the Commonwealth. The gravest issues could well be decided upon by such an assembly. Of course the primary objection to this would come from those who resented any infringement of the rights and powers of the Commons. But the Commons has for a long time had such a mass of business to transact, that much of it cannot be adequately attended to. When seventeen millions of public money are voted, in peace time, after one evening's discussion, it is clear that the House is not an assembly which can manage an Empire. It is really an overworked and worried body of men, manifestly unable to cope with the number and variety of the duties forced upon it. Those whose opinion is worth having declare that in this matter the preservation of Parliamentary Government is itself at stake, since the work of Imperial control and protection must either be done by men appointed, for that purpose, by popular election, or the whole practice of Government must be handed over to the control of experts.

Already there are signs that the democratic element in Parliament is weakening, that the Cabinet is steadily taking to itself ever wider authority. If this tendency, profoundly detrimental as it must be to the interests of liberty, is to be limited in its range, there must be a generous delegation of powers to those who are particularly qualified to deal with difficult branches of business, and some kind of representation must be admitted from the different portions of the Empire.

Another reason for this alteration is the growing need for rapid adjustment to changing conditions. Of course all periods are marked by change, and every age is one of transition, since life itself is but an ever-renewed effort to clothe the body and soul in fresher and more appropriate raiment; but it seems at least likely that we are entering on an era in which the variations of circumstance will be more than usually frequent and exacting. And for such an age we shall require leaders who can declare what the event of the hour may portend, and a common stock of information, talent, and skill on which our guides and tutors may draw according to their needs. The nations then which will not admit new

blood into their society, in which the rule of rigid law is stronger than the tendency to movement and flexibility, may remain for a time, as did the Spartans, secure against the attacks of the world, but only for a time. The new and vital peoples, unhampered by tradition, free to fit themselves into the varying mould of the world's needs, capable of suiting themselves to changed conditions, will take the place of a strong but insufficiently pliable people.

But this must also mean that wherever there is opportunity for the use of talent, the men who represent the interests of the Colonies must be admitted to an equal share with those who come directly from the Motherland. We cannot have the natural ambitions of the colonial man for an opportunity to display his powers met by a resolutely closed door. Diplomacy and high politics cannot be the peculiar prerogative of the English cultivated classes, if we are to retain the regard of the many thousands of men, not Englishmen by birth, whose welfare may depend on the manner in which such functions are performed. For purposes of Imperial government the centre of gravity must remain where it is, but to prevent a hopeless loss of equilibrium, to save the Empire from becoming top heavy, some form of Federation seems needful, a system which would preserve for the Empire that sense of individual responsibility in the separate parts, which is at once the basis of all sound government and in agreement with the genius of the British people.

But there is one consideration which may give pause to those who are anxious to see a definite scheme brought forward for the union of the Empire. Granted that there is a desire felt by many people in the United Kingdom and also in the Dominions for a closer union of the Empire, are the people at large so convinced of its necessity and value that they will let their own hereditary ideas go by the board in order that such a scheme may be made operative? Are they so sure of its ultimate benefit to the Empire that they will sink their own feelings for the promotion of a good which will accrue to future generations? The purposes which the promoters of

Imperial unity have in view can be easily stated. They are to bring together under one control all Imperial resources for purposes of defence, to make the policy of the Empire march with its military strength, so that the one shall always be equal to the other, and to ensure a distribution of responsibility, both financial and moral, for whatever enterprise the Empire ventures upon. Now these things imply an unlimited responsibility for defence of the common good, so that literally, under given conditions, the authorities may call on all the available resources of men and money in every part of the Empire for purposes of protection against a threatening foe. It is useless to deny that this is to make a large demand on the generosity of those communities which have hitherto emphasised their complete independence and right of self-government. It is not to be expected that they will lightly sacrifice their present freedom, even though it may have certain dangers, to enter into such a closely articulated system, and to incur such responsibilities, unless assured of a gain at least equivalent to what they have surrendered. Indeed they might conceivably say that no boon granted by the central authorities of the Empire, no increase of security and strength, could compensate them for the possibility of being drawn into all sorts of Imperial adventures. What at present is the feeling of these communities on the subject? Concerning Australia, there is perhaps more of crystallised opinion on the matter than in the other Dominions. For Australia, as we shall see elsewhere, has peculiar problems. She has a small population in a country capable of maintaining ten or twenty times its present number. She is confronted by possible perils in the Pacific, which are not made any the less imminent by her desire to maintain the country as a preserve for the white race. She is, in fine, vulnerable to a degree not perhaps felt by some of the other Dominions, and this may have an influence on her judgment on such a problem. Yet even in Australia there is scarcely sufficient definite expression of opinion, an apparent lack of agreement as to the mode of bringing in any sharply outlined scheme of Imperial Federation.

It is possible that a majority of her people would prefer to travel along the road of natural evolution, to leave each question to be settled as it arises, and to refrain from attempting to formulate a scheme into which she must be fitted along with other sections of the Empire. If we turn to New Zealand, there is even less of an expressed desire to undertake anything which will mean a serious limitation of her present rights to self-government. Having refused to enter into the Australian Commonwealth, preferring to fulfil her destiny as an independent Dominion, it is not certain that she will give up her freedom of action in return for a merely nominal representation at the Imperial Council Board. Even if she had five or six representatives, there would be the difficulty of enabling them to make such representation in any matter of Imperial policy as would satisfy the New Zealander's conception of his place in the Imperial Commonwealth. And since even now no Cabinet would dare to declare war, where the Dominions might be involved, without having the *moral* assurance that the support of the Dominions would be freely granted, though they might not be able to express their views in council, it may be said that they are already ensured against the chief evil feared by the colonial as the result of connection with the Mother Country. And it has already been remarked by far-sighted students that, as the legal bonds uniting the Dominions to the Homeland have been loosened, the sentimental and political ties have been steadily strengthened, from which it would seem a fair inference that continuance in the same direction might produce all the good results promised from closer union without its corresponding dangers. In South Africa the situation is also one to cause reflection by those who seek for a more definite policy of union. There is a considerable body of Nationalists, who possess 28 seats out of 120 in the National Assembly, and whose opinions at present are certainly not favourable to any further strengthening of the ties binding the Colony to Britain. Whilst not advocating and perhaps not desiring secession, they profess themselves satisfied with the present situation in the sense that they will

adopt no overt means of altering it. And they do not wish to link themselves more closely by defined bonds to the larger Imperial body, partly because of the possibility of war, partly because they fear lest they become passive instruments in the hands of the diplomatic and financial authorities of London. These are facts which must be borne in mind by those who have framed an ideal of the Empire which implies a corporate union cemented by artificial bonds. None of us will disagree as to the goal we have in view, the strengthening of all those forces which make for unity within the Empire. But as to the manner in which this is to be accomplished, there is bound to be much difference of opinion. And the rational course of action, at present, is, to consider all suggestions, and seek after, not a perfect system, for such a system does not exist, but that form of change, if change be needed, which is the least objectionable to the larger number of the people concerned, and yet has the promise of accomplishing the end in view.

Yet even those who, both in the Dominions and at home, are the least eager for any sweeping changes in our present relations would agree that the present conditions are by no means ideal. Whilst we have within the Empire natural resources equal to practically any demand that the present and the future may make upon them, we have in normal peace times an immense amount of poverty and distress in our own land, whilst during the period of the War, though our Dominions alone could have supplied all the food-stuff required for consumption, both by the people at home and by the military forces abroad, there was considerable stringency felt by our own people as the result of the enemy's submarine campaign. In other words, it has been proved to us all that we might, under conceivable conditions, be so utterly cut off from our sources of supply that we should be in danger of starvation, though we had unlimited resources in other parts of the Empire. Now it is the co-existence of these two sources of peril, the one arising from the inequality of social condition at home, with the poverty of the masses, in peace time, always before us, and the other coming from our dangerous

situation in time of war, when we may be starved into surrender to an enemy, which has led some of our thinkers to question the whole system under which our country has lived and traded for the last sixty years. And that we may mitigate or remove these dangers we are offered various plausible suggestions.

One of these is, that we should seek after a condition of economic equilibrium, a static poise, in which, by the balance of forces, the largest measure of good and the least measure of harm may accrue to all concerned. How is this to be achieved? Well, suppose that we reject altogether the shibboleth of the Cobdenite, that trade is the universal civilising agency, and recognise it as a source not only of profit but of perpetual danger to the community. Would it not then be wise to limit strictly the area wherein trade may operate, introduce, in fine, an entirely new principle, that the business of each locality shall be to make the things that locality has to consume? This is, of course, to revolutionise Victorian ideas of commerce. It is to go back on Adam Smith and the host of men who have followed in his steps, and to deliberately return to a condition of things, not indeed new, since it has often prevailed in former ages and in many localities, but certainly novel and strange to those who believe world trade to be of some importance to mankind. Such a scheme, however, proceeds on an impossible assumption. There is no such thing as economic equilibrium, except for a brief, an infinitesimal moment in any period of time, and it is the weirdest of dreams to imagine that such a condition can ever be made binding on men and continuous in the world. What Bagehot called the Great Commerce has come to stay, so long as our present civilisation endures, and the movement of mankind seems to be, not in the direction of restriction, certainly not towards a return to primitive conditions, where each village made all that it might require, but to ever more intricate, complex, and yet efficient methods of production and distribution for the whole civilised world. Economic equilibrium can only mean stagnancy, where it is continued for a length of time. The oscillations of commerce are scarcely ever such as to seriously

endanger the relative equilibrium of the world forces, but there is no gyroscope yet invented which can prevent them coming, or can ensure man against the real perils which they bring.

That road then seems closed to us. Whatever alterations may be made in the policy of Imperial Government, it is certain that there will be no deliberate effort made to so restrict commerce as to reduce it again to barter between small village communities, and though the evils brought about by the movements of trade over the world are great, it is probable that they are far outweighed by the advantages which have accrued thereby to the average citizen of all civilised lands. But does this mean that the commercial system of the Empire is to be left exactly where it has been for the last fifty years, and no attempt made to alter or amend those defects which have been so often pointed out in recent years by critics of the system? Has it not become a moral duty, in view of the need for Imperial consolidation, to so change our fiscal system as to produce a greater degree of cohesion amongst the constituent elements of the Empire?

But here one should surely call a halt to point out that, important as these matters may be, they are not essentially questions of ethics, but of political judgment, of that expediency which is the legitimate criterion of many political and business matters. At least they are connected only in a secondary degree with ethics. If it were demonstrated that the system of Protection, for instance, is necessary to the preservation of the Empire, then even those who, by reason of inclination or mental conviction, dislike the system, would probably feel compelled to adopt it. For they would acknowledge that the continuance of the Empire is of paramount importance for the maintenance of ethical values already obtained. Therefore, any fissiparous tendency of legislation, even if it meant no more than a refusal to take decisive action, which imperilled these values, these people would meet with hostility. For they would agree that the maintenance of the greater good, represented presumably by the Empire, is of primary importance. Better a less perfect

fiscal system, assuming it to be so, with the organ for the propagation of good in existence, than a more perfect fiscal system, with the consequent destruction of the organ whereby good was to be done. Such a choice is made every day, of necessity, by the statesman. It is part of his work to make such distinctions and to act upon them. In this sense then the question, of Free Trade or Tariffs, may become a moral question, but in no other. And the proposition that the continuance of the Empire is dependent on any particular economic theory is so highly debatable, that he would be a bold man who declared his allegiance to one side or the other in this final and absolute sense. For indeed there is no perfect economic theory, either for us or any other people. Each has its defects and its corresponding advantages. The statesman must weigh them and, so far as he can, apply his chosen method to particular instances without expecting to find his theory completely satisfactory.

As to the merits of Free Trade from the economic point of view, there are some of them which are unassailable, even the zealous Protectionist generally admitting that if it were universal it would be advantageous to mankind. If it be true that the world has only been enabled to make its fortune during the last hundred years, it is not less true that England has benefited more during the last sixty years from the new conditions than any other nation, and there are many competent authorities who hold that this is directly attributable to the acceptance of the Cobdenite doctrine. It has meant that our population has had a vast supply of cheap and wholesome food always at command, a fact not unimportant in the eyes of those who have any conception of what life meant for the poor in the days of the Corn Laws. It has meant also an immense increase of the national wealth, an increase so vast, that it has raised perceptibly the standard of life for the whole population many degrees above that ruling in former times, and it has been co-existent with a great increase in our manufacturing, carrying, and merchanting trade, so that up to the time of the War we were recognised as the richest nation in the world. This is not a bad

record for any economic theory, and when we hear a man of the learning and sagacity of Lord Bryce tell us that it is doubtful whether on any other system we could have carried to a successful issue the gigantic financial tasks laid upon us by the War, it is at least only common prudence to hesitate before we change the method which has served us thus far so well. Shall we, by making any change in this respect, gain still greater advantages? That can only be decided with certainty by those who live to see the change made, if made it is to be, and watch its effects over a period of years.

But then Free Trade, which was proclaimed in Cobden's time almost as a religion, may and even does mean unrestricted competition, with the consequent crushing of the weak and the exploitation of the feebler units by the stronger. It undoubtedly strengthens the strong, as all unrestricted warfare is likely to do, but it leaves the weak at the mercy of the unscrupulous and the powerful. This is seen in the case of trade in labour, where the State or the Trade Union has had to step in and Protect the less skilled workman against hardships inflicted by his more skilled competitor. This may be countered by the statement that trade is mutual service, but that aspect of commerce is not a complete picture; the other side of it, that of conflict, is not to be forgotten, and with entirely Free Trade the weaker must succumb.

Nor can it be said that Free Trade has stopped the development of the larger conflicts of life. This was the dream of Cobden, and on the understanding that all trade is mutual service, and that freedom to trade is likely to become universal, it is at least possible that organised commerce would tend to unite nations, and thus prevent the repetition of wars. Hitherto it has not seriously affected the combative disposition of man, and the dream of a world so united by trade and governed by economic interests, as to have ceased to make war, has gone to limbo for the present. Besides this it is perhaps a defect in the Free Trade theory that it throws manufacturing into such prominence as the main employment of the community, ignoring the truth that after all man must ultimately

live by the land, and there is a growing body of opinion which repudiates the idea that life should be entirely conditioned by manufacturing ideals and interests.

It has further been suggested by thoughtful men that since Free Trade is but a licence to trespass on each other's economic field, prohibitions should be published, by general consent of the parties concerned, so that each might know the limits within which freedom of action is to be allowed, and be saved from the peril of going beyond them. This is a plausible idea, on certain conditions. If the limits marked out at any period could be regarded as binding for perpetuity, if the parties interested—nations or empires—could be compelled by some superior authority to keep rigidly to their own boundaries, or if the desire to keep to this line were general on the part of all concerned, it is then believable that some such scheme might meet with approval and a measure of success. But as all these are impossible suppositions, it is idle to hope that the scheme of universally recognised boundaries for trade will be acceptable or practicable. The Power entirely disinterested in such delimitation, and yet strong enough to enforce its will upon others, has not yet appeared. Then again it is pointed out that trade unrestricted is one of the most provocative agents for war. Nations now fight for markets as well as for dynasties, and all the philosophy, such as it is, of Mr. Norman Angell, has not convinced men that markets are not worth fighting for. Free Trade then is not an ideally perfect economic system. It has its defects, and men are at present keenly conscious of its shortcomings. What then is to be done?

By a considerable number of our countrymen it is said that a return to the system of Protection, in a modified or complete form, would remove some of the grosser defects in the present life of the Empire. It would produce a closer union between the various parts of the Empire, would beneficially affect our population at home by reducing the pressure of life in the cities, would rehabilitate the countryside through the impetus given to agriculture, and would, in the long-run, afford a more equable distribution of trade over the United Kingdom, making employment more regular and the conditions of life less

irksome for the masses of the population. Let us consider the feasibility of these suggestions. One truth generally admitted by this time is that, at present, and until the time comes, if ever, when States have passed beyond the military to the industrial condition, fiscal theories must have some cognisance of the military and political, as well as the commercial, needs of the community to which they are applied. It is at least doubtful whether trade ever should be removed from all relation to other forms of activity, whether it should be given such liberty that it may go whither it will, unaffected by the claims and needs of other elements in the communal life. And those who are foremost in advocating a change in our present modes of trading base their argument, not on the grounds of commercial profit alone, but on these taken in conjunction with the military and political necessities which arise out of our Imperial position. We cannot do justice to the arguments for such an alteration as is desired, if we do not bear this in mind.

The first step then in any legislation towards unifying the Empire by means of Protection must be the placing of a tariff on imported goods from countries outside the Empire. Exceptions may be made in the case of some or all of those nations which are now our Allies, but the general principle must be that a tariff wall is to be erected against nations outside the Empire. Now to create such a barrier against free imports from countries outside the Empire, is to grant a preference to the countries which have goods to export within the Empire. What will be some of the consequences of this line of action? Well, if a preference is given to their exports to this country, so that wheat and other things come into British ports almost, if not quite, exclusively from their lands, it will mean a considerable reduction, at first, in the amount of food and other things brought into the markets of the United Kingdom. That reduction in amount will mean that there is, at first, less to sell to the public. With decreased supplies the price of the food and other things sold will, of course, rise, as the demand will be, proportionately, more intense than at present. Then living in Britain will be correspondingly dearer, and the man with

six children to feed will realise that the purchasing power of his sovereign is not so great as it was in the days of his boyhood. There will therefore at first be less money to spend on goods, the demand for such goods will be smaller, and there will consequently ensue a decrease, no one can say to what extent, in the amount of employment offered to the working classes of this country. This will follow also, because the increased cost of living will probably force a rise in wages, assuming that the amount of business is such as to be greater than the labour market at the time can meet. With the rise in wages there will come an increased cost in production—boots, clothes, fenders, doors, tables, and carpets will cost more to make, since the wages of the worker have had to be increased. Preference then at first, no one can say for how long, will spell higher prices for all things and less employment. That is one side of the balance-sheet. Now let us look at the other. Having presumably prohibited foreign imports, that is, having said to Germany or to any other country, "You shall only send your stuff here for sale on terms laid down by us, say, when you have paid a tax of four shillings on every pound's worth of goods," there will be much less cheap stuff in the shops and stores for our people to buy. But there are many things which men and women *must* have, and if they are not brought in from abroad, then our people must set to work to make them for themselves. There ought then to be an increased demand for such goods from our own people, and what we have lost in cheap buying, through stopping free imports from other countries, we might regain by increased demand from the people at home for goods that we can produce. Then also the Dominions are likely to be much more thickly populated during the next fifty years. That will mean the opening up of new land, more farms, and a greater supply of corn produced there. Hence they will have more corn to sell to us, and in a short time they should be able to supply us with as much as we are taking now from the markets of the world. But if they are to grow in population and wealth to that extent, they will, of course, be able to buy much more of the stuff that we can sell, so that we might gain from the Dominions what we are losing by our sacrifice of other markets. It may be argued

that Canada will, some time, consume most of her own corn, as America does even now. But that time is far distant, if ever it comes, and we may reasonably think that for a long time to come the Dominions will have much natural produce to sell to us.

A consideration is also urged which may be noted here, though it will be developed more fully later, in dealing with another form of proposal for affecting the same end. If the Dominions were to consent to the imposition of a graduated tax for purposes of Imperial Defence, their contribution would steadily increase with their increase in wealth. This would permit of the pressure of taxation for Imperial purposes on the people of the United Kingdom being steadily reduced, in proportion to the increase of revenue from the Dominions, so that the people of Britain would to that extent gain thereby. This ought to be the case, and with reduced taxation at home and increased taxation in the Dominions for Imperial purposes, and with growing markets within the Empire, it is at least arguable that the population of the United Kingdom would at last regain what they have sacrificed by the surrender of Free Trade, and would also presumably be helping to create a united Empire.

Having glanced at some of the arguments for and against the proposed change, let us look at some more general considerations. From certain quarters it has been urged that if we are to have Protection in any form, it is just as necessary to have it within the borders of one country, as within the limits of the Empire. Thus it may be desirable to protect Luton from London, Devonshire from Lancashire. The idea is, and there is some justification for it, that the pressure of the large town and city on the smaller community has in recent years, since the development of cheap transport, destroyed many of the smaller towns in our own islands. Athy and Carlow have suffered badly from competition with Dublin; Uppingham or Sileby may be seriously damaged by Leicester; whilst London is simply a vast abscess which spreads itself over the country and sucks into its own diseased area ever more and more of those independent small communities which were once the

pride of the English countryside. Logically there is no reason why, if Tariffs are good against another country, they may not be good against another town, and that brings us back to the octroi of the Continent, and would certainly tend to the creation of habits of exclusiveness perhaps more prejudicial than any of the evils associated with our present system. It is said that Dacca has been ruined by Manchester, and if the principle of self-preservation in trade is to rule, it would seem feasible and fair that Dacca should plead for an embargo, much beyond any at present allowed, on all goods from Manchester to India.

Now the Protectionist must face this question fairly. Why is the State to be regarded as the only unit? Why not regard Ulster as a unit, or Connaught or Scotland, and have barriers built against intrusion from without, for the protection of these societies? Of course the answer is simple enough, that you can only create a State by making of it one fiscal entity, because otherwise there might be frequent conflicts of interest between the elements of the community, of city against city, as in the Italy of the Renaissance, and there would be no central authority to arbitrate between them. But if we mentally divorce the fiscal question from the political problem, we may fairly ask the Protectionist to push his principle to the extreme, and compare its results in such a case with the working of the opposite principle at its extreme, weighing the advantages accruing to either. And on the point of universality there can be no doubt that the Free Trader has the best of the argument. He is presumably willing to allow his principle to be carried to its furthest point of logical development, even to the destruction and elimination of certain industries, on the ground that the profit to the community at large outweighs these disadvantages. Here then are two opposed systems of commercial relationship in intercourse. Both of them have advantages and disadvantages. Of the two it seems fair to say that Free Trade is the more ideal system, if it can be worked. Men of good judgment say that it has worked well, and point to the existing conditions as proof. But other

men of equal sanity and experience are dissatisfied with it, and believe that the time has come for a complete change. Whether their proposed scheme will really bring all the gains they suggest no one as yet can say. But it can, and probably will, be tried, and even those who are doubtful will yet hope that its results may prove beneficial to the Empire.

There is, however, a projected alteration in the Imperial Constitution which, though it has not yet received the attention it deserves, has a direct and most important bearing on our future relations with the Dominions. Hitherto we have tacitly assumed that the question of Tariffs, the argument for and against Protection, is the ultimate issue involved when discussing the internal relations of the Commonwealth. But it is well to remember that the Dominions have claimed, and exercise, the right of legislating on Tariff questions, in accord with their own judgment and interest. This applies as between the separate Dominions, and also as between each Dominion and Great Britain. This policy at the time of its inauguration was entirely opposed to all the traditions of Colonial Government. Yet it has worked extraordinarily well for the Empire up to now. It seemed possible that it might entail the disruption of the Imperial fabric. Experience has shown that such fears were groundless; from which one may surely infer that the continuity of the Empire is not dependent on any particular fiscal system. Whichever theory we swear by can be made workable by the intelligence of traders and statesmen. Neither Free Trade nor Tariffs made the Empire. Neither Free Trade nor Tariffs will destroy it.

But the War has brought into the forefront another matter, hitherto partially or wholly obscured. For the Colonies have been confronted with a fact, not new to their statesmen, but new to many of their people in its present acute form. They now understand that whilst they have large control over such matters as Immigration, Tariffs, and even the creation and maintenance of Fleets, they have practically no control over the issues of peace and war. And it may be

that the really vital question for the immediate future is not the Protectionist controversy, at least not alone, but the question whether the Dominions shall remain in the future what they have been in the past, independent and self-governing communities in all matters, excepting that which is by far the most vital of all, their abstention from or participation in the wars of the Empire. And it is at least unlikely that nations, so self-conscious and so vigorous, should in this most important of all national interests remain entirely devoid of active control over their own destiny. If, at the close of this War, when the Imperial Conference meets again, the voice of the Dominions is heard, through their representatives, asking for an explicit statement of the extent to which they are implicated in any wars which Britain may wage in the future, what answer will be given by our statesmen? There is no question more likely to cause searching of heart to our political leaders of the future than this. Of course it is possible to say that there can never be a question of Britain engaging in a war of which the Dominions would entirely disapprove. Before war was declared there would be consultation with accredited representatives, and the feeling of the Dominions would be carefully considered. But will this satisfy the men who are to legislate for the future of these young nations? For it has been already proved that conferences are of little practical value in times of crisis, that indeed it is impossible to arrange a conference of representatives at short notice. And yet with Diplomacy doing all that it can to avert war, the world may be plunged into strife within forty-eight hours. In what way then can we meet the just claims of the Dominions, that they should be allowed a voice in the decision of their own destiny in regard to peace and war?

There is one method which appears to be as effective as it is simple. Why not tell the Dominions that they must be responsible for their own Foreign Affairs, deciding independently whether they will make war or keep the peace? Let their Foreign Policy be a thing apart from the Foreign Policy of Britain. Happily or otherwise, this is an impossible solution. The reason why we

cannot do this—still more pertinent, why the Dominions will not do it for themselves—is that it would entail ultimate separation of the Dominions from the Empire. In healing the wounded limb you would destroy the body—a kind of surgery common enough with quacks, but not favoured by qualified physicians. For suppose such a step were taken, then information to that effect must be communicated to the Governments of other nations. These Governments would then communicate direct with the authorities of the Dominions, sending Ambassadors to Ottawa or Melbourne instead of to London, making treaties and compacts with them irrespective of the effect such arrangements might have on the policy of the British people. The Imperial Government would then be obliged to declare publicly that they could accept no responsibility for the actions of the Dominion Governments, over which they now had no control. Inevitably, then, whatever the value of the sentimental ties between Britain and the Dominions, Canada, Australia, or South Africa would then be as distinctly separate nations, sundered from all serious political connection with Great Britain, as is the United States at the present time. And these consequences would be in direct opposition to the will of the Dominions, who have made it abundantly manifest that they do not wish to separate from the Empire, but desire to remain an integral part of the Imperial structure, being prepared indeed to pay heavily for that privilege. It is useless then to think of finding a way out of a tangled situation by this process, which is but another form of the old theory that the Colonies would, when it suited them, cut the painter, and voyage on their own track.

There is, however, another way of meeting the difficulty, supported by many of those who are eager to strengthen the bonds of the Empire by Tariff arrangements. Why should we not have a certain number of representatives from each of the Dominions sitting in the present Imperial Parliament? Such representatives would, of course, vote only on Imperial questions. They would not be asked to deliberate on the local affairs belonging to the internal policy of Britain, precisely as

our House of Commons does not legislate on the domestic business of Canada or Australia. But then let it be understood that this means two Legislatures sitting in the one House—that devoted to the concerns of Britain, and that pertaining to the interests of the Empire as a whole. And yet this Parliament would be responsible to the electorate of the United Kingdom alone, which, at its will, can dismiss it and call another. Suppose then that the policy advocated by this Assembly, when sitting as an Imperial Legislature, is not favoured by the United Kingdom, but commends itself to the Dominions. The policy will be rejected, and the Dominions will have no right of redress. Or suppose that the policy of Social Reform advocated by the Parliament sitting on behalf of the United Kingdom is carried, though it is known that the extra financial burdens this involves may mean the stinting of the necessary supplies for Imperial Defence. There are then two different policies, one of which destroys the other, passed by two Assemblies sitting in the one Parliament—a condition of things which would finally nullify all attempts at Governmental legislation. The danger then of the Dominion Representative scheme is a real one: it would duplicate Parliament, and might easily produce a deadlock which would be fatal to the conduct of business in the Empire.

If, then, the Colonies are not to become independent Governments with a separate Foreign Policy of their own, if further the method of concurrent representation in the one House is likely to be ineffective and dangerous, is there any other settlement of the question which promises to prove successful? What we seek is some arrangement which will give to the Dominions an equal right, with the United Kingdom, to decide on the issues of peace and war. And the best arrangement hitherto suggested seems to be that formulated by Mr. Curtis in *The Problem of the Commonwealth*. There must be brought into existence a distinctly Imperial Parliament, separate from the existing Parliament of the United Kingdom, fully representative of the Dominions, and including in its membership those various Public Offices which now deal with Foreign Affairs. This Imperial

Parliament and Cabinet would have the management of all business pertaining to the interests of the Empire as a whole, and would exercise complete control of the Foreign Policy of the Empire. The existing Parliament would be restricted to the management of British affairs, precisely as the Legislature at Ottawa is confined to dealing with the concerns of the Dominion of Canada. There would thus be created two distinct Parliaments, having their respective spheres of activity, sitting in different Chambers. And these, along with the Dominion Parliaments, meeting in the Dominion centres, would afford representation to the Dominions as well as to Britain in the conduct of Imperial Foreign Affairs.

This is, briefly, the scheme which seems predestined to hold the field in the minds of those who are seriously concerned about our Imperial future. Perhaps the first question arising in the mind of a British citizen on looking at this scheme will be, What representation has the senior partner in this Assembly? And the answer is, that adequate representation is secured by the fact that the Foreign Office, the Admiralty, the War Office, the India Office, and the Colonial Office, each of which is controlled for the time being by a statesman chosen from the British House of Commons, would form the British part of the Imperial Parliament. An arrangement of this kind would ensure that Foreign Policy and Finance, which can never be profitably dissociated, would each receive attention from, and would be controlled by, the same body. The second question to be asked is equally vital. What share are the Dominions to take in the financing of Foreign Policy—that is, the issues of peace and war—when they have been given their share in its control? No taxation without representation is a good war-cry. No authority without responsibility is an equally good principle. And the answer is, that this Imperial Parliament would have the power to enforce taxation on the Dominions, for purposes of Defence, precisely as the present Parliament can enforce taxation on the population of the British Isles. That is, they would have the right to actually distrain for taxes on the property of any citizen of the Empire,

sacrifice of their independence on the part of the Dominions. It is still too soon to say that the majority of the people in the Dominions are willing to make that sacrifice. They desire to be called to our Councils. Will they pay the price for that advantage? No one can yet be sure of the answer.

Everywhere then we find some feeling, some desire, for a closer union between the component parts of the Commonwealth; nowhere can we find a way to effect that purpose without certain disadvantages and difficulties. Able men of wide experience tell us to wait, to trust to the evolution of time, to follow our natural genius and avoid the perils of the doctrinaire and the partisan. Other men, more eager in temper, more confident of their cause, declare that the hour has struck, that it is now or never, that to let this opportunity pass is to ask for the eclipse which is certain to come to the timid and the laggard amongst the nations. No service is likely to be done to the Empire by declamation on either side. Never was there a subject on which it was more necessary to eschew sentiment, to bring the facts and arguments for and against, in the simplest form, before the masses of the people. All of us are agreed on one thing—we want the Empire to be strong and secure as it never has been before, that it may rise to the greatness of its hour. At present the most beneficial lines of activity seem to be that of steady educational work amongst the masses of our people, without party bias, if indeed such a thing be possible. Then it is necessary that we should know, as at present we do not know, what precisely are the feelings of the Dominions about this subject. Is it merely the few at the top who are asking for this vital change, or do the masses of men and women in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa really desire to become more closely and even rigidly connected with Great Britain—desire it to such an extent that they are willing to sacrifice something, and even much, to effect that end? Along these lines it may yet be possible to produce a consensus of opinion, a majority vote of the Empire strong enough to justify us in making the great venture. But it must

be understood that, whether under the present system or another, the unity of the Empire is now, and will become ever more and more a fact, a reality, with which the outside world must count, to which we must accustom ourselves, believing that that unity, whether of spirit or form or of both combined, is the surest guarantee for the prosperity of mankind in the centuries ahead. Then it should be clearly understood that the whole of this question, with all the problems connected with it—the imposition of Tariffs generally or in particular cases, the retention of Free Trade for the whole Empire or for a part, the creation of a form of Preference amongst the Allied nations, or the maintenance of the present mode of operation—that all these are chiefly questions of expediency, not essentially moral problems, to be settled therefore with patience and skill precisely as any difficulty arising in business is settled, by the tact and wisdom of the parties concerned. The Christian Imperialist is in favour, necessarily, of inclusion. He wants every form of life to be represented, he asks that the Community within which he works shall be as wide as it can be made, and he holds that the ultimate measure of such extension is limited only by the human race and the love of God. But he is not so blind as to ignore the truth that this ideal is one which must be approached by stages, and he will accept any system or promise of a system which seems likely to strengthen an institution already existing and working for human improvement, and does not repudiate or deny that wider vision of the Community which is limited only by Humanity itself.

At all events we need not be terrified by the suggestion of change, where the change has been proved desirable in the interests of the Commonwealth. If it is argued that discontent in the Colonies and elsewhere is always with us, and may wisely be ignored, it may be answered that such discontent is in itself an illustration of the beneficial effects of our rulership. It proves the value of such education in political life as these people have received under our tutelage. Nations under despotic rule, where the Pasha and the Vizier have bled

the people of all political vitality, where prisons are styes unfit for pigs, and courts of justice are merely exchanges in which the rights of men are sold to the highest bidder, seldom provide the soil in which discontent can flourish. Such people are too deeply trodden down into the mire to allow of development. Satisfied because they cannot conceive a better state of things, they no more dream of an improvement in their situation than the blind mole dreams of emulating the flight of the albatross betwixt sea and sky.

Our greater legislators have not desired to see the Empire filled with men whose chief characteristic is an ovine satisfaction with every bit of green pastureland that they may find. They have known that desire for change, if change may bring improvement upon present conditions, is one of the first signs of an awakening intelligence; they have encouraged the divine instinct for betterment, and in doing so have led it along paths where its latent energy may be profitably employed. They have seen the Empire as an institution, already existing, which may serve as the breeding-ground for the higher forms of man. Life's molten metal must flow into some mould, and where is there a better than that offered by a Commonwealth where every virile quality and lovely grace may reach its utmost range of power? Here, they believe, should be a home in which the most worthy members of the race may live and fulfil themselves, where fitness to survive shall mean something more than brute force or serpent cunning, where government encourages the finer spirits of humanity to live and labour without let or hindrance, where ideas may be freely ventilated, and thought allowed to play around all life's problems, whilst the foundations of social existence are kept secure. This is what Colonisation and Empire mean to those who, looking beyond the present hour, try to understand the purport of this immense network of peoples and lands, of which England is the heart and centre.

Machiavelli makes Chiron the Centaur the educator of rulers, because he is half-brute, half-man. It is a prescient and pregnant symbol, and yet we who would

connect the Empire with the larger purpose of Christ, must find another and a nobler form, and we shall find it, not in the creature who is half-man, half-beast, but in Man himself, eager, alert, daring, yet harmoniously poised and balanced between the rights of his own self-hood and the claims of the society to which he belongs. Such a figure will speak to us, not of lordship founded upon might alone, or even upon the calculating intellect by which ignorance is dominated to its own undoing, but of a unity in which each part co-operates to the enhancement of life's value for the whole vast organism of the Commonwealth. A Federation of all parts of the Empire, in which the distinction of ruler and subject is merged in the consciousness of unity, and each part contributes gladly to the wealth and welfare of the whole—this is the new ideal cherished by our countrymen, which we who believe in a Christian Imperialism must labour to incarnate.

BOOK II

THE SCENES OF IMPERIAL ACTIVITY

I

CANADA

In the year 1621, James II. presented to his friend Sir William Alexander a trifling gift, in the shape of the whole of Canada, including Accadie, the district of Nova Scotia, and the circumjacent territory. Of all the gifts ever made to subjects by monarchs this was perhaps the most magnificent, though the recipient might reasonably have inquired whether the donor had the right to bestow the gift, and still more pertinently, what the new possessor was expected to do with the munificent present. Circumstances, however, relieved him of the need to consider that question, and the history of Canada has little concern with the king's poetical friend. Had he been able to keep the gift and rule the country, he would have been one of the mighty monarchs of the world. For Canada is nearly as large as Europe, comprises an area of three and a half million square miles, and has in the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes some twelve thousand cubic miles of water. This would have been indeed a "gentleman's estate," and might have made the most successful of those who draw large revenues from the bounty of kings envious of their more fortunate brother.

Here can be found nearly all forms of natural development and every variety of noble scenery. Roughly coinciding with the boundary line dividing the United States from Canada runs the great mountain chain of the Rockies, and the Cordilleras, which forms the watershed of the continent. From this elevation flow the broad rivers, southwards to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, and northwards to the Hudson Bay and the

Arctic Ocean. The mountains which thus serve as dividing line are memorials of a time when the earth's crust was subjected to pressure from the Pacific side, resulting in those fractures and foldings which have formed the vast chain of peaks and craggy bluffs known as the Rockies.

Nor is Canada without other forms of majestic scenery, such as we are accustomed to seek away from home. That process of erosion by river action which has gradually formed vast submerged valleys, has been active for ages in British Columbia, where the deep fiords offer to the eye natural pictures not unworthy of comparison with the wild and sombre scenery of Scandinavia. From Vancouver on the West, looking out over the Pacific, to Nova Scotia on the East, where the Atlantic surges roll, lies this vast territory, still, for many thousands of miles, virgin soil, waiting for the hand of man to turn the wide plains and deep forests into smiling cornfields and orchards thick with fruit.

Many heroic names are connected with the land. Over four hundred years ago, in 1497, John and Sebastian Cabot sailed from England seeking adventure in these climes, and sixty years later Jacques Cartier, starting from France, travelled along these dangerous coasts. The question as to who should rule in this New World was the theme of armed debate on Canadian plains and rivers. France and England were at hard grips for this prize for many a long year, and it is to the everlasting glory of our countrymen that they were able at that time to throw up the man needed for the momentous issues of the hour, who understood the gravity of the cause to be decided by his sword. Yet, though the soldier has done much to win Canada for us—and without him it would have been impossible for us to claim or to keep authority over the land—it is even more to the industry and independence of our countrymen, who have gone there as emigrants determined to make it their home, that we are indebted for our present rulership over that wide territory. Forceful and free, conscious of their own worth as men, and daring enough to take every kind of responsibility as the occasion arose, they have gone

forth into the wilderness resolved to subjugate this land for the benefit of their kindred.

Their difficulties have been commensurate with the magnitude of their undertaking. The United States has naturally watched with careful eye the growth of a powerful nation on her flanks, owning allegiance to the Crown against which she had herself rebelled. Yet it might be remembered with advantage, that it was one of the greatest of Americans who showed to our statesmen that it was worth while to keep Canada. Benjamin Franklin's pamphlet on the importance of North America to the British Empire was published at a time when our representative men were seriously considering whether it was profitable to struggle for the retention of British influence in that region. His judgment that the population of the Colony would double itself every twenty-five years commended itself to Adam Smith, and his belief that the land would yet serve as one of the greater feeding-grounds of Europe probably influenced, through Smith, the mind of Pitt. Even then there were some men alive in the world who could see facts and read the meaning of events.

Naturally enough too the French inhabitants, descendants of the hardy voyageurs who made Lower Canada their home, and lived adventurous lives as hunters, have not always been willing to accept their position as the less powerful racial section. There have been sharp conflicts between the two portions of the people, at times embittered by the religious strifes which have sprung from divergent ecclesiastical habits and traditions. But all these have been surmounted by courage and patience, and the population is now united in a common sentiment of love for their land and loyalty to the Empire.

This indeed is one of the happy results of the Great War. Whatever discord may have existed between the French and British elements of the Canadian population has been banished by the sense of fraternity brought about by sharing a common peril and a great enterprise. That we have stood by La Belle France in her time of duress, have helped her to deliver herself from the enemy

who wished to destroy her, has drawn together men of different blood and diverse traditions, and welded into one community and people the Gallic and the Saxon elements of Canadian life.

With the development of the great railway system the country has been opened to the tiller of the soil, and manufactures are already making their contribution in no small degree to the well-being of the country. The immense forests of virgin timber are being used as a source of wealth. Here there is a danger against which the authorities will have to guard. The world at present depends for its supply of wood upon Canada, Russia, Sweden, and Norway. Although Canada has still one and a quarter million square miles of forest land practically untouched, the wasteful methods by which this source of wealth is handled are a menace to the future. Already the white pine has been nearly destroyed, and the spruce fir is in process of being eliminated. Enormous as the natural resources of Canada are, there are limits to her forest treasures, and the improvidence of the lumberman is helping to discover them. There is at present no adequate proportion between the amount felled and the number of trees planted, and it will be a question for legislators in the future, as it should have been in England decades ago, to what extent the national resources in timber are to be exploited by the individual profit seeker, without provision being made for future needs.

The climate is at times severe. But the keen frosts of the winter are now known to be beneficial to agriculture, since they preserve the soluble nitrates which would otherwise be drained out, and thus make it less necessary to provide artificial food for the soil. It is in the spring and autumn that the farmer has reason to fear the frost, when his crops or his orchard may be endangered. But the Canadian has learned how to adapt himself to the climate, so that the winter proves to him frequently the most enjoyable part of the year, when movement over the frozen snow is easy. The coasts and rivers afford ample stores of the finest fish, and the chilling fogs of Labrador do not prevent the

hardy fisherman of that district from braving the dangers of the sea, whilst the immense toll of salmon taken every year from the rivers seems to leave untouched the supplies provided by the ocean. The mineral wealth of the country is beginning to be explored, and already the engineer, seeking for new sources of natural prosperity, has taken the place of the trapper whose adventures delighted the boys of forty years ago.

In political affairs Canada has by now passed beyond the experimental stage. She knows her place in the world and has a sense of the greatness of her destiny. Ceded to Britain in 1763, a Constitution granted to the country in 1791, it was not until 1841 that the Upper and Lower Canadas were united, and then not until 1867 that by an Imperial Act the whole land was formed into one Dominion as British North America. Her more recent leaders have endeavoured to avoid what they have regarded as the mistakes of their American neighbours. They have steadily refused to give unlimited power to the individual State, remembering the troubles which arose in America from this emphasis on the freedom of the smaller community. All unstated authority belongs of right to the Federal Government, which is directly opposed to the American tradition. This has enabled the central governing Power to intervene, with good results whenever one State seemed inclined to act in a manner contrary to the interests of the Dominion as a whole. From the skilful handling of the problems thrown into prominence where the rights of the one State have to be reconciled with the claims of a Federation, the Imperial Government itself may derive useful lessons for future years.

It is not a matter of indifference that the ideals which were in the mind of Lord Durham when he went out to take control of the country in the name of the Queen—though, largely through the instrumentality of his enemy Lord Brougham, they were repudiated by the Government of the day and Durham was himself recalled—have been actually fulfilled in later years. A man with a real concern for the weak and a natural hatred of oppression, these sentiments inspired him in drawing up a

Constitution suitable to this new country, and some at least of the prosperity of the Dominion may well be traced to those liberal ideas of government and citizenship which he entertained and so bravely defended, at a time when they were less popular than now. Happy is the nation which can put into positions of responsibility and trust men who have such faith in the sanity of human nature.

Certainly the Canadians are justified in being proud of their wonderful river. One reads of sailors in the Pacific inquiring of sister ships for the Amazon, only to be told that they had been sailing on that stream for many days. Something of the same kind might well have happened to the men who first navigated the waters of the St. Lawrence. For this river, like the country through which it flows, is vast, magnificent, and at first almost appalling by reason of its size and grandeur. Steaming slowly up its wide waters, gazing at the banks, sometimes shelving, sometimes abrupt, which guard the countryside, at times looking out upon a thin, almost diaphanous mist hanging like a translucent veil over the land, and again noting how the powerful beams of the sun have scattered every trace of fog, and bathed land and water in one gorgeous Turner-like stream of warm and radiant light, you may feel something of that thrill with which the early adventurers and explorers, in the morning time of our modern world, first fronted the mysterious glories of this wonderful land. Then at last there comes what is surely one of the fairest sights of earth, the picture of Quebec, its fortress frowning down upon us with almost sinister menace, though modern artillery would send it sky high in twenty minutes, the guardian and sentinel of one of the outposts of Empire. To walk there on the broad boulevard, to watch the broad stream flowing at one's feet, with the waters of the Charles pouring their additional volume into the enormous mass of flowing silver, to let one's eyes rest on the spacious lands that spread outwards to the distant horizon, is to experience one of the solemn joys of life.

Impressive to everyone who visits this city is the dignity and force of religion, under the auspices of which

most of its great deeds have been achieved. One hears it said that the city has seen its best days, and that now other and more modern towns, like Toronto, have taken the foremost place in the activities of the country. Doubtless this is true. But to the lover of things beautiful, Quebec will always be the foremost city of Canada, for there one meets with that spirit of romance always associated with historic greatness. Here, without a doubt, the Church has been one of the benefactors of mankind, preserving in the New World some of the nameless grace which belongs to her people in the older lands, and bringing with her, to plant amidst the achievements of our explorers and empire builders, the flower of a benign serenity such as only grows in pious hearts. The monk and the priest of the Catholic faith, and the devout missionary of the Protestant churches, inspired by a genuine propagandist faith, have frequently gone before, and invariably have followed, the men who opened up new lands for the population of Europe; and though in our great cities the Christian faith may seem but a poor thing, yet on the outskirts of Empire, where life is often reduced to a bare contest between man and nature for supremacy, and the electric lamp has not yet banished sun and moon from the knowledge of men, religion becomes again a powerful agent in the shaping of life.

The greatness of a country is found ultimately in the character of the men it produces. Millions of acres waiting for the husbandman are not sufficient to justify a land's claim to greatness, unless we are to measure all things by the merely quantitative standard. What kind of men spring from this soil or find in its broad champaigns their chosen home? The answer of Canada to that question is at once truthful and brave. From England herself she has learned the art of hospitality. As we have welcomed every kind of countryman to our shores, be he Norseman, Dutchman, French, Italian, or Levantine, and have absorbed these motley crowds into the life-blood of our English race, so the Canadian has, especially in recent years, gladly accepted and even invited the immigrant from all parts of the world. To a large extent this has been the result of the work done by Sir Clifford Sifton, who, as Minister of the

Interior, had to consider what could be done to populate the vast territories of the West. Called to this office in 1896, to legislate for wide prairies, empty of life but for some small and lonely towns, where a few lazy Indians and half-breeds could be found, he succeeded in drawing to these lands crowds of the poor and dirty population of Southern Europe. Along with these came Doukhobors from Russia, Mennonites from the same country (religious sectaries with the ideals and the industry of good colonists), hardy adventurers from Scandinavia, and Germans from all parts of the Kaiser's realm. This heterogeneous multitude was known as "Sifton's sheepskins." They provided a problem for the old inhabitants of the country, who had already begun to think of Canada as their own peculiar Canaan, at least as the home of a purely Saxon race. But the work of providing brains and hands for the land went on, and now it is understood and admitted that Canada is large enough to take many thousands of such immigrants, and its people politically strong enough to weld them into a homogeneous national life.

In these wide lands, open to all the world, the conflict for supremacy is reduced to its simplest dimensions. The man who would find a place there must have some of the aboriginal qualities of the race about him, an ability for daring effort where there is little hope of success, and a determination to win even though the forces opposed seem invincible. The brutal elements which lie at the root of our human being are apt in such conditions to come to the surface, and a man must be able to take care of himself, and prove that he is equal to a position of command before he is allowed to assume the rôle of director. Those fixed and ordered social arrangements by which, in an old society, the mediocre are enabled to shield themselves from the stress of competition with the new and virile energies constantly thrown up by life, are conspicuously absent. The refinements of the drawing-room and the diplomatic chamber are of a later growth. They will come here, as elsewhere, with time, but the men who have, during the last fifty years, made the fortune of Canada by developing her immense resources, are not men of delicate susceptibilities. Risks of all kinds they have been obliged to face,

and only the strongest could come through the ordeal by which they have been tried. This accounts for the character of many of the Canadian leaders. To build the Canadian Pacific Railway and thus bring British Columbia into touch with Montreal and Liverpool, was one of the great ventures of faith. It could only have been done by men possessed of a fierce courage, as well as the industry that makes commercial success possible. Amongst these Lord Strathcona stands easily first in point of character and achievement. Beginning as a cadet of the Hudson Bay Co., he gradually becomes the controller of the fortunes of Rupert's Land, enters politics, takes upon himself the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and becomes the General who drives the gigantic scheme forward in spite of every gloomy prediction from men whose judgment was worth attention. Possessed of enormous will-power, a shrewd judge of the facts, he has left his mark for ever on Canada, for it is to him and to the men who worked with him that the country owes much of its present wealth and promise of prosperity. A fitting partner or rival in such work, but labouring, deliberately or not, for the common good of the country, Sir William Mackenzie is one of the energetic railway kings of Canada of the time. He has built the Canadian Northern and other lines, and in a country where capital was needed for a thousand things, and was always difficult to get at home, since most of it had to come from the London market, he has financed great railway schemes with a daring which has won the admiration even of those opposed to him in policy. Of this elect body of railway builders and directors, who have had so much to do with the making of modern Canada, one of the strong men was Sir William Van Horne, an American who emigrated to Canada, and whose strong sentiment of hostility to American influence was one of the guiding principles of his work as a builder of the C.P.R. Add to these Baron Shaughnessy, who is now the presiding genius of the great railway of Canada, and you have a mental picture of the men who have opened up these vast tracts to the emigrant, by carving a path for him, and making communication possible between the extreme points of the country. It is to such men that these immense

territories must acknowledge their indebtedness, not so much to the soldier as to the organiser of brute force, who can make a road for the tiller of the soil.

Of politicians Canada has her fair share, and they have played their own part in the making of the land as it is to-day. There is, first of them all in point of years and dignity, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who represents the romantic element in the life of the Dominion. A French Canadian, combining the qualities of his ancient race with something of the astuteness and resourceful energy of the colonial, he has for many years been by far the most interesting figure in Canadian political life. At one time it was doubtful whether he had much faith in the continuance of British relationship with the great Dominion. His French blood and his position in the life of the country made him the representative of those elements which were not too zealous in their devotion to the Saxon suzerain. But experience has taught this capable student of affairs that the sentiment of Canadians towards Britain is something more than that of a partner in a commercial concern. He and the people whom he represents are amongst the loyalists of Canada. Men who have fought for the preservation of the integrity of France are not likely to be confused as to their relation one to another, and the romantic element in this aged statesman and born orator has found a worthy theme for expression in the fellowship created amongst his countrymen by the European struggle.

Even a man like Henri Bourassa, the somewhat acrid leader of the Quebec Nationalist party, has found his ideas and sentiments overridden by the wind of popular passion which has swept through Canada, and brought the whole nation into the War as one man. Bourassa, whose opinion is that there is little to choose between German militarism and British navalism, has, in accordance with the best British traditions, been allowed to express his feelings as a publicist, even when they were hostile to the furtherance of military recruiting in Canada. But the consciousness that he is fighting against odds, that the whole stream of national thought is opposed to him, must have taught him by now that there is some-

thing to be said for a system of government which can rouse such a frenzied enthusiasm in its defence as exists to-day amongst the Canadian people.

Another important figure in Canadian politics, perhaps the most imposing at present, is that of Sir Robert Borden. His unblemished integrity, the knowledge that here is a man who, without brilliant public gifts, is entirely honest, whose energies are directed towards the furtherance of intimate relations between the Dominion and the Mother Country, along with his admirable record as a statesman, have given to him a position of almost supreme power in the country. He is premier, not by virtue of any theatrical qualities, for which he has no genius, but because of his staunch loyalty to great ideals, and the hold that strong character always has over the minds of men. Amongst other men of distinction who are at present active in Canadian life is Sir Edmund Walker, who, from Edmonton in the Far West, came to take his place as one of the chief banking magnates of the country, and now occupies a position of power in the financial world.

There is Sir Adam Beck, who organised the system by which power is drawn from Niagara, and the immense resources of that mighty Fall turned to the benefit of the chief cities of Canada. Then there is Sir William Mulock, who introduced order into the Postal System Service of the country, and is the Rowland Hill of Canada, inasmuch as he gave the country penny postage. Manufacturers like the late Sir William Macdonald, who made millions out of tobacco, whilst he himself never used the weed; storekeepers like Sir John Eaton of Toronto, who has built up a vast establishment not inferior to that of Wanamaker; clerics like Archbishop Bruchesi of Quebec; University men of the type of Principal Peterson of M'Gill, or Sir Robert Falconer of Toronto; financiers like Sir Max Aitken, whose disturbing presence on the Exchange of Canada is still remembered; flamboyant soldiers with plenty of courage and little respect for precedent and military discipline, like Sir Sam Hughes —these are the men who, out of their abundant energy and buoyant optimism, have created the Canada that we

know. And when one remembers the difficulties under which these men have laboured, and the amazing celerity with which their work has been accomplished, it must be admitted that they have reason to be proud of their achievements, and to anticipate even greater things for their country than they have yet known.

Of course it is not to be expected that in a new country, with its immense wealth still waiting to be unveiled by human labour and skill, there should be any great development of the literary art. That can only come when leisure has been won, and the class which has emerged out of the labouring stage has learned to appreciate the contemplative spirit found in older lands. But even here Canada need not be ashamed of what she has hitherto accomplished. There is the promise in her virile population of something greater in literature than she has yet achieved. No Canadian writer since his day has done work so distinctive and acceptable to the outer world as Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick), whose creation of one character full of worldly if vulgar wisdom, expressed in a quaint and uncouth dialect, is at least a proof that the material for character-drawing is there, when the man with the seeing eye is born to write it down. High Tory and Imperialist of the older type, Haliburton had an eye for the faults of his Nova Scotian countrymen, and was not unmindful of the potential greatness of the land in which he was born. But there are others, who have climbed higher than the humorist could hope to reach, as writers of a new nation. Archibald Lampman is not a great poet, as students of an old literature will measure poetic values, but there is at least the light of a fine and delicate talent shining in his work. Living in Ottawa amidst some of the noblest of scenery, he has endeavoured, with some success, to interpret Nature to his countrymen. Not unwilling to acknowledge his indebtedness to an older civilisation and so saving himself from the literary mongrelism of Whitman, he has shown his countrymen that poetry is not an impossible thing, even to men who are still near the primal conditions of human life.

In W. H. Drummond we have a poet whose work brings before us in vivid manner the most romantic

figure of Canadian life—the Habitant. Simplicity and courage, queer humour and amusing complacency, are set forth in a language that seems to have been taken from the very lips of the men it describes. Drummond has been able to appreciate the wild life of the voyageur—its freedom and hardships, the industry and courage of the men who have toiled along the great rivers and lakes of Canada—and has had a quick ear for the speech of those who have preserved, even in this new world, so much of the spirit of ancient France. Nor has Canada failed to give some inspiration to the brooding spirit of the Celtic race. For in Isabella Vallancy Crawford, a daughter of Dublin, one can trace something of that meditative melancholy which has made the national literature of Ireland a unique product of our time. With a finer artistry than either Lampman or Drummond, venturing on ground which they would hardly dare to tread, she has concentrated into a small compass the fruit of a genuine poetic spirit, and is not unworthy of the masters whose work she studied. These are but the highest fruit of the tree of literature in Canada, and the quantity of their work is not large, but it is at least sufficient, taken in conjunction with the output of fiction and history and travels, to show that in this country, so new and fresh, there is the material and the talent for a literature, yet to be born, worthy of the tongue in which it is to be written.

The complaint is sometimes made that there is no society in the Colonies suitable for the gentleman to move in. The educated person soon learns, it is part of his education, to speak of any land outside his own as a country of barbarians, the dwelling-place of those who live elsewhere than in the home of God's perfect ones. The New Yorker, the Parisian, the Cockney, do they not all feel thus? The sentiment is one which we all share in some degree. For deliverance from it, one must visit these new lands, learn to know the people, and then the folly of our social shibboleths is made clear. It may be true that religion, honour, and polite literature make the gentleman, and of the last of these there is not too much to be found in the lands to which our younger sons

go in such numbers, but there is a sufficiency of the other two to compensate for its absence, and to create any number of true gentlemen. The religion is not obtruded on the observer, and there is as little of the pietist about the inhabitants of the Colonies as there well can be about any human creature who believes that he has a soul, but the reality of it is interwoven with the very fibres of the people. You see a good deal of the commercial sharper here, as in other parts of the world, and at first you will be no more favourably impressed by gentlemen engaged in the Real Estate business than Dickens was during his trip to the States. But there is probably as much commercial integrity here as in most places. The principle of honour influences the lives of men in these new countries more than you would expect. Frequently there is no outward compulsion driving them to an acknowledgment of the rights of others, the principle of the strong arm; the rule of brute force as right could be applied here with freedom if anywhere in the world, but there are few parts of the globe where greater reverence is paid to those elementary moralities on which the happiness and well-being of States must finally depend. Birth and ancestry, the long descent of the proud Spaniard, who could say, "Before God was God, or the sun shone upon the rocks, already was the house of Velasco ennobled," count but for little here. There is small room for that kind of pride in the vast spaces of the Colonies, and though, if a man desires to indulge in that form of fancy flight, no one will prevent him, he will probably be left alone to contemplate his own grandeur while men turn their attention to things more important than meditations upon the glory of one's ancestors. The truth is, that in these new countries a man is taken at his actual and present value. What his ancestors may have been does not greatly interest his neighbours. It is so plainly true that any man may at least earn his living if he will, and there are so many things needing to be done, that the chatter favoured by the snob of all countries ceases to impress or attract.

Similarly, there is an honourable understanding

that, even if one has acquired wealth, it is still necessary to justify one's existence in the world. Hence, many of the best men are to be found amongst those who have already acquired or have inherited a fortune, and yet continue to labour at their business or at public work in the interests of the nation, as earnestly as if their income depended on what they do. The *slacker* is regarded as a nuisance to himself and to the country at large.

Another peculiarity of these people is the resolution with which they set about getting things done. *Laissez-faire* may have some place in their economic theories, but has none in their practice. If occasionally they are hasty in their dealings, pushing things to a conclusion with insufficient attention to all the consequences, they are at least free from the vice of delay, so often satirised by our writers as peculiar to our nation. "Never give a decision on any point in the War Office if you draw less than two thousand a year," is a counsel which would have no meaning for the men of this newer world. They are there to act, and if their actions are at times mistaken, that is but the price they pay for an energy which must accomplish things. Confronted as they are with unequalled opportunities for service, they desire to work at something definitely useful to their country, with the result that even with sharpers and blacklegs of every denomination abroad, the thing that needs doing is done with surprising speed.

Charmed with the beauties of Quebec, one does not, at once, appreciate in the same degree the more commonplace qualities of Montreal and Toronto, cities which, though in some respects superior to the more ancient one, have no such magic as is connected with the name of Wolfe or Montcalm. They do not make you repeat over again the lines of Gray's *Elegy*, and try to picture once more the wonderful scene, of dubious historic value but of great imaginative beauty, when the quaint-looking red-haired hero recited those lines to his officers. Yet, as you wander through those broad streets, amidst the swift stir and hustle of the day, or view the spires and chimneys from some neighbouring hill, you will hardly escape some momentary wonder at that energetic in-

dustry, which amounts almost to genius, of the men who have built these homes in the wilderness. The people, aware of what they have accomplished, rejoice in their sense of freedom and power.

These massive stone buildings, banks, warehouses, churches, were not erected by improvident and thoughtless zeal, building for to-day and careless of to-morrow, but by long-sighted men who wrought for the future, believing in the splendid destiny of their land and people. And who would say they have been cheating themselves? Standing in one of these modern cities, you may watch the immense wealth, garnered on the far-spreading prairies, being organised, collected, and distributed across the world. Men toiling under bleak skies in British Columbia will send here the product of their titanic labours. Suns that scorch and blister are beating down now on wide swathes of corn that will be turned into food for half the population of Europe. Are we to expect that men who possess the control of these gigantic resources will be content to sing and dance to any tune that may be chanted by a political caucus in England? We Englishmen forget that we are now dealing with men who, conscious of their strength, are determined that they will not sacrifice carelessly the power they have so hardly won.

Travel to Winnipeg, that city which has grown up like a mushroom in the midst of the wilderness, and you find yourself in one of the meeting-places of the world for all kinds and conditions of men. Not even in Cairo or Nijni Novgorod are you likely to see brought together so many examples of the human race, differing so radically from each other in appearance and disposition. Greeks, Americans, Turks, Danes, Germans, French, Finns, Poles, and Lithuanians, all are there, and amongst them the English, giving their characteristic tone to the multitude, stamping upon the town some elements of their own character. Looking at this amazing and motley crowd, the thing that will impress you most is not a person or a town, nothing tangible or even visible, but a weak dread of what this formless human mush may ultimately mean for Canada and the Empire. Can

even this land, with its measureless spaces, absorb, harmonise, and unify the amorphous human mass that wanders along these streets? Is it to be a country dominated by the sober judgment and alert intelligence of the white race, of the Saxon blood, or is it to be the happy hunting ground for some mongrel population made up of a mixture the like of which was never seen before?

Fortunately the Colonial has much more reverence for Britain and the British Constitution than is common amongst our countrymen. To us who see it at work in its usual lumbering fashion, it represents a spirit of compromise, a habit of muddling through, which is not immediately likely to provoke violent admiration. The Canadian seems to regard it much as the Athenian of old thought of the statue of Pallas, a presiding deity to be adored, inviolable by criticism, immune from prying eyes and searching fingers. Yet one must remember that most of these people are the sons or grandsons of emigrants from Britain, consequently that they ought to know something of what life in our country means, and, though, under the enchantment of distance, they may exaggerate our virtues and minimise our vices, yet they probably know us well enough to make a competent judgment.

And this admiration for our ancient land and customs may easily become a terrifying thing to men who have never seen England from outside. Can it be really true that we are the mighty organisers of Empire, the born and destined leaders of the world, that some of our friends believe? Is it the case that England, in spite of her squires and rectors, imperfect Game Laws and hungry ground landlords, is really the finest country in the world in which to live? At least this is true, that as you circle the globe, and still find yourself beneath the Flag, as you watch the proud sweep of our Imperial sway, though you may still remember Stepney and Poplar and our other natural glories, there will come to you moments, illuminative, apocalyptic, when, discarding the rôle of the growling critic, anxious to find fault with what men have done, you will understand something of what our forefathers

have wrought, will look upon your country with the eyes of those who love her and believe in her, and may even find yourself offering thanks to the Providence which has made you a partner in this, the vastest of all the ventures of mortal men.

II

UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS

The traveller in Australia to-day may feel a little envious of those pioneers who here began a new era in history. Great as the country is, the men of the early days, from sixty to a hundred years since, could see even more than we of its romance and wonder. For the world, even on the other side of the globe, is much alike in these days. Where at one time men could roll themselves in gold, where black-bearded miners, fresh from their sharp wrestling with earth, would eat ten-pound notes in sandwiches for sheer bravado, towns and cities now stand, and quietness and order reign. The change is good, yet still one may crave for that splendid time when men thought that the world's wealth lay at their feet. The scenery in this region of the world has its own characteristics. Here you get the sense of vastness, of immensity, and with it the consciousness of being oppressed, nay, almost crushed, by the cavernous spaces over which man may travel. The wilderness! Since Moses commenced that journey across the desert with his unruly mob of discontented Hebrews was there ever anything like what this must have been to the pioneers of early days! What tales these arid plains could tell had they but the art of speech! For it was over these bare spaces that the digger, hungering for the gold of which he dreamt through many a painful night, would struggle, with parched lips and palsied limbs, until, conquered by his weakness, a merciful oblivion at last descending on his fevered brain, his body lay, a prey to the carrion bird that from afar had marked him for its own. If one leaves the dry and prairie-like region where

the sheep now wander by the tens of thousands, it is perhaps to enter those forests where the trees, soaring heavenwards, mingle their branches so closely that beneath their shade one walks, untouched by sun or rain, listening, amidst that strange rich twilight, to the cachinnations of cockatoos and magpies, chattering as though to drown all other sounds by their vociferous cackling, or you may wander through the thick scrub, where the wattle bloom will gather around and above you its profuse and wandering efflorescence, whilst beneath your feet you tread the dead leaves of a thousand summers, never yet touched by pick or spade. And then there are the great rivers, so plenteously supplied with the water that the country needs, rivers down which wandered bold explorers, who, having taken their life in their hands, cared not what the day might bring forth, if only it might lead them to some hitherto unknown experience. Those rivers, how they stir your blood as you follow them in thought from their primal fountains, and watch them gather volume with every mile of their journey, drawing tribute from affluents that drain the hillside on either bank, and broadening forth until they debouch into some deep ocean bay! Mysterious to us, these streams along which the tide of human culture has inevitably run, how much more so to those who, with their keen sense of the mystery of things, made their river into a god, found in it some kind of protective, or perchance a tormenting, deity? To men who know that the river means life, health, savannahs, and fecund flocks, it becomes something more than a line on a map or the scene of pleasant sport, and to the Australian more than to most men it brings its message of mystery and hope.

Here, as also in Japan, animals, not accustomed to regard man as an enemy, even yet have not learned to think of him under that guise. Centuries of immunity, wide tracts of land over which they could wander, scattered tribes of men, differing but slightly in manner of life from the animals themselves, have given to these creatures of the wilds a confidence pathetic in its heedlessness of danger, and the opportunity it affords the

inhumane to exploit this Eden-like ignorance. For generations the wild creature here, with no sign of progress towards a higher form of existence, merely living out his days in enjoyment of sun and rain, has passed his years in a happy dream.

And what strange histories rise before our fancy as one thinks of the ancestors whose blood runs in these free citizens of the Southern Hemisphere! Some of those ancients, whose families now form the élite of society here, have learned the laws by breaking them. Convicts they were when they first caught sight of this land of freedom, and convicts they remained until they had worked out their sentence, and could begin life anew as potentially honest men. Norfolk Island is not precisely the jumping-off place that one would choose for a genealogy, yet it may be as good as that Normandy which was the starting-point for our social leaders; and the fact that amongst your predecessors were gentlemen who had been hanged, or had served their king in the Convict Quarries, would suggest that they were capable of a brave rebellion against a cruel established order. Not all of these men were like Barrington, the London pickpocket, the first person of whom it was said that he left his country for his country's good, for more often they were men guilty of the crime of asserting their right to live in a land and age in which the law-makers were doubtful about that point of doctrine. Only by understanding the temper of that time in England and its influence on State officials throughout the Empire can one account for the horrors of Norfolk Island, than which Spandau, or the fortress of St. Paul, or the hated Bastille were not more terrible. For the monotony of life in this island dungeon became, we are told, so hateful, that the miserable men would cast lots to decide which should commit a murder, since this would at least mean being taken to the mainland and so secure a change, an escape, from the cruelties which were the routine incidents of prison life. Walking through the streets of these fine cities, through Adelaide, with its background of mountains, Mount Lofty standing above the rest, or Collins Street in Melbourne, with its many signs of prosperity, the mind

may yet wander to that old place of torment, to those condemned souls, to whom a deeper plunge into crime was the only mode of escape from present terror.

For stranger than the criminals sent out from England were the gentry entrusted with their management and rule, a body of men bitten with a passion for inflicting punishment, a Sadic delight in the sight of blood. The psychology represented by the magistrate who orders a convict to receive fifty lashes for not touching his hat in salute has not received the attention it deserves. Many a transported pickpocket or poacher, entering those prison gates with the heart of a man, would emerge after ten or twenty years with the heart of a beast. It is this blood around the base of the pyramid that makes us a little ashamed of our greatness, remembering the agonies that men have endured in building our Imperial power.

Not without interest to a sober Englishman is the manner in which the people of these lands throw themselves into all forms of sport. Their zest, their boyish glee, is amusing to the traveller accustomed to the more decorous habits of our middle class at home. Seeing our men at a football crowd you understand something of their enthusiasm for the game, but not the Englishman at his football nor even the American, in the frenzy of his baseball, can equal the zest with which Australians enter into every phase of manly sport. This shows itself in their accomplished cricketers, in their love for horses and their patronage of the race-course. The methods of betting which they have made popular are not pleasing to the wanderer, who has hoped that the mania for getting other people's money without working for it would at last die down; but when you have resigned yourself to the fact that men will bet, will seek out risks when they might very well escape them, you will not be hopelessly shocked at the organised gambling of the racecourse.

In Australia, as elsewhere in this old world of ours, the evils that men suffer from are bound up with the land. The ancient Hebrew prophets gripped this truth, and made their economics part of their

religion. Even in these new lands, ample and fertile beyond one's dreams, the conditions which have made life in Europe almost impossible for the poor in recent years are being too effectively reproduced. In this continent of the Southern Seas the wild wastes are waiting for the hand of man to bring them into something like order, and to-day one finds that over 35 per cent. of the population of New South Wales is living in Sydney, and that 42 per cent. of the people inhabiting Victoria are to be found in Melbourne, that in fact you have the same evils of overcrowding in cities as have been for a century the bane of Europe. And the reason is that the country has been so parcelled out by the financier and the land agent, each square mile of profitable ground so mortgaged, that the man who comes to this country with only a few pounds saved and his own strong arms cannot, any more than in Europe, find that ready access to the land which is needful to develop the resources of the soil.

We have here all the material for a revolution, resulting simply from the grabbing spirit of men determined to make money while opportunity is given, and to leave those who come after to get what they can out of the soil. And perhaps the only remedy for this unfortunate state of things is for the Government, whether it be democratic or aristocratic, to take over the land not yet sold to the speculator and to hold it in fee-simple for the future. By this means, the State itself remaining the landlord, the poor man with some knowledge of agriculture, who has been squeezed out of the business at home, might start life in the Colonies with some prospect of success, beginning by having the land granted to him for nothing, and then a rent being claimed proportioned to the improvement of the soil, never destroying the industry of the man by taking for mere upkeep everything that he earns, but at the same time taking sufficient to convince him that rent is a reality, not to be ignored even in the land of freedom. For nothing can be done to open up this rich country until you have made it possible for the poor man to bring his industry to bear directly upon the soil, for doing which he has

had as much chance, until recently, as of being Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Most alarming of all to the student concerned for the future is the diminished birth-rate—a fact which has not received the attention from our publicists which it deserves. That this should be found in certain cities of the Old World, being indeed peculiar to no country but common to all, is what one might expect from the operation of modern tendencies. But that amongst these wide spaces, where God seems to have thrown before the incoming tenant every natural gift in a profusion beyond all dreams, there should be found this spectacle of a race unwilling or unable to propagate itself, is a discouraging feature of Imperial life. And the reason for this apparent failure lies in the determination of the people to live as nearly as possible after the manner of Europe, to maintain the standard of life set by society, represented by the Imperial emissaries, and generally in the determination to cut a dash before the rest of the world and take the shine out of other countries.

And then there is the anomaly that these people, who will not reproduce themselves in such numbers as to create a population which will really free the land by toil from its present bondage to the mortgagee and the ubiquitous land agent, are resolutely hostile to all immigration from without, claiming that only the white man, and the best breed of white man at that, shall be allowed to enter this favoured portion of the Empire. With that sentiment no one who has any knowledge of the difficulties which confront Australia in the future will be inclined to quarrel. For the coming of the yellow race in great numbers would mean a most unwelcome change of existence for the Australian people. But is it likely that the Japanese or the Chinaman can be permanently kept out of a land which has millions of acres waiting to be used and developed, merely because a five millions of population decree that he shall not be admitted? There is only one way in which the Japanese can be beaten and the Chinese kept back, the old way of "Increase and multiply," labour long and hard, and accept the laws of life in Australia as people have been

obliged to accept them elsewhere. There is nothing to be said against the desire of the Australian to maintain the standard of life which he has already attained to, and the possibility of seeing six men of yellow race to one white man in these great lands, which is no overstatement of what would probably happen with unrestricted immigration, and that too in a country where self-government is the recognised political system, is sufficient to make the boldest of humanitarians hesitate on this great question. But the truth remains that a virile and prolific race, skilled in the arts of war, cannot for ever be kept outside of a golden land like this, unless its present possessors bring out of the soil ever more of its latent riches, and so far trust their natural instincts and life itself as to provide the country with millions of strong and heroic men and women for the future. Obviously the Australian labourer, as his country becomes more closely linked up with the movements of the world's commerce and political development, cannot retain a position of isolation, but must regard himself as a competitor in the labour market with all others of his class, or as one of them in their efforts to produce solidarity of action. The people along the coast and the official class are so entirely opposed to the advent of the coloured man, that they would experiment with white labour even in the sugar belt of Northern Queensland. But good sense and patience will probably find a way to preserve the supremacy of the British stock, and yet give room to other races for the purposes of industrial development.

It is a matter for regret that the aborigines were so far below the standard even of the Polynesians that they were unable to benefit from contact with civilisation. Had they been as adaptable to the needs of the new situation as the Maori of New Zealand, they might now have been an important and useful element in the Australian population. But the aborigine was doomed with the coming of the first white man. Nothing could save him, for the arts of civilisation are so wholly alien from his manner of life, and his mental equipment is so poor, that he can offer no resistance to the steady encroachment

of the white race on his possessions. You may try the reservation system, but that only postpones the evil day for a while. He is snowed under, banished as though by an imperial decree of the celestial powers, and must make way for those who have in them more of the stuff that helps men to survive in the battle of life. The hardness of their lives—and they must have been hard—for they are utterly ignorant of the arts by which man wrings comfort from material resources, proves no help to them when brought into conflict with the resources of civilisation. They can endure pain, as witness those coast women who have their little finger removed when they are children, letting the ants eat down to the bone, a form of surgery which would terrify most Europeans, yet their passive Stoicism avails them nothing when threatened by a higher form of culture. The cruelty of Nature, her indifference to the individual life, is nowhere more vividly set forth than in this wholesale wiping out of nations that cannot adapt themselves to new conditions. Their crude socialising, the habit of dividing at the end of the day whatever they have found during their wanderings, might perchance extort some commendation from Rousseau, fitting in apparently with his noble savage theory, but it offers the aborigine no protection when he meets capitalism, in its simplest form, as represented by the advancing white man. Wanderers on the earth, hating the idea of a settled home, useless to them, so they say, because one must go to it, whereas, sleeping on the ground, their home is anywhere; they can offer no resistance to the prudent settled dweller on the land, who is fixed in one station, and becomes a centre around which property and wealth gather as by chemical attraction.

In the past there has been some slight desire for separation, in view of the harsh tone in which the requests and suggestions of the Colonies were answered from England. Colonial legislation has often been overridden. The right of veto, which can never be entirely surrendered by the Mother Country, has been used when the wiser course would have been to concede all demands and to conciliate Colonial opinion. No one would wish to see

that right of veto entirely taken away. Even the Colonials themselves recognise that it might be needful in the interests of the Empire to maintain it. But it needs to be used with care where the British representatives are dealing with men who are as independent in mind and as capable of forming a judgment on the matter in dispute as themselves. Our treaty arrangements are world-wide, and in becoming citizens of the Empire the Colonial man confesses tacitly that the interests of the whole must transcend the interests of a part, but it is not necessary to annihilate Colonial self-respect to preserve the integrity of the Commonwealth.

Happily we are already seeing signs that this indifference to Colonial sentiment and the consequent irritation is not to continue. The Government has recognised the importance of developing the resources, agricultural and mineral, of the land, and the farmer has the comforting certainty that whatever quantity he may grow of wheat or other cereal food, there will be a market provided for him, and a price given which will at least guarantee him a fair return upon his investment of capital and labour. As one of the corn-producing lands of the world, a practical possibility in view of the improvements in irrigation, Australia will be much more independent than hitherto, when she was compelled to depend almost entirely on the pasturage of sheep for the main supply of her wealth. And the importance of this improvement in the condition of the people, especially of the agricultural classes, is great in view of the closer relation which will probably subsist in the future between England and this colony. Obviously it is important to Australia that she should have the strength of the Empire behind her in view of any trouble that might arise between herself and Japan or China, but this powerful tie will be greatly strengthened when it is understood that the whole of the country is to be brought under cultivation, and the fruits of industry guaranteed a market within the bounds of the Empire.

The Australian contribution to the Imperial forces during the War has been great, far in excess of anything that the most sanguine Englishman would have expected.

These people knew that their national existence was at stake, and they gave of their blood and money without stint. But if this country is to bear a fair share of taxation in the future for the benefit of the Empire, a much larger population must be provided for, the immense resources of its virgin soil turned into wealth, and a more intimate relation established between its representatives and the Imperial authority. Conscious of her growing wealth, aware that she is regarded as one of the most important of our Imperial children and that she is certain of protection from foreign foes should she need it, Australia will be able to do much more on her own behalf and as a helper in Imperial defence than she could possibly do under the old régime.

The need for some form of representation for the Colonies in all Imperial affairs has been widely debated in recent years. As we have seen elsewhere, there are many hindrances to the formulation of a definite scheme for effecting this, and we cannot yet be certain of the extent to which Australia is prepared to surrender her independence in order that she may be brought into direct consultation with the other portions of the Empire. But there can be no longer any hesitation on the part of our statesmen, on the ground that the Dominion is not qualified to send its representatives to our Councils. The skilful conduct of affairs by the leaders of political life in Australia, their impassioned loyalty, as shown in their activities during the War, have shown that the time of tutelage has long gone by. We must work in unison with these men, and freely give to them the right of regulating, in accord with the general policy of the Empire, their own affairs, even to the extent of deciding what their action shall be in the issues of peace and war. Such representation, in some form, is certain to come, and its coming will mean a vast stride forward in the development of the Dominions and of the Imperial Commonwealth.

Like Canada, Australia has been too busy with the management of her immense material estate to pay much attention to the arts of life. Yet she has already the beginnings of a literature which is not without a title

to respect from other lands. Some of her sons have been men of thought and dreams as well as action, no strangers to the melancholy mood, the introspective temper out of which literature springs. Sir Henry Parkes, a man of affairs, interested in things and the control of men, could find time and opportunity to cultivate his mind, could express his feelings in verse, and better still, could give a helping hand to men of talent less fortunate than himself. One of these, Charles Harpur, studied, not in vain, in the school of Wordsworth and Shelley, yet was not entirely limited by the inspiration of his masters. The wide spaces and strange scenes of the New World were an invocation to his simple emotions, and in one or two instances, particularly in "The Creek of the Four Graves," he has produced a poem of a distinctively Australian flavour. Not a great poet, yet he has contrived to show that the lyrical spirit can be at home in a land which, having no great history, is yet full of promise for the future. Henry Clarence Kendall, a man of sensitive spirit but weak character, in his "Songs from the Mountains" and "Leaves from an Australian Forest," shows deep appreciation of the calmer side of Australian country life. The beauty of his native land made its own appeal to him, whilst his spirit was sensitive to the charm and pathos of domestic scenes. But it is in Adam Lindsay Gordon that we have the man who has done most to popularise the poetic habit and idea in Australia. A wild energetic soul, seeking in movement for the excitement his nature required, living chiefly amongst horses and appreciating the exhilaration of the saddle, his work has entered more deeply into the national mind and temper than that of any other man. An adventurer and sportsman, reckless and melancholy, he has sung always of the joys of the open air, the delight of the traveller through broad expanses, the thrill of the horseman whose grave is always open. The emotion that Browning has immortalised in "The Last Ride Together," Gordon has thrown into vigorous verse, with a distinctively local tinge, and his work has become dear to all Australians because it sings of joys which were at one time common to them all, and even now are the natural accompaniments of life for the men

who, as farmers and stock riders, spend their days away from the confinement of the town. Oppressed by his many troubles, the consequence chiefly of his own ungovernable disposition, he died by his own hand, yet remains one of the alluring figures in Colonial life, a kind of Young Lochinvar, removed far from his native mountains and meres to the broad savannahs of the South. Worthy of ranking with these men is James Brunton Stephens, the poet of Queensland, whose gloomy and energetic "Convict Once" deals with a phase of Australian life which will always interest the men who know something of the harshness and cruelty of the early days of our régime in Australia. Dealing with the same theme is Marcus Clarke's *His Natural Life*, a novel in which the horrors of the Penal Settlement are recorded in vivid fashion for an age which perhaps is too willing to forget the pit out of which it has been dug; whilst T. A. Browne, known to all lovers of an exciting yarn as Rolf Boldrewood, has made Captain Starlight and his wild deeds live again for a more decorous and orderly generation. Australia then is still a rich and not overworked field for the literary artist. There is romance in her past, and the promise of even more greater adventure in the years of construction and profitable labour that lie ahead.

What of the religious side of life in this new and virgin world? Let the critic be generous. Read the story of what has been done, try to appreciate the difficulties confronting him, and you will cease to be supercilious towards the work of the religious man. You would appreciate the character of a certain Marsden, an heroic figure, with as little conventional piety, or the patience of the saint, about him, as can well be imagined. In former days a blacksmith, he possessed the requisite muscular energy for his work, and in Sydney, where he laboured, has left an enduring memory as of one unusually qualified for his task. Believing in sharp methods with rebellious people, he is reported to have occasionally administered a sound thrashing to women who were a trial to their husbands, explaining to them meanwhile that the promise of obedience in the marriage service was intended to be real, and that any woman in Sydney who

thought to treat that engagement lightly would regret her mistake. Eagerly desiring to evangelise the people of New Zealand, he became the apostle of the Maoris, and on one occasion a certain Tarra having been instrumental in fomenting disaffection, which had led to the massacre of the white population, Marsden visited him, carrying no arms, sleeping in his hut, and proving to him that one man at least had no fear of what the Maoris might do, and was worthy of their trust. An upright, fearless human creature, acrimonious, irritable, with a temper all his own, and yet made, by the influence of his religion, into a true lover of men and an ardent worker for their welfare.

Then there is Johnson, the first accredited gospel minister amongst the settlers, who used to preach under a gum tree, where now stands a fine cathedral. Life was not easy for men of Apostolic mind, with a Governor who ordered all the convicts to attend Divine Service as a form of punishment, inflicted on them for their moral improvement, at the same time being careful never to be present himself—a Governor belonging to the corporation of gentlemen who farmed out the business of rum-selling, to such good effect that rum became an accepted currency, and the population could so easily get drunk that not many of them remained sober. Of the attitude of the official class towards the moral improvement of the people, one gets a glimpse in the story of the Methodist preacher who came from England, interviewed one of the city rulers, and was told that there were many official appointments in which he might become rich, but that missionary work amongst these people was but waste of time.

And yet it is not alone the spiritual work done amongst these people, often under these frowning glances from the ruling caste, which claims respect. They were amongst the few men who understood the value of the land they had chosen, and would put some forethought into the business of making it a pleasant habitation; this man Johnson, for instance, saving the pips of oranges that were bought and eaten on board ship, and planting these, with such good results that oranges can now be

grown with profit in many parts of the country. Something of a nuisance the parson may have been to the gentlemen who wished to make Australia into a second Virginia, with a slave population, and a governing aristocracy drawing easily earned incomes, but he has proved himself one of the useful citizens of these undeveloped lands.

There will probably be interesting developments of the Christian religion in the Australia of the future, and we may see the influence of social conditions and climate acting powerfully upon the religious life of this people. For religion cannot be set apart and preserved immune from all those agencies which so radically affect all other phases of human thought and action. Always there is some connection between material circumstances and the manner in which the religious sentiment of a people is expressed. Puritanism cannot thrive in sunny Italy, and few men of that race would support the austere theory of art and life associated with Milton's name, whilst the architecture of St. Mark's, with its wealth of colour, could never be at home amidst the fogs and rain of England. The Australian climate seems to have already created in the men of Saxon breed a capacity for the enjoyment of life, more noticeable than that which we usually associate with the men of our race, and perhaps it is in agreement with this tendency that we find little inclination to speculative meditation, and no great wealth of mental energy yet manifesting itself amongst them. To some extent this may be caused by the absorption of talent and force in the task of bringing a great land into cultivation—work which claims so much of human energy that there is little surplus left for exercise in mental toil. Some day Australia may have a literature and culture distinctly her own, but at present her people are too much concerned with satisfying the obvious needs of life to have considered deeply the spiritual questionings out of which great literature originates. Already you can see that they have a natural affinity for the hopeful, comforting phases of Christian faith, but that the sterner aspects, which are certainly there, are liable to be lightly ignored or reduced to unimportant dimensions. Life in

that country is in many respects so easy, though of course these people, like the rest of us, have their troubles, that the mind easily takes on a brighter colour, sees all things through a more gracious and silvery atmosphere than is customary with those of us who dwell under dull Northern skies. Christianity, adaptable to all climes, having principles which are of universal application, should here develop as a religion of light and joy—a development which will be strictly in keeping with its pristine character, but has frequently been hindered by the melancholy and acrid temper of the powerful minds through which in Europe it has been mediated to the mass of the people.

From Australia a thousand miles across the ocean takes you to New Zealand, the Paradise of the working man. And it is no matter for surprise that those who have found in this land a new home should be proud of their country and boldly proclaim its virtues to the world. For though it may not be, any more than other parts of the globe's surface, the Eden of the Blest, it is certainly a country possessed of many things for which its denizens may be grateful. It is the land in which a man may enjoy something of the variety of climate that one finds in England. There are strong winds that blow sharply round street corners and remind the Scotsman of breezy Edinburgh; there are plenteous rains, coming sometimes with more frequency and intensity than even the most earnest patriot may desire; and there is abundant sunshine, under the rays of which the bush grows in profusion and the fertile soil over which grass seed has been strewn turns into luscious pasture.

The country has a Flora indigenous to itself, differing in many respects from that of its neighbour, Australia. Away from the cities the great ferns grow, making the wonderful bush scenery for which the country is famous. Above the ferns are the vast green sunshades, made by foliage that grows far above the height of a man. The *Weinmania Racemosa* flowers on trees and shrubs at a height of 20 to 70 feet, its yellow flowers glowing in the brilliant sunshine. And as a variant in the colour scheme one sees the crimson *Rata* gleaming amidst the

deep green of the ferns. Whatever may be the opinion of the traveller about the other productions of this country there can be no doubt about the splendour of the foliage with which it is so richly endowed.

And if the Flora is remarkable, still more striking are the animals which have found here a home. For this is the land of that weird creature the Moa, that gigantic bird with legs like the stumps of trees, which stood 15 feet high, and with the cranial capacity of a rabbit combined the strength of an elephant. Here is still to be seen the Kiwi, that bird which has learned in recent years to find its food in the fat around the kidneys of sheep, and has proved such a curse to the sheep farmer that its extermination is now inevitable. And most remarkable of all is the Tuatara, the small lizard which dates back from Jurassic times, and has a history exceeding in dignity, if length of years can give this, that of almost any other living creature.

And then this land has mountains which may well serve even the tried Alpinist as places for adventurous experiment—ranges on which the ice never melts and the snow is enduring. Add to these things the everlasting geysers, those strange creations of natural energy where the water boils perpetually, so that there is no need for the Maori woman to consider the matter of fire for cooking, since all that she has to do is to put her potatoes and meat into the boiling pot lying near her door and the work is done for her; or those mud volcanoes where the ejected mud has hardened into a pillar 10 feet high above the crater from which it has been forced; and one must admit that in variety of natural scenery New Zealand has little to fear from competition with any country in the world.

To this land came, so the legends say, about the fourteenth century, the men of the South Sea Islands, adventurous Polynesians, seeking for change, and crossing the ocean in their large canoes with as much daring as was ever manifested by the Saxon or Dane hungering for the excitement of war. They were drawn, say some, by the report that here could be found that green jade which, to men who were unacquainted with firearms, must have

been as valuable as gunpowder to the modern fighting man. Here they settled and founded their colonies of Maori race, dividing themselves into tribes, practising the close fighting which was their chief delight, cheerfully cultivating their particular vice of cannibalism, and building up for themselves a civilisation, of sorts, which endured until the coming of the white man. In the seventeenth century the land was discovered by Tasman the Dutchman, who came to look upon it, but was prevented from claiming possession or entering into relations with the natives by unfortunate conflicts. And a little more than a hundred years later there came Cook the Englishman, also bent on exploration, and this time happier in his introduction to this new world. After this followed the usual course of English development. The trader slowly arrived, and made himself at home. Colonists in small numbers began to settle there. The Maori, preserving all his native ferocity, yet found himself outclassed by the newcomers, and saw his land gradually being taken from him by men who were more competent to use it than himself. His own vices were used as a means for his destruction. The traffic in human heads was carried on for generations, not only by the Maoris themselves but by the white men, who had come to teach them the virtues of civilisation, and was not finally stopped until 1831.

But through all these years of nominal occupation by British men, there was the steady refusal of the authorities to take over the government of the country. In the words of Wellington, "England was already satiated with Colonies" and could not afford to be bothered with any more. This is in itself a proof, if any were needed, that there has been no such nefarious and organised capture of the world by the British Government for the benefit of its citizens as has been alleged by our enemies. Here too the principle followed has been the same. The energy of the people has led them to enter into strange lands, and only under pressure from the actual needs of the situation has the Government at last intervened and claimed rulership over the new country. Gibbon Wakefield is justly credited with being the first who saw the

real value of this land and the opportunity it offered to emigrants, and it was he, with his brother, who bought up, for a matter of £9000, some twenty million acres, which were afterwards utilised for the behoof of the men who went out from England to occupy the country. Then came the period of gradual cession by New Zealanders of their rights to the Queen, the difficulties arising from the confusion between the ancient and the new possessors of the land, and the ten years of bloody war which sprang from this confusion. Much that is to be regretted arose from the mistakes made in this early time. The ancient rights of the natives were being destroyed, the newcomers naturally desired to make the most of their possessions, and were determined to assert their rights to their property, old title-deeds were brought forth by the original owners and their descendants, and at last it was necessary that the country should be actually taken over, a Governor appointed, and the country administered according to British traditions. Sir George Grey came amidst all this confusion, brought his skill to bear upon the problems, and produced order out of the chaos which he had found. Determined to enforce law and make the wealth of the country serviceable to the inhabitants, he had to make roads where formerly there had been none, had to fight the natives in serious fashion, and at last made the land habitable for industrious settlers who wished to find a living there. Since then the country has improved steadily, and now it is justly regarded as one of the best administered of all the Colonies under the Crown.

The lover of literature will not forget that New Zealand was the home for thirty years, from 1842, of one of the romantic figures of the nineteenth century, Alfred Domett, the Waring to whom Browning has given a sort of immortality. He became the poet of the Maoris, and in *Ranolf and Amohia* painted the gorgeous scenery of his chosen home. Liberated from the rule of custom, entering into the life of the people whom he studied, he discovered amongst them qualities of dauntless courage, of swift and eager mental life, which under other conditions might have made them one of the famous peoples

of the world, and certainly entitles them to the respect of those who, with stronger will to rule, have subjugated their nation and claimed their land.

To the believer in democracy there are many interesting experiments carried on here which serve to show at once the strength and the weakness of the democratic idea. Richard Seddon has been their most notable character so far, and the result of his strong leadership is seen all over the land to-day. The gold-fields being practically exhausted, the men who had been attracted by the gold-hunting mania had to turn their attention to agriculture and industry. The discovery of a method by which meat might be frozen and transported across the seas has opened up a new source of wealth for the New Zealander. His sheep are no longer valuable merely for their wool, but bring into the country an income of three and a half millions by the sale of their mutton. And other industries are rising, which offer opportunities to the industrious man to make more than the average good living.

Politically many ventures have been made, some of which have alarmed those who have thought of the future of the country, but so far little harm and much good has resulted from them. The Vote is held by the women on equal terms with the men. This has not made so much difference in the conduct of affairs as the ardent suffragists have anticipated. But neither has it interfered with the ordinary working of the national life. The women vote generally with their male friends and relations, and the division between the parties is pretty much what it is in other lands, the only difference being that there are more voters to population than in countries where the franchise belongs only to men. Strong action has been taken on the question of the liquor traffic, the Prohibition Party being powerful, but here as elsewhere those interested in the liquor trade look after themselves pretty well. The chief purpose of the governing authority has been to prevent the acquisition of large holdings of land, their opinion being that great estates are dangerous to a country so dependent on its agrarian prosperity as New Zealand. The idea

is to limit estates to an income of £50,000. The sale of land is limited to 640 acres of the best quality and 2000 acres of the second class. Most of those who know the peculiar difficulties of the country are agreed that some such measure as this is wise.

The chief problem here is that of labour. The white man has determined that he will keep the country, as far as may be, for himself, and to prevent the influx of cheap labour there are laws against the introduction of coloured help. The eight hours' day is practically universal, and the average wage is between £2 and £3 per week. Many laws are passed in the interests of the workman, and on the whole it is true that nowhere in the world is he so well protected by legislation. Compensation is enforced from the employer for all accidents incurred by those in his employ — a regulation which is not without benefits, but has its compensating disadvantage, inasmuch as it naturally makes the product of labour dear for all consumers. A shilling an hour for unskilled labour is the rule throughout the Colony.

The married woman is provided for in case of childbirth, but the same provision has not yet been made for the unmarried mother. This also will doubtless come. Of course, to maintain this high standard of comfort for the average worker, it has been necessary to limit the imports into the country, and Protection is therefore in vogue here, with its consequence of high prices for the consumer and its absence of competition between sellers. There is preferential treatment of the English market, but some are doubtful whether any commensurate return has been made for this, and whether, without some improvement, it can continue. Again, as in Australia, one is impressed by the paucity of the people as compared with the natural resources of the country. There are very many thousands of acres waiting to be developed, fertile lands which only need the encouragement of labour to yield a rich harvest, but the towns are too full, and the Back Blocks, where there is a good livelihood but not sufficient of the amenities of existence as yet, are left untilled. Wellington, the capital, Christ-

church, Auckland, and Dunedin are in their way noble cities, though they have, of course, something of the ragged appearance of Colonial towns, but it seems clear that for the future welfare of the country there should be many more thousands of men living on the land, and relatively a smaller number engaged in the industries of the cities. It might yet be necessary to bring into the country a stream of emigrants who would help the small army of agrarian workers, and probably, after the war, the sensible British man who has developed a taste for the open air will find in New Zealand the kind of home that he desires, where, in an equable climate and under conditions not greatly dissimilar from those he has known at home, good work can be found, with high wages, and better prospects for his children, than he could expect in an older country. The most imminent danger at present is that Capital, without which the riches of this country cannot be developed, should fight shy of a land where wages are so high, and where the labourer has so much control of the situation. But with such resources as the land has, there should be no insuperable obstacle to the application of Capital to the potential wealth of the country, and the New Zealander, as other men, will find it profitable in the long-run to reduce his personal expenditure, to live a little harder, and to accept that limitation of his personal freedom and comfort, which will be incumbent on men of all nations, to meet the immense cost of the War.

Religion here, as in Canada and Australia, should have a great part to play in the future. The sturdy Scotch and English stock, from which these settlers and emigrants have sprung, has given them their independence of character, and has enabled them to keep a firm hold on the simple ethics and the spiritual teachings of the New Testament. The eye of imagination can easily see in this land a home for a religion, which shall combine at once an appreciation of the joys of earth, with a proper attention to the needs and aspirations of the soul. A strong and masculine race, living in the open, accustomed to freedom of mind and unhampered by old traditions, will here think out for themselves an interpretation of the

Christian life which will have its own ethos, its peculiar national flavour; and in the centuries to come this land ought to be, with the other richly favoured lands of the Southern Hemisphere, one of the great scenes of spiritual conquest and development.

III

EGYPT

FEW parts of our Empire are so fraught with interest to the student or the traveller as Egypt. That land, the home of a civilisation which has left its mark upon the world's great literatures, illustrates in unique fashion the transience of individual man and the permanence of his collective labours.

Fortunate then is that man who can realise the dream cherished from boyhood, and can see Egypt, can stand by the banks of that river which, according to Rasselas, is the Father of Waters, and tread the sands once trampled by the legions of Alexander and the guards of Pharaoh's court. Is there any other place in the world that gives one such a sense of illimitable periods of time, of centuries and æons passing, like cloudy vapours, leaving like them no durable impression on the surface over which they so idly float? And where else can one feel, as in Egypt, the perpetual vanishing of the generations that come and go like the flowers of the lotus, the leaves of the trees, departing from the scene they have once animated with vital breath and mobile form, as water vanishes in these sandy wastes?

Everything has passed over this land: governments of all kinds, good and bad, beneficent and harshly cruel; cultures scientific and literary, ignobly base and proudly idealistic; religions, corrupt as a leper's limbs and ethereal as the wings of the seraphim; armies of slaughter bent upon spoliation and rape, armies of deliverance proclaiming themselves heralds of freedom and promising admission to the Perfect State—all these have come and gone and have left scarcely a wrack behind.

The story of Egypt goes back to the beginning of history. For nearly five thousand years the land of the Pharaohs was the home of a powerful and homogeneous race. The first of States to be truly civilised, it is from Egypt that Greece and Rome derive their literature and science. As the home of Hellenistic culture Alexandria became famous through the world. After a thousand years of relationship with the Græco-Roman world the Moslem burst upon the land, and for three hundred years the Turk was ruler of the country of the Pharaohs. Then came Mohammed Ali, the progenitor of the present race of Khedives, the effort of Napoleon to conquer the land, his failure under the pressure applied by British sea power, and finally, in 1882, the British occupation.

What is Egypt? Egypt is the deposit left by the Nile in flood. The proverb gives one a true idea of the importance of that stream. The country has an area of 400,000 square miles, but of this only 12,000 represent cultivable land. The river running through the limestone plain has formed the deep trench, 500 miles long and 15 miles wide, known as the Nile valley. The winds travelling over the Mediterranean bring clouds which empty themselves on the lands along the Delta and as far as the Fayum. But otherwise the land is practically rainless, exposed eternally to the fierce heat of the sun. It is then to the Nile that the Egyptian fellah has turned for thousands of years, as to the mighty benefactor of his lands. And the great stream is worthy of his adoration. You see this river, you spend long nights on its quiet waters slumbering in your chair on the deck of your dahabiyeh, or dreaming into the cool hours of the early morning, watching the bright spear-pointed stars, and the solemn radiance, streaming down through the high black arches of the night, of a soaring moon. How the subtle charm of the night captures one! Your thoughts seem to find wings. They are liberated from the tenement of muddy clay that normally holds them confined, and find in the immensity above, the deep purple blackness that spreads far away on every side, in the perfume of the night, an invitation to lose themselves, to float in that encircling vapour and to mingle with the super-

sensual powers and dominions of the air. The Egyptian of old might well believe that this river rose in the mountains of the moon, for night on the Nile gives one this fantastic sense of emancipation from the flesh.

But the traveller in Egypt must be prepared for annoyances which may easily prevent dreaming. Objectionable vermin are all too common, the house furniture becomes speedily a home for bugs, fleas are too abundant for comfort, lice are by no means unknown, and the Bible story of the plague of flies could readily be believed by one who has passed a normal season in the country. One lamentable consequence of this is that ophthalmia is prevalent, frequently causing blindness, and it is no uncommon sight to see the child of a well-dressed woman with its eyes covered with flies, not one of which must be brushed away, so that every encouragement is given to this dread disease to spread. It is a pity that amongst the excellent laws which Mohammed instituted he did not pay attention to the need for an eternal fly campaign. It would have saved the eyes of some millions of his followers. The Egyptian village is usually built on a heap of rubbish, the huts being of a very primitive construction, and in winter the poorer people sleep on the oven, seldom having night garments, and do the best they can in the midst of the live stock which dwells in every crevice of the house. Yet, with all these discomforts, even the cities of this land are provocative of that reverie in which one conjures up the spirit, and the dreadful or beautiful events and deeds, of a distant past. Can anyone enter Alexandria without being reminded of the crimes and shames by which its ancient streets have been made immortal, given a place in the ranks of human suffering? Caracalla, holding sway over Egypt and being annoyed by those careless youths who dare to laugh at this apelike monarch, orders that all the young men of Alexandria be executed. The command is faithfully carried out. Here Cyril, the Caracalla of theologians, directs all the force of his terrible invective against a woman whose only crime was that with rare eloquence and charm she pleaded for illumination of the intellect, the free exercise of mind upon the problems of existence. Somewhere along this

coast there comes Pompey, once the foremost man in all the world, now a fugitive flying for his life from Cæsar—flying, alas! only to fall a victim to the sword of Septimus. Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Cleopatra, Hypatia, all have made this a land fraught with the mystery and charm of great romance. And now, latest hour of Time, the Briton has come to bring hither the benefits of British authority, justice, intergity. And the end is not yet.

Cairo is one of the towns which in these days all men must visit who claim to know something of the world. One of the most modern of cities in certain quarters, it yet has in it the ancient Oriental strain, and can offer to those who seek it the very life that was known to men who lived under the Pharaohs. In the Gardens of Ezbekiyeh, the true centre of the city, you may see the palm tree and the fountain to remind you that you are in the East. From this centre radiate four streets which include in their sweep whatever is important in the city. There is the Sharia Boulac with its tram line of to-day, the Sharia Maghrabi and the Sharia Manakh, whilst by going towards the Kasr' el Nil you may reach the true centre of the East, as it is known in Cairo, the Mouski, the most notable street in the city, and one of the famous streets of the world. Passing along this, you are in the midst of the bazaars, shaded from the heat and blazing light of the sun by mats, and in the semi-darkness, grateful to the tired eyes, you may see all the splendour and tawdriness of the Orient unveiled before your eyes. Here are to be bought rich perfumes of Araby, those scents for which the true son or daughter of the East has a veritable passion, whilst carpets, rugs, shawls of all textures, curios and antiques, some few of them real, most of them carefully made to be palmed off on the unwary tourist, are spread before the visitor. If you have any delight in chaffering, now is your opportunity to test your skill against men who are masters of the art. Should this weary you and you are inclined for more severe exercises, you have but to go along the highway of Mohammed Ali to the Citadel, and there you will find one of the great views of the world—the city lying at your feet, the ribbon of the Nile stretching on either hand, and beyond, the hills which form the ram-

part of the Libyan desert. Near by is the Mosque of El Azhar, where you may see the youth of Islam being trained in that literature which includes for them all that is worth knowing in the world. It is said that some ten thousand of these pass through the schools, such as they are, every year, and that there are some three hundred professors to teach the aspiring youth of Egypt the arts and sciences according to Mohammed; but after contemplating the manner in which this education is given, and making yourself acquainted with the matter of their studies, you will not be surprised to find that out of a population of eleven millions there are only six hundred thousand who can read and write, most of whom are Copts.

As a devout student of the manners and customs of other nations you will wish to see the most remarkable things in this country. Therefore, having become acquainted with Cairo, you will direct your steps towards the Ghizeh Pyramids, those memorials of a civilisation which was hoary before Mycenean culture was born, will desire to visit the Sakkhara tombs, and will not be satisfied until you have looked on the fallen Colossi of Rameses lying on the plain below; you will contemplate reflectively the mummified bodies of men who ruled mighty empires before Alexander had dreamed of worlds to conquer, and from all these things you will gain such an impression of the majestic flight of time and the brief span of human life as can scarcely be found elsewhere on earth. Wandering amongst the Pyramids you will speculate on that strange religion which led these ancient men to meditate so profoundly on Death, and to decorate the walls of their vast mausoleums with sayings from their Book of the Dead. They too had known the tears that lie in human things and had tried to find some solution of the world riddle which would satisfy their sense of the fitness of things. Thus they believed that man was made up of body, soul, and vital principle, which they named *ka*. At death the soul travelled to the Western world, where it would be judged, and if pure, permitted to return again to its earthly tenement. During this period the *ka* or vital

principle was not destroyed, but, as it were, lay in abeyance, whilst the body, kept from corruption in the tomb, and provided with appropriate nourishment, would be ready for the re-entrance of the soul when it returned. This is the reason why food and drink were buried with the body. Sometimes, in fear lest the original body might be destroyed, a second body, an image of the first, would be interred with the original, waiting for the time when the *ka* should return from the abodes of the dead and require again a human habitation. All this was but the expression of that horror of annihilation which has always possessed the human race, the longing for a further life in which the acquired knowledge and experience might be used and carried to still further heights. As such, it is an adumbration of that hope of resurrection which is a central element of the Christian creed, and the scarabæus becomes a pathetic symbol of a faith which was at last to be realised in and through the Cross. Amongst their many deities there is Ammon Ra, the supreme sun-god, whilst Mut is the foster-mother, the emblem of that female principle which was so strong an element in Egyptian theology, as woman was a powerful factor in their earthly life. Khonsu is the moon, the measurer of time; Horus, a sun-god, represented by a sun between two outspread wings; Hathor is akin to Venus; whilst Anubis, the jackal-headed one, is the god of the dead; Thut, the ibis-headed one, has the function of weighing souls; and Maat, the goddess of law and truth, will balance the worth of a soul against the ostrich feather which is her symbol. For many centuries this vast system of polytheism, against which even such a monarch as Amenhotep IV. was powerless, ruled over Egypt. It was against some such system, represented in his day by Merenptah, the Pharaoh of the Bible, that Moses rebelled, when he led his people through the bitter lakes and across the desert to the Promised Land. Now a new faith, harsh, dogmatic, bitter, holds these people in its iron grip, and Christianity has to fight against odds to gain even a hearing from the descendants of the ancient race.

The very workmanship of these Pyramids, apart

from their religious significance, is one of the wonders of the world. Growing from the simple design of the mastaba tomb, which itself is built on the lines of the mastaba bench, frequently seen outside the shops of Cairo, they represent an amount of toil which is almost inconceivable, and would have been impossible indeed but for the cheapness of the labour with which the work was done. And when we reflect that these gigantic masses are so admirably fitted that the work of jointing has been not inaptly compared with the best work of our modern opticians, that this was achieved when architects were ignorant of the pulley, and even, it is alleged, of the roller, we must confess that there have been great things done before the "heirs of all the ages" were born, to live in Putney or Clerkenwell. And if these monuments of the past are not sufficiently impressive, there is the giant Sphinx, carved out of the solid rock and now half buried in the sand, still presenting its inscrutable face to the traveller and reminding the modern tourist that forty centuries are looking down upon him. Or there is Luxor, the site of Thebes of the Hundred Gates, or Karnak, where the avenue of ram sphinxes will show the way, and where one may consider how much of hope and vanity, of pride and despair, these wandering sands have covered in their stifling swathes.

The population of this land is something over eleven millions, and of these more than ten millions are Mohammedans. These form the majority of the native workers, the fellaheen, the ancient tillers of the soil. Of Coptic Christians there are some seven hundred thousand. They form the bulk of the craftsmen, the workers in towns. Such education as the native Egyptian may claim is to be found chiefly amongst these. For the rest, every nation in Europe has its representatives there, thronging in the large towns, making up the cosmopolitan crowd that greets the eyes and ears of the tourist in modern Egypt.

The fellah is an industrious creature with many estimable qualities, but not without the vices that spring from ignorance and fanaticism, and with such a

passion for litigation that he will impoverish himself rather than compromise with an opponent. He suffers from the presence of the Gombeen man, that curse of poor countries, who lends him money for seed on the security of his crops, with the usual result to the borrower of paying more for what he buys than it is worth, and getting less than its value for what he sells. His hut is usually built of Nile mud, sometimes of brick, a structure surrounded by a courtyard and a wall. It is in this courtyard that he spends most of his time, the hut being chiefly used for sleeping in. For the most part he is hopelessly illiterate, and therefore much at the mercy of the clever swindler who seeks to exploit him. Through hundreds of years he has been bondsman to some taskmaster, but with the coming of the British, the Turkish Pasha, the last of these overlords, has departed. The pressure of taxation has been reduced, and for a time it seemed as though this slave of the centuries might emerge from his serfdom, rising from the deeps as a swimmer lifts his head to breathe. But the new conditions have their own problems. He finds himself in the grip of a world-wide system of trade, of which competition is the ruling principle, and he is not equal to that form of warfare. Hence the usurer. Hence also the need for the Government to guard the fellah's interests lest his last state be even worse than the first.

Europe can hardly escape being interested in Egypt, for it is with the money and with the life of Europeans that many of the finest works in Egypt have been carried through, and one can scarcely exaggerate the influence, financial and moral, exercised by the European during the last fifty years or more over the fortunes of this country. Remembering what these people have suffered at the hands of governmental power, we need not be surprised at their scanty allowance of faith in the disinterested wisdom of their political saviours. But this only proves that the men who, during a few brief years, have so changed the mental attitude of the Egyptian to the European, at least to the Englishman, must have been worthy of their caste, capable of serving

the interests of their country not less by their intellectual alertness than by their moral integrity. Strong as the financial interests of Europeans in Egypt must be, even the Egyptians themselves now recognise that this is not the only interest that links Europe to their country, but that a moral duty is felt and acknowledged towards the ancient land by the chief representatives of European culture.

The value of Egypt to Britain lies in the security which it offers to the area of the Suez Canal. Within the region of eighty-seven miles through which the Canal runs there are gathered the vessels which maintain communication between Europe and Asia, and through this narrow neck of water pass the ships which ply between Europe and India, the Far East, Australia, New Zealand, and the East Coast of Africa. The district around the Canal is therefore of first-rate importance to the Empire. Whatever happened to Egypt in the future it would be necessary for Britain to hold control of this great waterway, for to lose it would mean that she might be practically cut off from some of the most important sections of her Imperial system.

The second consideration which makes Egypt important to the Empire is that she can provide a plentiful supply of cotton to the mills of Lancashire. One has only to recall the suffering which was caused by the stoppage of such a supply during the American Civil War, when the Cotton Famine was a dread reality, to appreciate the value of Egypt to England and the Commonwealth. Conscious of the importance of this industry, the Egyptian authorities have done much to improve the practice of cotton growing. They have produced and distributed pure seed for the farmer, and have organised demonstration farms, on which the proprietor of the land supplies the labour, and officials appointed by the Government act as directors. The danger arising from cotton worm has been successfully resisted, by passing a law under which the cultivator who had neglected to clear his own fields of cotton worm was compelled to work in those of his neighbour. Birds likely to prey upon the cotton worm are now

protected by law, and parasites which attack the worm have been brought from India. In addition to this, official cotton markets have been instituted, where the purity of the different qualities of cotton is secured by inspection, where market prices are publicly announced and the small farmer set free from the tyranny of the swindling buyer. And since the half of the exports of Egypt, of which cotton is the chief, are purchased by Britain, and one-third of her imports are brought from Britain, and since most of this trade has been fostered under British supervision, it is but reasonable to think that the Egyptian will appreciate some of the benefits which have come to his country through her connection with the Empire.

The work accomplished in this country by British men seems the more remarkable when it is remembered that they entered the country with no intention of permanently remaining, that treaties and contracts were drawn up which meant that they should evacuate the country at some definite date, and that Lord Cromer, the man who has done more than anyone else to make the country what it is to-day, has himself expressed the opinion that at some date, whether near or remote he does not say, our people will be obliged to leave the country in the hands of native rulers. Yet it seems likely that even Lord Cromer may be wrong, and that the English race is bound to continue indefinitely its work in the ancient land of the Pharaohs.

And the reason for this is simply the result of the success which has attended their labours. Had their work failed, had they seen peculation and bribery increase where it has diminished, had human life become less sacred instead of more, had Turkish despotism and Oriental slipperiness proved stronger than British integrity and determination, they would have long since been compelled to surrender what must have seemed the most hopeless of human ventures. The reward of work well done is—more work. And for the English in Egypt this has proved their guerdon.

The Reformer has found the task entrusted to him in the rebuilding of Egypt one of the most heart-breaking

that ever fell to the lot of man. The police force, scraped together from all quarters and made up of some of the worst elements of the country, the army, annihilated at Shekan by a savage and heroic foe, created again by Hicks Pasha out of the poor material offered by the native forces, foreign capital fighting shy of the Egyptian market, all helped to make our Egyptian rule for a time the laughing-stock of the world. And to all this add the squandering propensities of Ismail, which resulted in the creation of a debt of eighty-nine millions. A country which had endured the tyrannous prodigality of Ismail Pasha might be expected to resent every attempt at making the Government of the country honest, on the ground that honesty was not a thing to be looked for in any Government. To have altered that temper to something better is in itself a triumph of the first order.

Sir E. Malet has said that the chief need of the Egyptian is justice. And that, true perhaps of all countries and communities, is emphatically to be said of this nation. Accustomed to trickery, the bold or subtle negation of law which is almost habitual in strictly Oriental communities, having learned through many generations to look askance at every form and manifestation of the law, it has become the most crying and obvious need of theirs that they should again be taught to believe in the reality, in the practical efficiency of the principle of justice as applied to all social relations. And to create this is part of the work that falls to the lot of Britain in Egypt.

To give justice to the Egyptian people has meant that those who were profitably trading upon the injustices of the ancient system had to be dispossessed. Rich men who had never paid taxes have found that the coming of the British has meant much loss of fraudulent income to them and a considerable increase in the legitimate claims of the State upon their wealth. Besides this, these men have seen the poor, whom they were accustomed to look on as their natural prey (compelling them with blows of the courbash to give up their last little bit of gold), defended by the Government

and enabled to preserve their small modicum of hard-earned wealth against pashas and money-lenders. Corruption was rife in Egypt from Ismail down to the lowest official. Bribes and baksheesh were recognised instruments in the transaction of every form of business. It would be asking too much of human nature to expect that the men who came with the determination to break this system, and to institute something like honest dealing between man and man, should be cordially welcomed by those whom they controlled. This is one reason, and an important one, why much of the political force that could find a voice at all was loud in its outcry against British rule, and is still an element, though by no means the only or most important one, in the more aggressive and bitter Nationalism which finds utterance in certain sections of the Egyptian Press.

And something more must be added, something that at first glance may appear even hostile to the thought of justice—the element of prestige. No ruling power, immaculately practising the sterner virtues, could hold this population in check unless supported by the influence that comes from majestic spectacular exhibitions, from that ponderous though impalpable pressure exerted upon the average intelligence by imposing ceremonial. Those entrusted with the task of government in this weird land, with its bizarre people, so incongruously associated with European habits which they have put on without assimilating them, have not permitted their rulership to be interfered with by the professor of ideology. They have learned, perhaps they instinctively knew, that authority, if it is to affect the Eastern mind, must on occasion clothe itself in an awful grandeur, envelop itself with an air of mystery, through which its appointed functionaries move with something of the port, the dignity, of hierophants engaged in solemn celebrations.

One task that rests upon all British men is to prove that in the Eastern character there is no inherent disability for self-government. The things already accomplished in this direction are so important, that we have

earned, even if we do not receive, the gratitude of the race. To take one instance, it was believed, not without reason, that the Egyptian fellaheen was useless as a soldier. The disaster that befell General Baker when he advanced against the dervishes with his Egyptian army seemed to prove that the native Egyptian could never become a respectable fighting man. At El Teb, on the road to Tokar, 5th February 1884, the Egyptian army, threatened by a force of less than a thousand, while they numbered some three thousand five hundred troops, threw down their arms and ran, allowing themselves to be killed without resistance. Yet within seven years these same troops had been so changed in their morale, though drawn from the same nation and class, that they could stand unbroken against their old enemy and come through a sharp conflict without a man playing the craven. Cowards in the eyes of the world, they proved themselves equal to any ordinary foe. And this has been achieved by supplying these men with a motive and an example. They have been taught to believe that even they, the despised ones, with centuries of slavery behind them, are to be treated as men, and the conduct of men expected from them. That expectation has been a creative power in their own life. They have had before them an example of devotion, of loyalty, in the British soldier himself, which has had such an effect upon them that they have found a courage with which at one time no man would have credited them.

Happily the Government has made it clear that the land of Egypt is to belong to the cultivator rather than to the usurer or a powerful class of landlords. The Sudan Government, especially, has a strong inclination to public ownership, and consequently the freehold of the land is not sold, but leases are granted. Knowing the iniquities which always spring up where unrestricted competition in the buying and selling of land is permitted, the Government has determined to prevent these by itself remaining the supreme landholder. Similarly in Lower Egypt we find the Five Feddan law in operation, by which there is retained for the peasant

agriculturist, even during the worst seasons, when he may find it impossible to avoid getting into debt, the amount of land necessary for the continuance of his industry. He may never be rich, but however poor he may be, he is at least saved from the last infliction that poverty can endure; his means of livelihood cannot be taken away from him.

The difficulty of governing Egypt satisfactorily has been made greater by our preference for an incomplete and informal rather than absolute rulership over the land. Had we taken it over as determined possessors of what we had won by right of the sword, or because we were compelled to enter as pacificators for the safety of our own property, we might have found ourselves in an unfortunate situation in relation to some of the other Great Powers, but we should certainly have been saved an immense amount of anxiety, and could probably have governed it more efficiently.

Since the proclamation of the Protectorate, which means that Egypt is now definitely under the rule of Britain, the Capitulations, one of the sores of the body politic in Egypt, have been abandoned. For many years they had been a most fruitful source of trouble, since they made it impossible for an offender against the laws, if he were of other than British nationality, to be tried by a British court. He must be brought before the representative of his own nation, tried by judges of his own race, with the frequent result that, even when there was a clear case of crime committed, it would be impossible to secure a conviction. With the exercise of control by the British this source of corruption and of friction between nations will be removed.

There are certain forms of work which show themselves advantageously even where there is a natural and deep-seated prejudice against them. Whenever it has been suggested that Britain should retire from the country it has always been stipulated that our engineers should remain, since the work they have done has been of such benefit to the country and its continuance so necessary, that the idea of removing

the engineers has always struck terror to the hearts of those who have been concerned for the welfare of the land. Part of the work done by these British engineers is the creation of the two great dams across the Nile. One of these, a bar of masonry a mile and a quarter long, has secured a sufficient supply of water for all the cultivated land of Egypt. The other has raised the level of the Nile. The result of these gigantic achievements has been to bring nearly 500,000 acres of land under successful irrigation. Since then the Assouan dam has been heightened, and the capacity of the reservoir vastly increased. Through this about a million acres of waste land will be reclaimed for cultivation. Nor should one forget that by another work, the building of a barrage across the Nile, in Upper Egypt, a large part of that district has been safeguarded against the disastrous effects of a low Nile. Not even the stupidest of fellahs, or the most corrupt of native officials, can be blind to the good work thus done by the British engineer.

If we would estimate the work that has been done in Egypt we must consider that journeys can now be done in a relatively few days which formerly would take many months to accomplish, and we must cogitate over what is meant by the statement that in Omdurman the odour of muck, which was at one time the predominant thing in the city, is now unknown, since there have been introduced the habits and customs which make for sanitation and well-being. It is against this background of dimly seen but vast potencies that the accomplished facts, the visible achievements of rulership, stand out so sharply. To journey to that city where, near the spot where Gordon died, now stands the magnificent palace of the Sirdar, was once a task for months and even years, and now will occupy only some eight days. On the river, along which, since far before the time when Herodotus wrote of it, the fellaheen have waited, in terror and hope, for the rising and falling of its uncontrolled waters, there are now barriers, floodgates, channels, and reservoirs, which have almost entirely subdued to the well-being of man

this vast source of beneficent power. That Sudan, which for so many generations has been the scene of the most outrageous crime that man can perpetrate against his fellow-man, a slavery which acknowledged no law save that of bow and spear, is even now becoming a possible home for millions of freedom-loving men. These are realities which need no adventitious light to make them glow; they tell their own story, and those who quarrel with British control in Egypt must reckon with the achievements, surely amongst the most marvellous in history, which can be credited to the small number of men who have wrought out, in this frangible material, the figure of British rule.

The Christian democrat, confronted by the situation which Egypt presents, may well wonder whether his theory of life is applicable to this portion of the planet. And again he must distinguish between the democracy which is merely mob rule, and never gets beyond it, and the democracy which is the expression of thoughtful men's desire for the largest possible measure of rational self-government. For in Egypt he will find a number of men who are, like himself, lovers of national freedom, but whose ideals and methods he is bound to view with strong disapproval. They are Nationalists, and regard the British occupation as an infringement of their rights as men. But wanting at once to introduce full representative government, bitterly rebellious against British rule and apparently unconscious of the wretched conditions from which their countrymen are being delivered by the aid of British men, they have not hesitated to incite to anarchy and murder in their active propaganda. Claiming all good work done as the result of their own agitation, doubtless sometimes with reason, ignoring the perilous situation of their country and the danger in which it would be placed from other Great Powers should the British be forced to leave it, they have unceasingly called for the evacuation of the country by our Government. Such a nationalism under present conditions only makes more hopeless the fulfilment of their desires. To leave the

country to the management of these men would be to invite a return of the worst evils of the past and a final bankruptcy of the State.

But there is another type of nationalism with which the democrat will certainly sympathise. Its supporters realise that their countrymen need education in the arts and sciences of the West. Loyal to their own Moslem faith, they are anxious to bring the knowledge of the European into touch with their own traditional culture. Efforts have been made by our countrymen to train these persons and their followers in the use of representative institutions. The principle of election has been adopted. Western modes of education have been at least tentatively introduced into the schools and the native universities. It is along these lines that a true nationalism can grow, and though we English can have no desire to transform Egypt into a mere image of a European country, or to make every Egyptian into a mimic Westerner, yet if we have any belief in the value of our proved knowledge we must see that the natives of this ancient land are not prevented from acquiring and using whatever is valuable in our civilisation. True, we shall have to admit that any attempt at present to introduce all the institutions that we are accustomed to at home, into this land, would probably be disastrous, but, even granted that this is so, it can never be a reason for refusing the gradual extension of liberty amongst these people. Slow their progress must needs be, since they have not enjoyed the opportunities granted to Englishmen of learning how to adapt thought and conduct to free institutions, but they may learn these too, and the principle of freedom, so fruitful of good in other portions of the Empire, may here also prove the most effective agency in the creation of a strong, coherent, and progressive national life.

Great religions might well be born in this ancient land. It is the natural home of a thought that transcends the apparent to seek after the unchanging real. That is why those immense monuments of the dead which, elsewhere, would seem ugly and crude, besides being a vain protest against the blessed urgings of Death, seem

in the midst of these sunlit days and purple nights to be in austere agreement with the scene. These men were justified in trusting to the spiritual principle in man, in building themselves mansions wherein, the last curiosity having been experienced, they might secure an august repose.

What of religion in this new Egypt? Are we to see there still further conquests of Christianity? Or must we confess that there are no affinities of temper between the Crescent and the Cross?

To answer that question we must inquire what the Crescent represents, what Mohammedanism stands for in the world. Mohammed is one of the imposing figures of the world's history, and whoever doubts the importance of religion in the government of men may learn from him the folly of ignoring an influence capable of producing such far-reaching results. For it was by the impress of a truly religious personality, and by the force of a purely religious appeal that the Moslem Empire was created. When, at twenty-five, Mohammed entered the house of the widow Khadija, the ancient religious ideas of his nation had become entangled and confused with polytheistic doctrines and degraded by idolatrous practices. The common life of his countrymen was ruled by the love of wine and women, the practice of robbery, and the pursuit of vengeance. Amongst these people Mohammed becomes the preacher of a doctrine which, with all its imperfections, at least insisted on the supremacy of the one God, declaring boldly that Allah was above and over all. In the solitudes of Mount Hira the epileptic young man meditated over the questions of life, and became, without doubt, a profoundly religious and devoted soul. Not that his ideas were original. Around him there were representatives of the Hanifi sects, men who by their manifest sincerity in the search for truth and goodness had proved that religion was something more than a catchword. These men had in turn been greatly indebted to the Jews who lived near them, and it is no matter for surprise that there is so much in the Koran which has direct affinities with the Hebrew faith, when we remember the sources from which some at least of the inspiration of

its author was drawn. But neither amongst the Hanifites nor the Jews, nor even the Christians with whom he was acquainted, was there to be found that idea of Judgment, of the claims of God upon His creatures, which ruled the thought of the youthful prophet. Yet there is no doubt that the religious teaching of the man is traceable to those pious ascetics, unknown witnesses, who in quiet ways witnessed to the truth and validity of the religious impulse. It was in one of these hours of solitary meditation that the first vision was granted to the prophet. The 96th Sura was revealed to him, written on a scroll (which the angel Gabriel held before him), and its message deeply imprinted on his soul. That message was indeed the sum of his teaching. For it stated in plain terms the essence of his faith, in declaring that all men who live, however they may ignore God, must at last return to Him, and give account of what they have done.

It is probable that at the beginning he had no idea of founding a new religion. His heart being full, he spoke freely of what he had heard, and there was one at least, the widow whom he had married, who listened to his words with open ears and gave them ready credence. But when he began to proclaim this doctrine in Mecca it was derided, and those who listened were quick to point out that they knew the source of his teaching, and that in it there was nothing which they had not often heard before. At first the trial must have been severe, even to his passionate faith, for only the slave class accepted his teaching, whilst the rulers and important men passed him by with good-humoured or contemptuous indifference. There was another reason for this failure in his own city. The people of that place had their own traditions and customs, which they had found remunerative, and the coming of this man, with his insistence on simplicity and sincerity of worship, meant that their profits were in danger. To preach the serious life—prayer, almsgiving, temperance—to these people meant that he was asking them to give up that by which they lived, and he found, as others have done, that a prophet has little honour in his own country. On one famous occasion he compromised

in the matter of doctrine in the hope to gain his townsmen, but speedily repented of his mistake, and afterwards held firm to his claims upon them for full adherence to his teaching. Stranger still, to us, is the fact that he found favour at this time with the Jews, and regarded the Christians of the country as his religious kinsmen. But the life at Mecca to a man who had determined to effect a religious transformation was daily becoming harder, and at last he severed his connection with them, and for three years lived apart from his own people, though the time of the Flight had not yet arrived. Then Khadija died, and, the first stage of his career ended, he is found, a lonely man, conscious of failure in the work he had undertaken, and, in Disraeli's phrase, deprived of his audience. Although he married again shortly after, there is proof enough that he loved devotedly the woman who had helped him in the beginning of his career, and never forgot how much he owed to her affection and faith.

Immediately after this there occurs the meeting between himself and the men of Medina. These were citizens of that town who had been affected by the teachings of the Hanifites and had heard of Mohammed. After their interview with him, and an appropriate period of waiting, they decided to accept him and acknowledge him as their spiritual leader. This having been decided, on occasions which are known as the first and second homage on the Akaba, he transferred himself and his followers to Medina, not without danger from the citizens of Mecca. From this Flight, which is regarded as the beginning of the Mussulman chronology, began the first indications of the amazing triumphs which were to follow, for Mohammed, more fortunate in some respects than other founders of great religions, was to see the victory of his principles and ideas in his own lifetime. Yet this, which seems to place him in the ranks of the most fortunate of the sons of men, was perhaps the most serious disaster that could have happened to his work. For it gave a rigid form to his doctrines, enabled him to fix them almost beyond the possibility of change, and thus prevented that spontaneous growth of the ideas which would have enabled the religion to become a world-wide and universal form of belief. At Medina he became

judge and arbiter of causes, and proved his possession of unusual gifts of statesmanship by the manner in which, through sheer force of character and the sanity of his decisions, he acquired power amongst the people. Carefully defending the rights of property, a necessary thing in a land where the Bedouin was still a force to be reckoned with, giving to woman in married life a much more important place than she had yet known, he became the acknowledged authority on all matters of statecraft amongst his countrymen. Here he began to formulate the precepts of his religion. The Unity of God, Prayer at stated times, Almsgiving as a duty, the observance of the Fast of Ramadan, and the Festival of Mecca—these were the points of faith and doctrine which were constantly emphasised, and the effect of such a body of ideas on Arabian life was far reaching. It transcended at a stroke the old boundaries of family, and founded the community on religious faith instead of on blood and race. At the same time the Kibla, that is, the direction in which prayer was to be made, was changed from Jerusalem to Mecca, and thus Islam was nationalised, given a definite centre from which it could work.

Here starts the declension of the man from the ideals which up to this time seem to have inspired him. He begins to entertain hostility to the Jews, who had probably laughed at the presumption of this son of the desert daring to preach a new religion in the world. The men of Mecca, who had derided him, were also to feel that the prophet whom they had despised possessed a heavy hand, and was far from loath to use it on his enemies. A caravan of Meccans is attacked by his followers, and all those amongst the travellers who are hostile to him are put to death. One of these followers is reproached for having murdered a man who had done him no harm, to which the answer is given, "If he who commanded me should tell me to murder you also I should not hesitate to do it," a statement which so impressed the rebuking person that he himself at once joined Mohammed's followers. In his treatment of the Jews Mohammed was ruthless, and there are few more affecting records than that of the six hundred who willingly went to their death

as martyrs to his sword, rather than deny their faith and accept the new gospel. The time came when Mohammed could enter Mecca as a conqueror. There were those amongst the men of Medina who had hoped that this would be the signal for a general punishment of the Meccans, that the men of Medina might sit in their places, but this was not in accordance with the sagacious schemes of the Prophet. He pardoned the Meccans, retained the old traditions of the city, and did all he could to win the people to his allegiance. This was not difficult, for there were clear signs that here was a force with which the world would have to reckon, and the men of Mecca were not long before they cast in their lot with the Prophet whom they had once scorned.

In 632 Mohammed died, but not before his work was established, and history has been stamped with his name as forcibly as with that of any great leader of mankind. There are those who think him an impostor pure and simple. But such mighty deeds are not achieved in this world by charlatanry alone. There must have been in this man a dæmonic fervour, a genuine religious belief, which enabled him to endure the long period of his early struggles and brought him at last triumphantly through as stern a trial of confidence as was ever imposed on man.

Yet there seems good reason to believe that in the later years, when the success of his endeavours was well-nigh assured, there came a moral degeneration; the old Arab blood which was in him showed itself afresh when statecraft demanded his attention, and the hour of visions and dreams was past. That he was a ferocious enemy is certain. Those who had offended him had good reason to know this side of his character. That he used all the arts of cunning and duplicity to gain his ends, when once it became a question of political success, is provable from history. That his relations with women were such as would not have been unworthy of Attila, may be seen from the pages of Gibbon, and indeed is matter of general knowledge amongst all students. Those stern regulations which he enforced upon his followers he relaxed in his own case, allowing himself special privileges on the ground that a dispensation had been granted him by

revelation. There is in him none of the gentleness which has made the holy Buddha beautiful in the eyes of all men, alike those who follow his religion and those who look upon it with strange eyes. Still further is he removed from the pure splendours which gather about the head of the Nazarene. But when all has been said in his disfavour he remains one of the giant energies of the world, a man in whom there burned a dark fuliginous flame of religion, not clear nor bright, but of intense and terrible strength, and who by the contagion of his confidence, by sheer energy of will, brought the half of the then known world under his command. Perhaps only such a Prophet, ferocious as the tiger, yet not without a strain of deep piety and a soft compassion running through his soul, could have bound in the chains of his dogma the stern sons of the wilderness.

When we come to consider the doctrines of the Mohammedans we find diversities of opinion amongst them, as amongst ourselves. The old controversy of free will versus predestination has been discussed by them as freely and vigorously as by the celestial beings described by Milton. The Motazilites, for instance, are ardent believers in the ability of man to direct his own conduct. The Jabanites, on the contrary, believe that in every concern of life the rule of predestination holds good. The Sifatites are equivalent to our literalists, believing that when the Koran speaks of God being seated on a throne it is to be taken in its direct and vulgar sense, with the result that amongst them there are many signs of crude anthropomorphism. The Kharizites were political dissidents, believing that the particular tribe of the Koraish had no exclusive right to the Caliphate, but that free election should be the rule. The Shiites were believers in Ali, and maintained that his descendants were to be adored as deities, in the eyes of the orthodox Mussulman a serious declension from the simplicity of the faith. Amongst the Orthodox there are four separate sects which now practically divide between them the Moslem world. These are the Malikites, the Hanafites, the Shafiites, and the Hanbalites. Minor divisions of belief are those represented by the Ismailians, who believed in

the coming of a Messiah called the Mahdi. These were particularly strong in Egypt and are not unknown to Europeans by reason of troubles connected with impostors who have claimed to be the Messiah of their race. Then an interesting section of the faith is found amongst the Druses of the Lebanon, known to most of us by Browning's drama of that name, and, still more notorious, the Assassins of Syria, who have given their name to one of the worst of crimes. But to the Christian one of the most interesting of the sects is that of the Sufis, so called by reason of a woollen garment which they wear, who are the Mystics of the Moslem faith. These are said to have been founded by a woman named Rabi'a, and, like other mystics, dwell chiefly on the subjective elements of religion. Their tendency is generally towards Pantheism, since they believe that, God being one, creation must form part of His being, or else the universe would exist externally to Him, and would therefore be another deity. They proclaim the doctrine, which has in various forms been popularised in recent years in Europe, that every man is God. Their piety and simplicity has made them a power in the Moslem world, but they have little natural affinity with the bold and hard dogmatism characteristic of the orthodox Mohammedan.

The salient feature of the Egyptian Mussulman is a bitter religious pride, the fruit of temperament and training. Taught to regard members of all other faiths as children of doom, they are slow to acknowledge that there can be anything of value outside their own realm of faith and conduct. They have a strong tendency to what we call Pharisaism, the result of their habit of religious ejaculation. "Praise be to God" is a phrase which may often be heard mingled with ordinary affairs of business or even in the recital of indecent stories, the Moslem believing that such utterances are a sufficient apology for any slight deviation from the recognised decorum of his class and religion. They have not, excepting in the earlier times of the Companions, concerned themselves much with the propagation of their religion, being content to believe that the number of the faithful is decreed by God, and cannot be altered by the act of man. Occasion-

ally they will admit that Christian, Jew, and Moslem alike worship the one God, but this does not seem to be their true belief, judging by the habitual intolerance they manifest to men of other faiths. Their passionate reverence for their Prophet can be understood, but their adoration of the Koran is sometimes carried to lengths which would astonish the most arrogant of Bible literalists. Unable to discover whether the Prophet ate water-melons with or without the rind, an Imam will refuse to touch them, although the Prophet ate them, lest he should not conform to the precise manner in which the food should be taken. Their belief in predestination certainly gives them an exemplary patience under misfortunes, and prevents them from making plans without constant deference to the will of God. Their almsgiving is generous, but seems to be chiefly inspired by their expectation of rewards in heaven for their bounty on earth. The ancient virtue of hospitality, the product of their desert wanderings in former times, is cultivated by them, and even life in the cities has not destroyed their esteem for this form of human kindness. They have great respect for bread, regarding it as sacred and the waste of it as a sin. As a people they are cleanly, their religion making much of ablutions of the body, and in this respect their faith has been of great service to them in the creation of good habits. True, this does not always extend to their children, who may be in a state of uncleanness whilst their parents are washed and anointed with perfume; but the reason for this difference is that dirt is supposed to render the child less likely to be looked on by the evil eye, a catastrophe, to the Egyptian mother, of the first magnitude. They are exemplary as the Chinese in their regard for filial piety, treating their parents with great respect, whilst their affection for their home and native land is so strong that they seldom visit other countries or travel far from their own village or city. Living in such a climate, it is natural that, though avaricious of gain, they should be extremely indolent, and one of the difficulties confronting every reformer in the country is to obtain a reasonable day's work from the labouring man.

The character of the Egyptian woman is far from good. She is said to be the most licentious of all the members of her sex, and *The Arabian Nights* is perhaps only too faithful a record of happenings in which she is concerned. This is partly attributable to the climate and to natural constitution, but still more so to the social and religious system under which she lives. Married at an early age, without having seen the man who is to become her husband, one wife amongst other wives and concubines, having but the fourth or even sixteenth claim upon her husband's affections, and prevented from anything in the way of intellectual interest by her confinement in the harem, the observer, by her husband's permission, of libidinous dances and entertainments, it is not strange that her sensuous impulses regulate her thought and conduct. And although the severest punishment is meted out to the adulterous woman—originally the law ruling that she should be stoned to death, and the general practice being until lately that she should be drowned—it is still true that her marital conduct is far from being conformable to the standard of Western civilisation. At sixteen these women are fully developed, and at forty they are said to have lost their beauty. With their hands and feet dyed with henna, their eyes made darker still by painting with kohl round the eyelid, they are said to be extremely beautiful between the ages of sixteen and thirty. Wrapped in their long mantles, which cover the whole body and effectually conceal all the graces of their form, their head and face being also completely covered, with the exception of the eyes, they make dignified figures when walking or riding about the city; and in the country, the habit of carrying the pitcher on the head, that custom old as the day of Rebekah, has given a majesty and grace to their deportment which is not to be equalled by the women of the West.

It is denied that the women of Moslem countries are regarded as being without souls, but it is certain that the general opinion is, that they are beings of an inferior order to men. They seldom pray, which in itself is remarkable in a land where prayer is so important an

element in the life of men, and their attendance at the Mosque is prohibited during the regular times of prayer, on the ground that they provoke thoughts and emotions in men which are not conducive to religious sentiment. When they marry, it is frequently arranged that the husband's mother shall abide in the house, to prevent the wife from engaging in criminal intrigues—a duty which she faithfully fulfils, probably recollecing her own early peccadilloes. Conversation with men, or even to be seen with the face unveiled, is a serious offence in an Egyptian woman, and it is considered unbecoming for a man who has been privileged to see the face of a woman to describe the particulars of her beauty, though it is permissible to speak of her fascinations in general terms.

Yet here as elsewhere life has its compensations, and amongst their own sex the women try to make up for what they lose by being deprived of the society of men. Women would not have submitted to seclusion all these centuries if there had been in it nothing but cruelty, and it can hardly be altered until they themselves rebel against its restrictions. And in justice to Mohammed it must be remembered that he did not introduce polygamy, but strove to limit its influence. It was already customary amongst the people of his country, and it needed the strong authority of a religion to bring it within the bounds of law. Yet one can only regret that an institution, which is always detrimental to the interests of women, should have received even the most limited approval from the founder of a powerful religion. It would have meant much to the welfare of the races over which he was to exercise rule, if there had been a strong effort made to give additional prestige and dignity to the monogamic relation between the sexes. Not without reason, thoughtful men trace much of the failure of these Eastern forms of civilisation to the low place given to women in their scheme of life. Thus the woman is forbidden under the severest penalties to marry an unbeliever, but this prohibition does not extend to the man, who may take into his house one

who is not of his own faith. The man may also on the slightest pretext divorce his wife, and may take her back if he is so inclined. This may be done twice in succession without difficulty, and only on the third occasion does the law intervene. Over his slave he holds the power of life and death, and this power, of course, extends to his concubine also, should she be his slave. For apostasy from the faith, the punishment in the case of a woman is death by strangling. Formerly the crime of murder could be liquidated by a fine, and if the victim were a woman, the amount of the fine would be half that inflicted in the case of a man. All these indicate that there was a recognised difference in value between the woman and the man, and the female sex was everywhere placed on a lower level than the male.

Every Egyptian woman is expected to bring her husband some form of dowry, which may be as low as five shillings, this being the minimum, and as high as the circumstances or generosity of the parent will permit. It is but natural, therefore, that where the woman is so obviously a creature of barter, where so little attention is paid to her own wishes in the important affairs of life and so little trust placed in her own sense of honour, there should be a disposition to deceive on all occasions those who are in authority over her. This explains the passion for intrigue which, in spite of locked doors and the guardianship of the eunuch, that curse of the East, characterises the women of Egypt. It affords another proof of the importance of putting the moral law within, of making it a matter of the trained conscience, rather than of viewing it as an authority which operates from without.

We have spoken about the marital evils of the Mohammedan system. To what extent are they real? Is it possible that, after all, here also custom is the best rule, and that wise men will let well alone, believing that people unconsciously do that which is best for them in such matters? Livingstone tells us that he has heard women say, in the countries he visited, that they would not care to live in a land where a man was permitted to have only one wife. And in estimating the

value of monogamous marriage, we have to remember that human nature is diverse, that there are many different types, and that it is possible that in certain lands the system of polygamous marriage has not only long years of custom to support it, but may have some justification in the climate and general conditions of the country. Where, as in the East, it is frequently the rule that lactation shall continue for three years, and celibacy is enforced by custom and religion upon the woman during this time, it is not without some show of reason that polygamy is defended. Nor does this system appear to be entirely hostile to the sentiment of the women, for we have a woman like Sister Nivedita saying, in relation to Indian women, that equality between husband and wife is regarded as a vulgar ideal, far inferior to that habit of worship of the husband (a worship which is the direct utterance of devout love) characteristic of the Indian wife. And although there is an apparent monopoly of the woman by the man in these lands, there is in turn a complete monopoly of the son by the mother, whilst her authority as grandmother and wife and widow is almost supreme.

Certainly the particular vices which disgrace our Western civilisation are not so common, by all accounts, in the East. The relations of the sexes are not satisfactory to our judgment, but that blot on our society which is said to be the price that must be paid for monogamous marriage is conspicuously absent, except where Western men have introduced it. That Indian potentate who had one hundred and forty-one women at his command and fifty-six children living would seem to us to have outraged some of the canons of decent living; but in spite of this and similar instances, there are those who maintain that the standard of morality is higher in India than in England. Yet there is to be considered the cruelty inflicted on the woman who bears only female children, and the still greater severity often exercised towards the unfortunate female infants, many of whom are, every year, exposed in dangerous places or actually destroyed, of whom the only record is that they have been taken by the

wild animals. And still more abominable in our eyes is that custom of child marriage which is responsible for so much misery to Indian women. Then there is the custom in certain of these countries of Mutah marriage, which is really the practice of the marriage by trial, which Meredith, in a moment of aberration, suggested as desirable for us. These alliances are soluble at will, and are generally only of a temporary nature. They certainly do not add to that sense of self-respect on which the relations between the sexes should be based.

In Persia, where polygamy also has free play, in so far as the economic conditions allow, the woman appears to have obtained the superior place. The marriage ceremony is conducted with the idea of impressing on the man the truth that he is now in subjection to authority, and the women have apparently made a study of the fine art of retaining their husbands' regard by a system of annoyance and aggravation, which must keep the Persian husband in a continual state of perturbation. They are counselled to scratch and strike and kick their spouses when there is any disposition shown by these gentlemen to be independent in their conduct or indifferent to the charms of home, so that with two or three ladies engaged in this occupation at once the Persian man is not likely to feel dull.

On the whole then, without pressing too hardly the Christian commandment, it is clear that polygamy does not tend to the elevation of the woman. It means that she is always in danger of being treated as a chattel, and the ideal of equality between the sexes, with the claim for something like an equal morality for both, is thrust into the background. And there is little doubt that this is being felt by many women in all these lands. They are aware of that movement which is spreading throughout the world for the emancipation of woman from the thraldom of ages, and feel the impress of those tidal waves of feeling which are likely to agitate the East not less than the West. In America there are five millions of women who earn a livelihood independently of men, and these are the forerunners of an army of women who, in the future, will feel themselves

to be economically independent, and will only accept marriage on equal terms with men. Looking at the East then, and trying to understand what the future of woman is likely to be, it seems certain that the habit of polygamy is likely to decrease, that men will come to understand the higher values of woman, and that women themselves in all nations will claim from men that respect for their intellectual and moral being on which monogamic marriage is founded. That Christianity will have great influence in hastening this desirable end is tolerably certain.

If, then, there were no other reason for bringing the Mohammedan populations into touch with Christianity, the position of women under their rule would more than justify the attempt. For Mohammed has no message of hope to woman, regards her steadily as an inferior being, and knows of no higher destiny for her than to be the chattel rather than the companion of man. The conflict between Western and Eastern ideas on this matter is ordained to come, and there can be no doubt on which side should be thrown the weight of Christian opinion. It is part of the duty assigned to our Imperial race to show to all men that companionship and co-operation between the sexes is the natural fruit of a moral evolution, and that in this development all nations must take their part.

In the matter of law, Mohammedans are dependent upon the traditions which have been handed down from the time of the Prophet. Their legal practice is, so far as feasible, based on these traditions, said to be seven hundred in number. It is highly important that some kind of precedent be found for their legal decisions, and they are always more satisfied when some judgment of their Prophet may be directly applied to the case under discussion. These traditions have to do with such matters as Purification and Prayer, Almsgiving and Fasting, Funerals and Pilgrimages, Trade, Marriage, Faith, and Crime, so that the Mohammedan lawyer has a fairly wide field for the exercise of his legal talents.

Yet there is one respect in which the laws of Mohammed compare favourably with the customs of

the West. They are lenient to debtors, far beyond what is general with us. Though it was necessary for the religion to emphasise the value of property, yet the counsel of the Prophet is not forgotten that where a debt was incurred and the debtor found it difficult to pay, the creditor would be doing a meritorious action in remitting it as an alms to the poor. And though the avaricious temper of the Egyptian is seldom inclined to follow this advice literally, there is less use made of the law for enforced payment of debt than is usual with Western peoples.

Although Arabian science is not of much account in the world to-day, yet it is but fair to remember that these people have contributed in no small measure to the preservation and advancement of the world's learning. The Syrian Christians, who were their neighbours in the early days, translated most of the Greek classics, so that many of the ideas of Plato and Aristotle, Euclid and Galen, were familiar to the Arabian scholars, whilst one of their number, Ali Kharizim, is said to have been the originator of the mathematical studies, especially in Algebra, which were pursued by the savants of Europe in the sixteenth century. Nor can it be denied to them that in the practical world they have distinguished themselves, when but little of invention and discovery could be credited to the West. The steel of Damascus was famous amongst men who lived by the sword. The manufacture of glass was known. Weaving was practised amongst them, and the rich silks and splendid carpets to be seen at the great fairs and in their important houses bore testimony to their skill and industry, whilst they had already acquired the important art of making paper. That this knowledge of some at least of the principles of science and the methods of industry, was not made more productive alike in knowledge and wealth, is to be attributed perhaps to a natural indolence, and in a greater degree to the restrictive influences of their religion. If the destruction of the Alexandrian library was justified by the Caliph Omar, on the ground that if the books therein did not agree with the Koran they were false, and if they did they were superfluous, it was

strictly in keeping with the principles of the faith by which, as a race, they were governed.

Though it is said that the Koran is the least remarkable of the achievements of Mohammed, it yet remains one of the great books of the world. Criticism has not seriously affected its authenticity, and the orthodox Mussulman has the assurance that his scriptures differ but little from those which were heard and meditated upon by the early Companions of the Prophet. Composed by an Oriental visionary, whose human personality is supposed to disappear under the overwhelming presence of the Deity who speaks through him, the book is made up of chapters or suras, the originals of which remain in heaven, whilst the copies are transmitted gradually to mankind through the medium of the Prophet. Thoughtful men in the early stages of the revelation pointed out that the Divine word frequently coincided with advice given to Mohammed by his friends and disciples, and occasionally they were led to complain of the apparent discrepancy between different portions of the inspired word. But to such malignancy of criticism the Prophet could answer that the truth was revealed in seven forms, meaning an unlimited number, and could threaten with the wrath of God those malcontents who expected that coherence and consistency should mark the utterances of Deity.

The chief burden of this book is the greatness and goodness of God, especially as seen in the visible world. Brief histories of the old prophets are given. Six great leaders are recognised in world history—Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed, the last the most important of these, as crowning the series of chosen souls. All forms of idolatry and deification are condemned, and, as with the Jews, art is strangled at its birth by the prohibition to create a likeness of any living thing. It is generally agreed that his knowledge of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures was gained from conversation and hearsay, that he was not acquainted with any written sources, and also that the various chapters of the Koran should be judged as compositions which were to be heard, not as intended

to be read, by the student. The finer flights of imagination are more in the nature of rhetoric than poetry, and no unprejudiced critic could fail to discover the difference between the best work of Mohammed and the utterances of Amos, Jeremiah, and Isaiah. Yet no one will refuse to acknowledge the beauty of that passage in which God is addressed as Compassionate Compassioner, that noble name which at one time the Prophet thought of using as the watchword of his religion. But the fact is indisputable that in Mohammedanism we have the least developed of theistic religions, a faith in which God is robbed of His divinest spiritual attributes, in which omnipresence and power and eternity are emphasised, but in which love and goodness and moral holiness are reduced to negligible proportions.

Though there are those who suggest that this religion was divinely ordained to prepare the way for Christianity, it must be admitted that it offers to the Gospel an opposition more stubborn than any form of polytheism. Its pictures of the future bliss to be enjoyed by the faithful are extremely sensuous, and make a vivid contrast with the noble reticence of most of the New Testament. The fortunate ones who have passed in safety over that bridge, which is finer than a hair and sharper than any sword, will find themselves the beloved of many beautiful women (of a stature proportionate to that of the men, which is the height of a palm tree, about sixty feet), whose black eyes and elegant forms will provoke a desire which is not to be satiated by enjoyment. The humblest of these faithful ones will have eighty thousand servants to attend to his wants, and will partake of cakes and sweets from three hundred dishes of gold, whilst wines of delicious sweetness, capable of exciting without inebriating, will add their inspiration to the rich repast. It may, perhaps, be said in extenuation of this form of speech that it was necessary, with an uneducated people, to paint in bold colours the rewards of the righteous, and doubtless the cultured Mussulman of to-day would maintain that these are no more to be taken literally than the river and the twelve gates of the New Jerusalem described in

the Apocalypse. Yet it is a matter for regret, that the chief incentive to right conduct amongst these people is found in dreaming of a felicity little removed from that of an intelligent animal.

Pilgrimage is an important element in the conduct of a devout Moslem. One of these is obligatory on all who are competent for it, and, in obedience to this command, some seventy thousand of the faithful travel to Mecca every year. Then there are the pilgrimages of devotion, which usually have as their objective the tomb of a saint. This has assumed such considerable proportions as to obscure the strict monotheism of the Prophet's doctrine, and there are heretics who have risen against the practice, and preached a return to the primitive simplicity of their faith. But every reaction against this growing system of saint-worship has failed, and at Damascus alone there are now one hundred and ninety-four places of resort for pilgrims.

There is one gift which Mohammed has given to the world for which mankind ought to be continually grateful—the noble architecture of the Saracenic style, so magnificently exemplified in the famous Alhambra. Though no forms of art were known to the ancient Arabs — and this particular form of architecture certainly comes originally from Persia and the schools of Byzantium—yet it is the genius of Mohammed which has led to its use for religious purposes and its consequent rich development in Spain and Egypt. The Mosque, with its broad colonnades, its prayer niche on the side towards Mecca, its walls of white or mixed colours glittering in the sun, its pointed arches gracefully graduated from the square of the base to the delicate curves which lead the eyes to the apex, and thence to the greater curve of the roof, and the minarets at each corner of the Mosque, whence the Mueddin chants his morning and evening call to prayer, has become part of the picture which rises to the mental eye when we think of a land where Mohammed is worshipped. Whether in Granada or Cairo or Benares, we know that this form of temple is raised to the worship of God under the inspiration of one great spirit, who has succeeded

in welding into one family the many diverse tribes who have sprung from the loins of ancient desert wanderers.

What then of the future relations between Christianity and Islam? That is an important question for all who believe in Christianity as the universal religion, and to everyone who looks on the Empire as an instrument under Providence for the diffusion of Christian ideas. There are two hundred millions of Moslems in the world, and of these eighty-three per cent. are said to be under the control of Christian powers, whilst ninety millions of the followers of Mohammed are to be found under the British flag. There are some of our contemporaries who look with approval on this religion, believing that it is adapted to represent more and more the creed of the man of the world. Since it has few moral ideals, is easily reconcilable with the less dignified interpretations of human destiny, and makes no heavy claim on the sacrificial spirit of man, it is thought to be a religion suitable to those who, in the future, will think of humanity in much more modest terms than has been customary with Christian teachers.

Such a theory implies the acceptance of defeat by the Christian believer. It means that his religion has proved to be inapplicable to a vast section of the human race. It is a surrender of the principles by which the great deeds of its chief apostles have been inspired. Certainly in the conflict with Islam, Christianity is meeting a powerful foe. If we accept the theory that Islam is a religion intended, by Divine Providence, to act as a half-way house to Christianity, there is not much to verify our belief in its value. If we say that there are three great revelations made to the human spirit — through Christianity, through Buddha, and through Mohammed—we must admit that the last named has not proved satisfactory as a final form of faith. And from whatever standpoint we approach this question, it will be difficult to justify Christian complacency in view of the present situation. To make any progress amongst these disciples of the Prophet, the Christian peoples will require all their faith and courage. For the tenacity of conviction

created in the mind of the Moslem by his faith, the pride it engenders, which prevents enlightenment doing its work amongst these peoples, the scorn for verified knowledge which seems to be inseparable from the Moslem tradition—all these hinder rather than help the creation of any sentiment of regard for a religion so opposed to their prejudices as Christianity. Yet the task laid on the Christian peoples is not hopeless, for in the Dutch East Indies there are already 35,000 converts to our faith. The immediate task of the Christian peoples is to break down the hostility latent in the Moslem mind, not by direct evangelism, but by the manifestation of superiority in character, and by service freely rendered where opportunity offers. Medical skill is one of the best means of obtaining an entrance to the land of the Islamite. With the use of medical skill there goes the creation of schools and colleges, where the knowledge acquired by the West may be made accessible to the Eastern mind; whilst the economic problems, all too numerous in these lands, can only be solved, if at all, by the introduction of Western theories and the practice of the more elementary Christian virtues. By such methods, wisely and patiently used, there is good reason to believe that Christianity will yet find a lodgment in the mind of the Islamic peoples, and so prepare them for the frank exposition of the teachings of Christ.

That we have learned how, in Eastern lands, to placate the different forms of faith by our strict impartiality is undeniable. Proof of this is found in the fact that Englishmen were admitted on one occasion, indeed invited, to take part in a solemn function of the exclusive and intolerant Mohammedan faith. But this temper can only be maintained whilst it is understood that freedom of faith is not a phrase but a reality. Men who wish to advance the cause of Christianity in Egypt must be content to go slowly, proving by their life that they are so confident of the superiority of their faith, that they can afford to give ample time for its growth in these ancient lands, acknowledging all the fine and noble truths that are to be found in the

Mohammedan religion, and expressing unstinted admiration for whatever in it has proved itself of value to mankind. For even the hostility felt by the Mussulman may sometimes spring from a noble motive, as when the orthodox Mussulman will declare that, "he loves Christ but hates Christians," because they make Christ claim to be God, and also because they fail to obey the commandments of the prophet whom they worship. Nay, is it not said that by the side of Mohammed's tomb at Mecca there is another tomb, kept vacant, waiting for the coming of the real Christ, whose advent they anticipate as the beginning of their golden age?

And there is at least this relation between Christianity and Islam, that they are both religions which emphasise the Being, the glory, and majesty of God. Each of them is founded on the idea that the Divine mind can and does communicate with the human intelligence, and each lays great stress on the reality of ethical principles, founding them ultimately in either case on the Divine Will. Further, they both understand the strength and cruelty of sin, for the Islamite believes that man is not fitted at death to pass at once from the twilight of earth to the pure radiance of God's presence, and they both believe that communion between earth and heaven is possible, as when, on the 27th Ramadan, the heavens open to allow the prayers of men to reach the ear of God. Both of them recognise the immense worth of human goodness, the pitiful brevity of mortal existence when measured by the duration of eternity, and both look to a life beyond the present, where the anomalies of the world men know will be abolished under the rule of a perfect Law, whilst they are both at least utterances of that ceaseless desire of man for Light, more Light, which has been the plea of all the nobler sons of men. Surely then with these agreements already existent, it is not a vain anticipation that the religion of the Nazarene may yet find amongst these men a new birthplace, from whence it may take a fresh leap forward, and bring back to the East the Light which originally arose beneath these burning skies.

Find then the point of contact between Christianity

and the religion of Mohammed. There is the rule by which to guide the efforts of those who would relate these interpretations of life and bring out of them both their better qualities. Then this proud people, whose fathers were wont to say that Allah had bestowed upon them their turbans instead of diadems, their tents instead of walls, their swords as entrenchments, and their poems in the place of written laws, may even yet be led to welcome and reproduce, in fresh forms, that religion of Christ, which ministers to all the needs of man.

IV

AFRICA

THE man who said that, at the Creation, God raised His hand and cursed Africa with all the plagues of the universe, had some ground for his complaint. Whoever has felt the hand of the fever fiend will appreciate this judgment. Even now, with all that Science can do, the lot of the European trader in many parts of Africa is intensely wretched. Living amidst a population which offers him no companionship, cut off from his kind, save when the commercial agent calls and buys his collected material, or sells him products of European factories, with the poison-infested swamp or gloomy forest behind him, and the river running sluggishly before his door, he lives in fear or torpor half his days. Convinced that, however fortunate, there remains for him but an early death or a disease-ridden age, he finds in whisky, morphia, or whatever poison he prefers, a temporary escape from a noisome world, until Death opens for him the final door. Know these things, and you can appreciate the advances towards civilisation already made by the adopted children of this land. You see in the towns of the South a monument to the industry and ingenuity of the men who have made their home here. In the long stoep of the Dutchman's house, in the public buildings, sheltering men from such suns as we do not know at home, you note how the climate has affected the taste of the architect. The men who made these wide streets, with their spacious outlook, have calculated in millions, and have measured their ideas of the future by continents and æons.

Even in Johannesburg, the centre of life for the continent, you still feel the presence of those primitive

forces which fascinate men cooped up within the conventional limits of civilisation. Listening to the monotonous thud of the gold crushers, those million iron hands which extract from a million cubic inches of rock a single cubic inch of gold, it seems true that Eldorado, the city of men's desire, has at last been found. Yet, when we think of the city of gold as the centre of African life, we are probably wrong. For even if Johannesburg were swept away to-morrow by some gigantic typhoon, the life of Africa would still go on. Men would till the land, grow their corn, breed sheep and cattle, and live again that life of the farmer that the old Boer hero loved. Nevertheless, the city has been of immense importance in the unfolding of Africa's destiny. Here, as in Australia, it was the rush of hungry seekers for gold that made the world turn its eyes to this continent, drew the population, supplied the capital without which the great railways could not have been laid, and inaugurated the most beneficent of African enterprises.

History is the record of what men have done, and until recent times there was little to say of man's achievement in Africa. Three thousand years ago the Phœnicians, traders and travellers, had their dwelling on the northern coast of this vast continent. Herodotus tells us that an expedition sailed round the coast of the continent and returned, concerning which scholars are still uncertain, admitting its possibility, though sadly confessing that the fruits of such an expedition have long since been dissipated, if ever it did take place. It is to the Arabs we owe what little men have known until lately of this immense area. Introducing the camel into the country, they penetrated into the interior, reaching the centre of the desert, as well as travelling along the coast. Yet for generations the interior of Africa was a closed book, and it is correct to say that more has been discovered concerning the country during the nineteenth century than during the whole preceding seventeen hundred years. But since the first modern movement towards African Exploration there has been a ceaseless stream of effort directed towards the elucidation of the mysteries of the continent,

and no form of human enterprise has in recent years reflected more credit on our common humanity, in no realm of toil have there been won purer laurels than by those who have here sacrificed their health and their life in the search for knowledge.

Chief amongst these, first in point of time, and first in claim to honour, is Mungo Park, surgeon and explorer. In 1795 he made his way from the Gambia to the Niger, and opened up a tract of country which had till then been unknown to Europeans. Again, in 1805, allured, as so many have been, by the fascination of this land, he returned to the task, and travelled down the Niger towards its outlet on the West Coast, only to lose his life by an attack from the natives, and to be remembered as one of the many martyrs of African travel. Then there is Horneman, who travelled, in 1796, from Cairo in the North to Murzuk, steadily sent information home concerning his adventures, and then was lost to sight, having died in the wastes, or been murdered by the natives. In 1816 the Congo attracted the attention of Captain Tucker, who made a brave attempt to explore its course and map out its devious route, but the expedition proved unfortunate and brought little reward to the men who had ventured on it. Six years later a brave trio, Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney, made a venture into the interior from Tripoli in the North. Oudney died at Bornu, Clapperton on a second journey, at Sakatu, whilst another soldier, Major Laing, attempting to reach Timbuktu from the North, succeeded in his object, only to be murdered by the people as he travelled back through the desert. In 1830 the course of the great river Niger was traced to its mouth by Lander, and one more item added to the slowly growing store of information about Africa. But this did not prevent Captain Trotter losing many men in his expedition up the Niger eleven years later, and much had to be done before this great river could be regarded as anything but a death-trap for the average European. In East Africa, Bruce was to make his fame as a traveller, meeting every kind of peril, and then to die as the result of an accident at home; Burckhardt the Swiss, known as a wanderer in the Orient,

Egypt, and Nubia, and as a student of the Arab tongue, added to his reputation by his journeys along the eastern coast; whilst Frederic Cailliaud won distinction by his researches; and W. G. Browne (afterwards killed in Northern Persia) also found here the scene of his exploits.

Turning to the southern portion of the continent we are a little more at home, for there recent events have acquainted us with the general configuration of the country, and its history during the last thirty years. Yet, though the Dutch had a settlement there in 1650, it is not until the eighteenth century that much is known of this part of the world. Then a few names begin to dot the page of history in connection with the Cape, and we hear of Sparrmann, a Swede, something of an ornithologist, travelling there; of Levaillant, also an ornithologist, a man who made some parts of South Africa intelligible to stay-at-home people; Sir John Barrow, an Englishman, who has left his name on Barrow Straits and other places in the Arctic, and is known also as one of the explorers of Southern Africa. Then there is Burchell, who has given his name to a particular species of zebra; and Sir Edward Alexander who, in 1838, conducted an exploration into Central Africa, and illustrated again the initiative and daring of the British soldier. These men have all done something to make the southern portion of the continent known to us, and on their heels there came the missionary, bent upon taking his share also in the dangerous task. It was in 1845 that the Church Missionary Society established on the East Coast a station near Mombasa, and from this point the Rev. Mr. Rebmann, one of their missionaries, made journeys into the interior, with the result that he discovered Kilimanjaro, a snow-clad peak, possibly that silver-topped mountain from which Aristotle believed the Nile originally flowed. Four years after missionary work had thus begun, an expedition organised by Richardson, but associated chiefly with the name of Barth, started out to traverse the whole of the Northern Soudan. By the time the starting-point was reached, Richardson, to whom the genesis of the expedition was due, had died; Overweg, one of Barth's companions, also died. But this did not deter Barth from the

completion of his undertaking, and during the ensuing five years he traversed the greater part of the district he had selected, and published his *Travels*, which have deservedly taken a high place in that class of literature. The year 1849 is famous, because it was then that Livingstone, the prince of all African travellers, was engaged on that journey in which he discovered Lake Ngami, the central point of African Continental drainage; found himself, the first of Europeans, on the upper course of the Zambesi; then, from the Makalolo country, led a party of natives to Lake Dilolo, and thence to Loanda on the western coast. Later, in 1856, he discovered the Victoria Falls, that tremendous enlargement of Niagara which is one of the wonders of Africa; in 1861 explored Lake Nyassa; ten years later was discovered by Stanley in the heart of the African forest; and two years afterwards (found dead upon his knees at Ilala, near Lake Bangweolo) his corpse was carried by the natives on that historic journey to the coast, and thence transported to his native land.

But there are other names, though none so glorious as this of Livingstone, in the story of African travel. In 1851 Galton, the father of the modern Eugenists, and one of the most amiable and accomplished of scientific thinkers, travelled amongst the Damaras and in the Ovampo region, pursuing those studies which were to be the ground of a new kind of faith, the cultivation of the best humans by rational breeding. To a Prussian, Adolf Bastian, we are obliged for information obtained by him during his travels in the Congo region, a piece of work executed with all the thoroughness of his race; whilst to a man of French birth, Paul Du Chaillu, we owe facts, received with dubiety at the time but since proved correct, concerning the Ogowe basin, the habits of gorillas, and a mass of information which suggested to his contemporaries the inventive genius of a Munchausen, but is now acknowledged to be based on observation. Around the history of Tanganyika there cluster the names of Burton, born adventurer and marvellous linguist, one of the great Englishmen for whom our Government never could find occupation worthy of his powers; of Speke, whose

death at home was an ironic conclusion to life for the man who had found the chief source of the Nile; and of Grant, a soldier, afterwards a companion of Lord Napier on his Abyssinian expedition. He, with his friend Speke, were fortunate enough also to meet one of the great men connected with Imperial development in Africa, Sir Samuel Baker, to whose credit lies the discovery of Lake Albert Nyanza, who preceded Gordon in his successful attacks upon the African slave trade, and laid the foundations in Central Africa of an administration which has finally made that abomination a thing of the past. Nor should one forget Winwood Reade, who travelled from Sierra Leone, the White Man's Grave, to the head of the Niger River, and won a place in literature as the historian of the martyrdom of man. And then there is Stanley, the workhouse boy, who became one of the heroes of African history by his daring search for Livingstone, his conquest of immense obstacles in the task of opening up the Congo country, and his vain offer to England, through Gladstone, of an immense territory which badly needed the civilising influences of British administration—an offer repeated with more success to that astute and amorous monarch, Leopold of Belgium. Recalling this story, so brief in time, yet so full of glorious and mad adventure, one sees that men of all nations have had their part therein, but that the British have had the major share, and though much of the equatorial forest land is still unknown, and the work of the map-maker has almost all to be done, there is still an immense amount of actual achievement to be placed to the credit of European humanity, as the result of one short hundred years of exploration.

Africa then is especially rich in her heroic figures, in men who have accepted the hardships of life in a strange land, urged thereto by the noblest of motives, and he cannot know the meaning of sacrifice, or be acquainted with life under primitive conditions, who does not admire these men. To live severed from their natural companions, burned by fierce suns, their limbs racked with ague, not for the glory that men

can give but in submission to an inner voice, extorts respect even where sympathy will be denied. To Mungo Park, explorer and saint, no danger can bring fear, and the Niger's shadowy depths never engulfed a lordlier soul; Livingstone, the Pathfinder, diseased and broken in body, far distant from the blue hills and softly weeping skies that canopy Loch Lomond and the land he loves, yet holds on with bulldog grip to his purpose, seeking not alone for that scientific information, so rich and varied, which he is to present to the world, but, with all the ardour of his fiery spirit, toiling to make known to these swarthy children of the African forest the unsearchable riches of Christ; Stanley, hacking his way through gloomy forests, unfolding to Europe the marvels of the Congo, is not unworthy of a place by the great man he tried to save; and Hannington, martyr of the Cross, and many more, have written their names beyond the reach of oblivion in the history of this mysterious land.

The population of Africa may be roughly divided by a line drawn from Senegal, in the East, to Cape Jerdaffun on the West. Above this line the people are chiefly of Moorish race, having Arab blood in their veins, children of Islam, cruel and treacherous by instinct, possessed of as bloody a history as any people on the earth. Below this line the people are Ethiopians, of many races and tribes, negroes, children of Ham. Zulus, Kafirs, Pygmies, Bushmen, Bantus, Basutos, Hottentots, with innumerable subdivisions, all are possessed of some or more of the negro characteristics, their woolly heads, thick lips, thin calves, heavy buttocks, marking them off sharply enough from the other great divisions of the human family. Not with much pride can the white man look back on his relations with these peoples. At the beginning of the seventeenth century a Portuguese captain, to avenge the death of a distinguished countryman of his, presented to the Hottentots of Table Bay a small cannon. Having loaded it to the muzzle, and fixed a rope to a trigger, he waited until the dark children of Nature gathered round in crowds, then fired it, and had the pleasure of

seeing some scores of bodies gashed, maimed, and blown to pieces, as a proof to the darkies that they had better fear the gifts of the white man—too true a symbol of what contact between the white and black races has often meant. The tortures of the Middle Passage, that invention of hell, the generous distribution of rum and whisky amongst human beings incapable of withstanding the dire effects of spirits—these are to be reckoned when we try to estimate the benefits, undoubted and real, which the advent of the white race has brought to the Ethiopians of Africa.

African slavery is a horror from which one would avert the glance, but its effects have been too vast and awful to be ignored. Two events are responsible for this stain on human history. The Mohammedan invasion of Africa in the seventh century meant that men, inflamed by the fiery words of the Prophet, could force millions of natives into bondage. The King of Ethiopia, in 661 A.D., undertook to send to the Mohammedans of Egypt a large number of slaves every year. For seven hundred years this custom prevailed. Then came the discovery of America, and the Portuguese transmission of slaves from Africa to the New World—a trade afterwards captured by the British sailor and exploited by him to such good purpose that, during the hundred years from 1686 to 1786, some two millions of slaves were carried to America. There they worked on the plantations, and, incidentally, created a problem for the white race which will test the resources of American statemanship to the utmost. The vast dimensions of this trade (up to 1890 six thousand slaves were imported every year into Zanzibar), its effect on the African native, and, still more serious, on the ruling white man, is best appreciated by those who are working to undo the evil it has wrought. Succeeding generations have found it difficult to escape from this hoary iniquity, yet already Zanzibar exports immense quantities of wax and nuts instead of the black ivory which was once its staple trade, and, in districts where slavery has been most in evidence, the rule of freedom is producing an industry profitable alike to the individual and the world.

In Africa you find the eternal question of sex confronting you. For these peoples are polygamous, naturally and boldly so, accepting it as a seemly ordinance, part of that system of life which we can hardly understand, because the unit of it is not the individual, as with us, but the hearth, the family. Each of these wives has been purchased by contributions from members of the family, so that the right of property in them held by the husband is not absolute. And there is no such feeling of proud personal chastity as the European woman may feel. All that mystery, that charm, and wonder which we have associated with sex is torn aside by these people—rather, it never has existed. As to the complete control of the affections of a husband, what does that matter to a woman? The new wife will lessen the labour of the household by taking her own share in it—a much more important matter than the satisfaction of an Occidental sentiment.

Their opposition to change in these customs is not unnatural, since they know that this form of life cannot co-exist with Western culture, and their innate conservatism is strengthened by the manner in which the witch doctors, the rulers, and more especially the women of the tribes, protest against any alteration. A brief acquaintance with these tribes would do much to satisfy the sharp critics of European marriage customs that there is something yet to be said for the Christian ideal of matrimony. They would realise that there are qualities in our character, such as chivalrous respect for woman, reverence for her personal dignity, and the sentiment of honour which springs from the influence of woman on the coarser fibre of man, which are worth all the occasional lapses and blunders incidental to our marriage customs.

African womanhood has always borne the heavier part of the curse that rests upon the land, and the Christian worker of the future will have much to do to train women in the arts and morals of the home. Should polygamy be broken down, a consummation not impossible, it will be needful to give to the women such education as will enable them to support themselves.

Lace-making, spinning, and basket work, any kind of occupation which can be carried on in the house, will help the African woman against her peculiar temptations. For most of these originate in idleness, partly inherent in constitution, partly the result of polygamous relations. The large development of passional qualities in the African woman can only be mitigated by moral and intellectual growth; and home life, with the practice of quiet yet profitable industry, will aid in this.

The maintenance of Empire means a perpetual battling with difficult questions. South Africa provides its share of these. Thus the Ethiopian movement has meant that certain churches, whose members are of the black race, have united to create and foster a Negro national movement. Whether this was ever dangerous is doubted by many, but the authorities felt it necessary to close or even destroy some of the churches as centres of political disaffection. That this should ever have been necessary is a misfortune to religion. For the black man has his own pride of race, and his sense of corporate life is bound to grow. Already he desires to create a Church which shall be independent of the missionary, and this is certainly the line along which Christian influence will develop. The Ethiopian Church has proved a failure, but that sense of union with men of his own blood which the black man feels, as the white man has always felt it, is bound to be a guiding principle in the development of the race. Not to expedite that movement, not to kill it, but to control it and thus enable the black man to use his growing strength wisely, is the work of him who would rule for their benefit the coloured races. Any other method will only throw the native back upon the counsels of the disaffected, will foster an increasing antipathy to the Government, and may be disastrous to our authority.

Certainly careful supervision will be needed in such countries as Natal, where there are ten blacks to one white man. But the dangers of such a situation, while real enough, can only be dealt with by the gradual elevation of the mass of the people, until they are able to take a reasonable share in the government. With the chief

authority in the hands of the men of South Africa, so that each problem can be dealt with by men acquainted with all its factors, these questions should be handled with sympathy and skill.

Is it suggested then that in some near future the Negro and the Kafir will be able to dispense with the guiding mind of the white race? By no means. Experience proves that the superior race is needed, its intellectual and moral qualities are indispensable to the black man's development. Only by travelling on parallel lines, with the coloured races constantly urged to further endeavour by the deep-rooted impulse which drives the white man to discover and invent according to his increasing needs, can the duty of the progressive to the less advanced races of the world be done.

Sufficient proof of the need for such guidance is found in Liberia, where the Negro is the supreme person, where the white man cannot even possess citizen's rights. Yet the population of this country, with a coast-line of 380 miles and a depth of land inwards averaging 80 miles, is only 20,000 civilised blacks and about a million or more aborigines. The black must do better than this if he is to use his opportunities, and, with the training given to him through active co-operation with the white race, there is every reason to expect better things of him.

Here, too, one meets with the anomaly that the *pax Britannica* may produce a new form of peril. Formerly the prevalence of war amongst the natives kept down the population and maintained national divisions. Zulu, Basuto, and Kafir, with all the subdivisions, were engaged in attempts at mutual destruction, with the consequence that there existed a tribal loyalty but no racial unity. But intertribal war has gone, fecundity has been unrestricted, and racial solidarity is a fact. The Fingoes of the Transkei are ten times the number of those who occupied that land sixty years since. In Natal, the Zulus have doubled their number in twenty years, and in thirty years the Basutos have made themselves four times as numerous as they were. There are four times as many of the Bechuanas as when Livingstone was amongst them. These facts speak for them-

selves. If famine, plague, and war are to be stopped, so that human life may go on increasing in geometrical ratio, the standard of human existence must be raised amongst these prolific populations, lest by sheer weight of numbers they overwhelm the more developed races which, with a higher mentality, have lost something of their fecundity.

Quite as impressive as the work of the explorer is the achievement of the educational labourers who have striven for the enlightenment of native races. Knowledge combined with personality has here done great things, but one fact is now clear in this matter of education—the native must not be dragged out of his depth, and he must combine with mental training some industrial occupation. To test a student's ability by examination is good enough for Europeans, but is fatal to the immature character of the African native. Commercialism creates many temptations in these new lands, and to meet these, men must be trained to respect themselves, to value industry, to believe in moral ideals.

A good deal of moral deterioration has resulted from the influx of native labour into Johannesburg, for work in the mines. Crowded together, within easy reach of temptation, supplied with money, and with little idea of how to use it, the native may make of the great city a source of moral disease for his community through Africa. For one consequence of this spread of commercialism is the break up of the old tribal system, the decay of the authority hitherto held by the chief. Accustomed to guide his conduct by the tradition of his clan, his idea of life bound up with the habits of his sept or family, the native is plunged into a civilisation whose first principle is that each man shall follow his own inclinations. Of course moral disasters result from this, and those who gibe at black-faced Quashee and the veneer of Christian culture plastered over generations of nigger ignorance and vice, find plenty of material at hand for their humour. They forget that the Negro must either remain for ever where the white man found him, a sort of human derelict by which the waves of progress pass, leaving no impression, producing no change, a direct denial of that law of

development in which the white man professes to believe, or he must go through the intellectual teething stage, become acquainted with the growing pains of the mind, and run the risk of being a little worse before he can become radically better.

This brings forward a consideration which may make men uncertain of the durability of any Empire. To what extent, they will ask, can there be any harmonious relationship between white and coloured races? Is there not an immemorial antagonism? Do not the recollections of the darker peoples justify their hatred and potential rebellion? True, I answer, the bitterness of feeling is often deep. Confessedly it may frequently be justified. Yet it seems that a certain change is coming over the world in this regard. Though we cannot undo the wrongs of the past, we can try to make their repetition impossible. Granted that the black races possess little cohesive power, are, at present, much below the whites in brain force, and of constructive capacity have but a small endowment, yet the effect of education is being felt amongst these people. Already they have produced their own great men, and certainly will have others who are bound to exert increasing influence on those linked to them by blood-ties. We cannot afford to despise the race that can send forth a man like Booker Washington, or Moshesh, one-time chief of the Basutos. To speak of him and his kindred as Quashy & Co. may gratify our boisterous habit of superiority, but it can hardly strengthen the sentiment of regard for men of paler complexion, nor will it hinder him from claiming his place and part in the world of commerce and politics. There are signs in the Southern States that the black race is capable of holding its own, though it has no genuine political power, and so long as the subordinate race is increasing in numbers and acquiring wealth, their ultimate possession of the rights which are based on power seems more than probable.

Observing then the growth of these populations, remembering that there has been a steady decrease in the birth-rate amongst the leading peoples of Europe,

that America would almost cease to increase in numbers were it not for immigration, recalling also the manner in which the white races have weakened themselves by internecine wars—though some nations amongst them may have thereby become stronger—and taking it as generally true that the intellectually advanced and economically fortunate do not reproduce themselves in such numbers as the poorer classes, can we be sure that in any attempt of the white race to exert authority over coloured peoples they may not be swamped by sheer weight of numbers? The only answer is that the influence and ascendancy of the white races must depend in the future upon their industrial and moral superiority, and especially the latter. It is not enough to say that we are mentally superior, and then to trust to Maxim guns and Fuzzy Wuzzy's foolhardiness for our success. Japan has shown that Orientals can handle gunpowder as well as ourselves. And what the Japanese have done, the Arab and the Negro yet may do.

Education then, industrial and intellectual, we owe to these people, as a guarantee for our future relations with them, and as some compensation for the misery brought upon their predecessors by that slave trade which has been the curse of Africa, an age-long crime. Is the white worker concerned lest he be ruined by the cheap labour of a coloured competition? The remedy for this is not, cannot be, the permanent alienation of the black. No reservation system will destroy him, as the Indian of America has been destroyed. The Negro can multiply more rapidly than the white man, in spite of the destruction wrought by his own ignorance. Here, as elsewhere, the conflict is between those who believe only in force, and those who believe in the educative worth of freedom. Treat the black man as he is treated by the German official, and you will obtain a quietness such as the bureaucrat desires. You will get the quietness of death. Treat the black man as potentially a citizen, and you may build up a wall of black granite, lasting as the Pyramids, between ourselves and every alien aggression.

What then shall we do? Shall we cultivate inter-racial strife amongst the backward tribes of men? Will it be wise to help these people to racial poisons? Is the whisky fiend and the syphilitic debauchee to be favoured? Shall the good work of the men who have stayed the devastations of famine be stopped, and the medical man, who is teaching the ignorant savage how to prevent the coming of plague, be called home from his beneficent labours? Are the nations of the West, and our own nation above all, to act the part of agent provocateur, inciting foolish men to rebellion so that the machine gun may have its holocaust of black bodies, and the barren veldt be fertilised with the blood of millions of wretched niggers? To a logical mind it means either that, disguised of course with the usual mantle of political and diplomatic verbiage, or that the ideas and practice of the best representatives of our Imperial power must rule the conduct of all white men. And that means that education, with its concomitants of freedom according to ability, and religion, with its corollary of fraternity and spiritual equality, must be made the possession of all. Christian Imperialism, a rulership of the lower by the higher, which has for its motive the ideals of equity, or government by bludgeon, with an occasional massacre for variation—which shall it be?

The opposition to Christian teaching, by men who know Africa, is sometimes put in the form that it is better to teach the native the dignity of labour than the dignity of the Christian, a remark which implies forgetfulness on the part of the writer. For it is amongst the nations which have been most deeply conscious of the dignity of man in Christ, that labour has been most worthily honoured, and the manual worker taught to respect himself as a partner in the fulfilment of the Divine purpose. Is it said that higher education produces on the native mind a foolish sense of superiority, a disinclination to work, and a tendency to regard moral teaching as superfluous? We must expect this when we bring to the light a nation hitherto in darkness. And if education will but wean the native from the sorcerer,

banish the mists which have gathered about his brain, and open the way for the practice of rational medicine, we ought to be grateful to the men who make this possible.

Of the need for such hygienic teaching there can be no doubt. We still hope that, some day, districts hitherto regarded as uninhabitable will become the home of civilised man. Diseases now threatening speedy death to the traveller may be conquered by science. But the native must know the difference between clean and unclean ere that conquest can be made. The MGurna still bury their dead in rivers, so that one had better drink from the standing puddle than the flowing stream, whilst the Wa-linga are chronically afflicted with sleeping sickness or syphilis. Through woods and forests and across the ugly swamps of Africa floats the palpalis fly, beautiful as a dream, deadly as a Borgia poison, prepared to inject into human arteries the fluid that may start a decimating plague. Over many parts of the continent the real ruler is fever, the tsetse fly or horse sickness, any one of which may prove fatal to the dominance of the white man.

For many years to come scientific men will thus be occupied in combating and remedying these ills, and until this has been done the native must needs be the chief worker, the burden-bearer, in these lands. Hence it follows that the cultivation of rudimentary moral qualities amongst these tribes is indispensable to the successful exploitation of the regions into which the white man is now venturing, and since the disposition to separate thought and practice, to receive mental impressions without relating them to the habits of life, is common amongst the natives, some form of industrial education is needed, to convince these men that thought and reality are bound together in all social life.

To the traveller of speculative mind there is ample interest provided by the various religions which abound in Africa, all of which possess the common feature of animism, having as their foundation some element of terror. Spirits of the departed, spirits of the air, the thunder, the flood, the lightning, the moon—these preside

over all forms of African religion. Natural objects have their animating soul, even the sea, the bush, the fire, and all these must be propitiated before important ventures are made. Could you enter the soul of one of these human creatures that you meet here, you would find it full of vague fears—fears of the thousand spirit forms that surround him, enemies amongst which he must wind his way as one who traverses a crowded thoroughfare. The child from the moment of birth must be guarded against them if misfortune is not to dog his steps through life, and it would seem as though man, not satisfied with all the disagreeable realities with which life so amply provides him, must needs create a million additional terrors, lest he should for a moment feel himself secure in a world so mysterious and terrible. And in all this there is no element of joy, no suggestion of hope. The long wail of the mourners for the dead, that lament which, heard in the darkness of the night, thrills one with a sense of the futility of all our strivings against the blind forces that encompass us, is the cry of a grief that has no gleam of faith, no hope that can help it to surmount death by the anticipation of a happier world.

Yet these forms of religion are not without their influence on moral conduct. You can prevent a man from stealing by observing the necessary rite. Is a woman unable to guard her crop, then she has but to put a branch of euphorbia in a split stick and plant the stick in the field where her corn is growing, and the thief will leave her property untouched. There is no Tammany amongst the African tribes. But then—let there be no illusions about this—the morality of these people does not always answer to our conception of what morality should be. For the virtues of frugality, truth, chastity being strange to them, they are unaware of their own poverty in these things, and are not so much disobedient to a law as ignorant that the law exists. You must first find a common ground on which the mind of Europe and the mind of Africa can meet, before you praise or condemn them.

Yet it would be unjust to declare that no relation is

possible between the religion of these tribes and the teaching of Christianity. Belief in a Supreme Being undoubtedly exists. Thus the Zulus believe in a Being who created the world and afterwards abandoned it, a theory which philosophers of all nations have at some stage entertained. Nor are they entirely without belief in the continuance of life after death. And amongst the Bantus there is said to be some uneasiness when the moral law has been broken, as though conscience were beginning to take form and gather authority. But that which attracts these men most is the hope that they may be free from the control of the dæmonic beings, who rule their lives from the spirit world.

It may be long ere these men understand Christianity, for they have little to help them in their own faiths, and they are not unaware of that chief hindrance to the spread of Christian doctrines, the faults of those who profess to be Christian. But already throughout Africa the worth of this religion has been made manifest in noble lives, and the native has learned to see in it the chief agency for his own improvement. I know that men say it is bad for the native to be religious, that they would rather have him unadulterated, Aristotle's natural slave, than as he comes from the hands of the Mission teachers. They expect religion to change a bad moral character into a good as by magic, forgetting that it takes a long time for the man, taught from his childhood that lying and thieving are legitimate, to learn to respect the property of others and always to speak the true word. But whoever has a true understanding of the future of these vast lands will feel that the teacher, who puts the native of to-day through the elementary drill of morals and religion, is building a more habitable world for unborn generations.

Those of us who live at home habitually regard the fragment of Africa in which we, as Britishers, must be interested, as that southern portion which has been the scene of so many sharp tussles between our race and other candidates for possession of the soil. Fortunately we have had as deputies in these lands men who were not content with that interpretation. I say fortunately,

because, although one may dislike the flamboyant gentlemen whose one ambition is to add another square yard to the already extensive domains over which the Union Jack flies, it is a reason for gratitude that some of our countrymen have allowed their dreams of the Empire's area to travel beyond the boundaries of geographic fact.

On the upper slopes of the Matopo hills there lies what is mortal of one, certainly not the least of these, a man in whom the elements were so strangely mixed, whose conduct admitted of such diverse interpretations, that his contemporaries were often undecided whether to think of him as a great statesman or a successful rogue, but of whom the one thing certain is that he had a large conception of Britain's future in Africa. And as the modern historian has the virtue, unlike Tacitus, of omitting the blemishes of his subject, those who come after Cecil Rhodes may catch something of his idealism, unmixed with the grosser elements which obscured it in his lifetime, and may see the fulfilment of this man's dream—an Africa ruled from North to South by the genius of the British people. Let that genius be inspired by a Christian idealism, and this manifold world that we call Africa, a world of shadows and gloom, may yet be a land where Light and Joy are the natural heritage of its children.

V

INDIA

INDIA excites and feeds the European imagination to-day as it has ever done since poets and conquerors first pictured to themselves its hidden treasures. That lotus land, whose splendours age can never dull, where day floods the world with colour, and life is seen in its terrifying force and nudity, exerts still upon men its strange, its eternal charm. In such a land, with life so plenteous, man may seem of equal value with the moth or worm, which, concealed by the dense foliage, finds a momentary respite from its murderous pursuers. Parched through the day by the burning sun, and shivering with fever through chilly nights, the European pays the price of his rash adventure. That, even here, men of an alien blood should have made for themselves a home, is but another proof that courage and high faith can accomplish the apparently impossible.

In the year 1707 the last of the Moghul emperors died, and the dynasty which had for nearly two centuries ruled India came to an end. Immediately there commenced that process of disintegration which had been threatening for long. Anarchy and rebellion became the order of the day. The Afghans swept down upon the plains of the Punjab from the North, whilst the fierce Mahrattas devastated the central regions. The whole continent was divided into a collection of warring States. The dynasty of Baber had gone, and there seemed to be no power at hand which could prevent bloodshed, coerce rebellion, and create unity amongst these mutually hostile peoples. It is from this time that the Native States date their origin, with the exception

of those ruled by Rajput chiefs. In this chaotic world there appear the emissaries of the British people, acting as traders, bent chiefly upon the extension of their markets and the acquisition of wealth. One of the servants of this Company of Traders was Robert Clive, and the interest of British adventure in India at this date circles about the competition between this gifted man and the brilliant Frenchman, Dupleix. Each of them struggles to win an empire in the East for their respective countries. Dupleix was a diplomatist of undisputed talent, with large ideas of the future. Clive was a born soldier, and in the contest the soldier proved the abler man.

French and English each had their allies amongst the natives, and the first important incident in the conflict, predictive of the future, was the capture of Arcot by Clive, a convincing proof that in courage and skill the English were equal to every rival in the contest for supremacy in the East. Eleven years later the victory of Sir Eyre Coote at Wandewash settled the controversy for supremacy in that part of India. Five years after Arcot, one of the landmarks of history for Englishmen is reached. Surajah Dowlah, only two months on the throne of Bengal, marched against Calcutta, where the English had their headquarters. Most of these fled down the river, others surrendered and were thrown, to the number of 146, into the Black Hole, a room about 18 feet square, in the military jail. In the tropical heat of June they spent the night there, enduring inconceivable agonies. When the morning broke there were only twenty-three left alive. Clive, however, was not far away, and in a little time arrived from Madras, made peace for the people of Calcutta, and then fought the battle of Plassey with 3000 troops against an army of nearly 70,000 under Surajah Dowlah. That victory of British arms left its mark on India. Then Clive attacks Shah Alam, who was beginning to make some claims to the throne of Bengal, easily disperses his mixed army, and having accomplished this, turns his attention to the Dutch, at that time still competitors for Indian rule, defeating them both by land and water.

Unfortunately Clive's genius could not be everywhere, and whilst he was busy fighting or directing battles, the arrangement of the civil life of the population was left much at the mercy of others, less scrupulous than himself. Nothing can now palliate the inexorable rapacity of many of the early English in India. They thought of India as a land full of gold, and of themselves as the accredited robbers, who had a right to take all on which they could lay their hands. Yet it is clear that Clive set himself against this system, and did all that mortal man could do to abolish private trading, the cause of so much speculation and fraud, and to prohibit the taking of presents by the servants of the Company. Unhappily the system itself was wrong, and since the servants of the Company were often inadequately paid, there was an understanding amongst them that they should increase their income by any permissible practice.

Clive left India for the last time in 1767, to face his accusers in England and to die, broken-hearted, by his own hand. England has produced no bolder fighter. And what finer tribute could be paid to the man whose work was criticised so harshly by his own countrymen, than in that remark of a distinguished Hindu gentleman to Lord Curzon: "I wonder that you English have not yet erected a fitting monument in India to the victor of Plassey." Surely if, in the soldiers' paradise, Clive could hear those words, he might forget the ingratitude of the men who profited by his immense toils, and grudged to him the payment he had earned.

Clive was succeeded in authority five years later by Warren Hastings, a man of vast ability, whose story is one of the romances of the world. He it is who organised the empire won by the genius of Clive. Subtle in diplomacy, skilled in all the arts of intrigue, he was more than equal even to the manifold complexities of the situation in which he worked and made his fame. His treatment of the Province of Oudh is one of the disputed points in history, provoking the furious indignation of Burke, and at the same time illustrating the cruel perplexities amidst which the makers of

Empire have had to work. The judgment of men to-day probably is that Hastings did as well as could be done under the circumstances, and that in the game of diplomacy he was a first-class player, matched against antagonists not unworthy of his skill. Born in 1732, Warren Hastings landed in Calcutta in 1750, and was soon engaged as manager of a silk-weaving factory. At the time of Surajah Dowlah's attack on Calcutta he managed to render some service to the English, and was rewarded by Clive, who recognised his quality by appointing him Resident at Murshedabad. Here Hastings showed his mettle, and rapidly became a Member of Council under Vansittart, who had been brought from Madras. Of the government of Vansittart it is declared that it forms the most revolting page in the history of our relations with India. Military men, councillors, private traders, all alike seemed to have resolved that they would bleed white the people committed to their charge. To the honour of Hastings, it is proved that he steadily resisted this tendency. His name does not appear amongst those officially recognised as having taken bribes, or made profits out of the needs of the natives.

His hostility to the robbery permitted by the Council, brought on him the reproach that he was the friend of the rebellious native, and in the course of an altercation at the Council on this matter he was struck by another member. Returning to England after an absence of fourteen years, Hastings gave much of his money to relatives and friends, though he was not a rich man, and in the course of time found himself on the way back to India, with the promise of a seat on the Company's Council—a situation which might afford an opportunity to his immense industry and talent. By 1772 he was actually President of this body, Governor of Bengal, and had become one of the most powerful men in India. It is at this time that the more dangerous acts of his career come into notice. In order to strengthen the finances of the Company he lends the military forces at his command to the Wazir of Oudh, who desires to execute summary vengeance on the Rohillas, old enemies of his. The work is done, the Rohillas are defeated, and treated

with the savagery customary amongst Oriental tribes. It was a stroke of policy, but this was certainly not the purpose for which the Company had been allowed by the British Government to raise troops in India. In 1773 it was decided by the authorities at home that a Regulating Act should be passed, the direct purpose of which was to strengthen the rulership of Parliament over the activities of the Company in India. Certain members of this, four in number, were sent out to India, the famous Francis, of Junius fame, amongst them. Arrived at Calcutta, these gentlemen were disappointed at the number of guns used in the salute, and annoyed because Mr. Hastings had not put on a ruffled shirt to meet them—trifles which marked the beginning of an hostility between Hastings and the newcomers lasting until the death of one of them, Colonel Monson, some years later. One consequence of this feud was that Francis and Hastings fought a duel, Francis being wounded, who thereupon returned home to nurse his vengeance and wait for a happier season in which to gratify it.

But a more serious result was that an old enemy of Hastings, a certain Nuncomar, with whom he had collided years before in Murshedabad, now thought it a favourable opportunity to charge Hastings with corruption. This charge was hanging over the head of Hastings, with a fair chance that it would be successful in the then temper of his adversaries, when Nuncomar was himself convicted of forgery, on an old indictment, by a jury of Englishmen, sentenced to death, and hanged in due course. That this was the result of a deliberate plan of Hastings seems clear, and he cannot be exonerated from the charge of having grossly abused his position, to accomplish what is too much like a judicial murder. That Nuncomar was a wily villain is tolerably certain, but one can never sufficiently regret that our administration should have been disgraced in the person of one of its greatest men by such a crime.

Secure, as the result of this scheme, in his position as President of the Council, Hastings adopted and pursued the boldest lines of foreign policy, with as little scruple as he had used in defending himself from

attack by enemies. The wars upon which he now entered gave to us such memorable instances of valour and endurance as the march of General Goddard from sea to sea across the Peninsula, by which effort the Province of Guzerat was captured, with scarcely the semblance of fighting. Another of his lieutenants, Captain Popham, stormed the fortress of Gwalior, which men had regarded as the key of Hindustan. These achievements proved that Hastings was capable of making war with vigour when necessary, and certainly did much to cement our authority in India.

But war is an expensive business, and must be paid for, and at this time the exchequer was terribly depleted. To meet this situation, Hastings decided to bleed some of the rich chieftains near him, and as one of these, Rajah Cheyte Singh, was known to be disloyal, a claim was made upon him. When the Rajah refused to pay and fled, a new ruler was placed on the throne, and the annual tribute considerably increased. In addition to this, heavy pressure was brought to bear upon the Begum of Oudh, who was said to have abetted Cheyte Singh in his disloyalty, and some millions sterling extracted from her and her retinue as a fine. The justice of these transactions may well be doubted, and they formed part of that indictment which was afterwards brought against Hastings by his enemies at home.

In 1785 he left Calcutta for the last time, reached home, to be welcomed at first with respect and admiration, and then found that his enemies were not content to allow him to enjoy the fruits of his arduous toils. Partly as the result of political intrigues, partly as the consequence of an honourable indignation felt by many of his countrymen at what they regarded as his cruelty and duplicity, he was impeached and attacked by the three greatest orators of the time, and had to stand like a criminal in Westminster to hear Burke, Fox, and Sheridan recite the story of his misdeeds. His life was saved, but his fortune was gone, although he had managed to buy the house of his ancestors at Daylesford, and the man who had handled millions of money with the genius of the financier, and had literally built up an immense empire for his

countrymen, had often to plead for help from his old employers before he died. A man of strong intelligence and supple force of will, he was guilty of offences which every Englishman profoundly regrets, which certainly have dimmed the lustre of our Indian Empire and made the early stages of its growth a painful chapter for his countrymen to read. But though we must admire the fierce integrity of Burke, and the passion for liberty of Fox, and believe that they were animated by the highest motives in bringing this man to the bar of judgment, yet a later age will understand somewhat better the immense difficulties with which he had to cope, and, whilst not forgetful of his errors, will know how to appreciate his magnificent services to the Empire.

By the time Hastings' work was done, it was clear that the Government at home must take an active interest in the management of Indian affairs. Lord Cornwallis was therefore sent out, and one result of his administration was an effort to put the system of land tenure on something like an equitable basis. Formerly zemindars or Government farmers had been the collectors of the annual rent for the land. This office tended to become hereditary, and as there was no fixed price or payment, the farmer was very much at the mercy of the collector in his district. This bad policy was altered, and a beginning made towards the system now in use by our Government. Then, in 1798, there came Wellesley, who, privileged to be the friend of Pitt, was himself an Imperialist of a pronounced type.

At that time Tipu Sahib, ruler of Mysore, seemed likely to be an instrument in the hands of the French, the genius of which nation was then about to be personified in Napoleon, and against this danger the efforts of Wellesley were steadily directed. The result of this policy was war, the capture of Seringapatam, and the death of Tipu, events which left a profound impression on the mind of the Hindu. Then came the second Mahratta War, in which Wellington commenced his career of victory at Assaye and Argaum, whilst Lake in Hindustan won pitched battles, and captured Delhi and Agra, thus extending the sphere of British influence. By

this time the traders of Britain were wearied of the aggressive policy of Wellesley, military victories not always meaning increased dividends, and were glad to see Lord Minto take his place, under whose command Politicals were sent for the first time to the Punjab, Afghanistan, and Persia. On his retirement the Marquis of Hastings entered on the scene, in 1814, who saw the British through the Gurkha War, and the last war with the Mahrattas, one consequence of which was the possession by the British of Simla, Massuri, and Naina Tal, on the lower slopes of the Himalayas. This meant that the authority of the British had been considerably extended, and, still more important, that the tyranny under which certain peoples of India had groaned for years was supplanted, and law and order brought into districts which up to that time had known little of either.

Passing over the career of Lord Amherst, who saw us through the first Burmese War, and the capture of Bhartpur, a stronghold which had become a menace to the security of India through its reputation as an impregnable fortress, we come to Lord William Bentinck. He is deservedly famous for having suppressed the murderous gangs who, under the name of Thugs, organised assassination in different parts of India, and for having abolished suttee, that infamous practice by which the Hindu widow immolated herself on the corpse of her husband. Associated with the Government under Lord William Bentinck was Macaulay, a name ever to be revered by those who are concerned for the welfare of India. Then, after a brief interval, came the administration of Lord Auckland, under whose government the first Afghan War broke out. Sir Alexander Burnes was murdered in Cabul, whilst the political adviser, Sir William Macnaghten, was assassinated, in 1841, and the army, with its camp followers, a body numbering in all 16,000 persons, set off from Afghanistan, through the passes, to reach India. Of that host only one, Dr. Brydon, escaped the knives of the Afghans and the fearful cold of the mountain passes, and lived to reach the shelter of Jalalabad and tell the pitiful story of their decimation. As a punishment for this crime the bazaar

of Cabul was blown up with gunpowder, and the gates removed from the tomb of Mahmud of Ghazni. Under Lord Hardinge and then under Lord Dalhousie the first and second Sikh Wars were fought, with the result that large tracts were brought under the control of British government, and a great fighting race, animated by religious as well as national passions, compelled to acknowledge British sovereignty.

Of Dalhousie many hard things have been said, yet indeed there are few names more worthy of respect in the annals of India. Possessed of a deep sense of his responsibilities to the Hindu people, he was essentially a man of peace, though thrown against his will into the theatre of war. He it was who, for the best of reasons, the fearful misgovernment then prevailing, ordered Outram to take over the direct administration of the Province of Oudh, and so to bring to an end a system which entailed suffering to millions. No act reflects more honour on the character and intention of Dalhousie, yet it was one of the contributing causes of that Mutiny which nearly lost to us the whole of our Indian possessions. That insurrection, the result of many causes which had at last been focused to a point, revealed at once the strength and the weakness of our rule. It proved the splendid loyalty of the Sikhs, showed the need for an understanding of the methods by which feeling is generated and information spread throughout the great continent, and revealed the magnificent heroism and tenacity of purpose by which our soldiers and civilians alike were animated, when it came to a question of fighting and dying for the maintenance of British rule in India. Chiefly gathering, as far as dramatic interest is concerned, about the cities of Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi, it has made those places for ever famous in the annals of our nation. For it was at Cawnpore that the massacre occurred in which four hundred and fifty persons, mostly women and children, seeking safety, under the permit of Nana Sahib, by going down the river in boats, were murdered by soldiers firing from the banks, only some four men escaping to relate the sufferings and death of their comrades. It recalls the glorious defence

of Lucknow under Lawrence, whose spirit still survived amongst the garrison after he himself had been mortally wounded by a shell—an example which enabled the garrison to hold out until relieved by Havelock, after three months of terror and privation. It brings to mind the desperate courage of Nicholson, who headed the storming party against Delhi, and fell, at the gates of the city, at a time when India sorely needed his majestic presence; and of Hodson, who with his own hand shot down the Emperor's sons, after bringing in as a prisoner the Emperor himself. These, among others, attained in those days the immortality of the brave.

One result of the Mutiny was that the Company which had commenced our work in India ceased to exist, the whole responsibility of government being taken over by the authorities at home, and the Empire of India being constituted under the rulership of Queen Victoria. From 1600 to 1858 the Company had been allowed to do its work, it had enjoyed a long and prosperous career, but the time had come for something greater than the first traders had dreamed of, and under Clemency Canning, so called because by his impartial judgments he offended both parties interested in India, the Company passed into the pages of history as an institution which had done its work. Since then the story of India has been one of perpetual struggle against the evils of famine, misgovernment, ignorance, and superstition, on the part of as heroic and intelligent a body of men as has ever added prestige and glory to an Imperial nation.

There are those who look with jealous eyes on Britain's work in India. They see but a noble nation in bondage to a Foreign Power, and watch our countrymen crossing the seas, like flocks of voracious birds, to alight on the banks of the Hooghly, avaricious of booty, regardless of law. In their eyes Englishmen are vulgarising, with their cheap and gaudy fabrics, the beautiful and venerable handicrafts of the Indian native, and turning the romantic thoroughfares of Benares and Delhi into a hideous imitation of Old Kent Road.

Every human venture may be interpreted in this unlovely fashion by those who see nothing but the baser

elements in the mingled clay and gold of man's endeavour, but a limited acquaintance with the world might teach these Draconic judges that enduring empires are built of other material than the rubble and sand of meanness and greed. It is true that money comes to England from India, that something like sixteen millions is drawn from the country for payment of loans, interest, annuities on State railways, military and other charges, and that the returns from private enterprise and the salaries of officials amount to something like ten millions—a very considerable sum of money. But then it is drawn from a population of three hundred millions, and in return for this they receive, what otherwise they would not enjoy, security of government and protection from depredation by their stronger neighbours. Nor is this all, for they certainly gain largely by the development of the country's resources. On the ground of material prosperity alone the Indian people are better off under British rule than they ever were before, and the sense of security given by good government is helping to create that confidence without which capital cannot be found for industrial investment. This is not the least significant triumph of our rule in India.

True, the thoughtful Hindu will not forget that in the administration of Lord Lytton, who inherited his father's taste for garish magnificence, six millions of natives died of famine, and the utilitarian may not be wrong who suggests that to save this holocaust of human life may be more important than to change the seat of government from one city to another, or to add some further title and glory to the King's deputy in these lands. But to advance this criticism implies no forgetfulness of the complexity and difficulty of the Anglo-Indian's task. For the causes of famine are at once natural and economic. The prime cause is lack of rain, and this can only be obviated by still further development of the irrigation system, with which already great progress has been made. But besides this there are the economic causes, chief of which is the poverty of the people. The average income of the Hindu is two pounds a year, and this does not leave a wide margin for meeting

the ordinary misfortunes of industry. The Bunyia, a sinister figure, equivalent to the Gombeen man of Ireland, a hard and successful usurer, plays his usual part in the agricultural life of India. Even Government ownership of the land has not prevented this, for though a period of grace may be allowed before the Government official takes proceedings to secure his rent, yet to pay this the tenant may be driven to mortgage his crops to the Bunyia, who will foreclose when it suits him. The crop is then sold, and the tenant is fortunate if left with enough money to carry on to the next season.

Add to this that the merchant, either anxious to keep his contracts or to seize the opportunity for increased profits, rushes the crop out of the country, to compete in the world market, perhaps leaving the peasant without food, as in the famine of 1906, when thousands of tons of rice and wheat were exported from India to Europe, and can it be denied that a rulership which allows that anomaly may be subject to criticism? Happily, under Lord Curzon's rule, a name to be held in honour by all who are interested in the welfare of India, the danger of famine has been grappled with. Few fatalities have happened in recent years from this cause, and it is at least possible that this, the greatest scourge of Indian life, may yet be brought under relatively effective control.

Certainly taxation under British rule is lighter in proportion to income than under the Moghul Emperors. But we expect from our Government not only a higher moral standard but a more intelligent use of available means for lightening the burdens of the nation, and it is generally admitted that the Government does not claim sufficient from the great nobles and semi-independent princes. For this there may be political reasons, but in the India of the future they will be expected to contribute more to the needs of the State.

These are some of the criticisms generally made upon our Indian Government. On the other hand is the fact that the volume of trade has grown enormously in India since 1874. The railways, opening up districts hitherto unknown, have developed the trade in grain, jute, and ground nuts, whilst the trade in tea has grown,

until now, from India and Ceylon, twice as much tea is exported annually as from China. India has both cheap labour and cheap material, the railways have brought the resources of the country near to the large centres, thus reducing the cost of fuel, and hence this land, protected by the wall of the Himalayas, from which comes an unceasing supply of water-power waiting to be effectively distributed, may become one of the manufacturing centres of the world, whilst the tobacco trade of India alone may bring in a revenue of millions. All these are reasons why we should look on the future of India with hope.

A powerful agent in the maintenance of our rule in India will certainly be the self-interest of the people. Probably no race can feel affection for men of another nationality who have subdued them in battle, but the certainty that as a nation they benefit by British government is a strong argument for loyalty, and though the Hindu, seeing all things as illusion, may regard the British occupation of his country as no more than a temporary incident, and may have little admiration for us and ours, it is equally possible that he is aware of the value of Imperial authority to his native land, and recognises, what is clear to anyone who will see, that were English rulership withdrawn, India would revert to the anarchy from which she has been delivered. Picture the consequence of such lawlessness, and the price of security will not seem too high.

Was there ever a land where the separation between men was so rigid? Caste in India seems a granite wall, against which the humanitarians throw themselves in vain. Yet if progress is to be made, this ancient system must be reduced. Perhaps the industrial and social changes common to all the world will operate here. Science has no partiality for equality as such, but it helps to eradicate false distinctions, compels men to confront the truth, and puts the dynamite of knowledge under the fortresses of prejudice. As an expression of natural inequality, caste will always exist amongst men, but as a religious dogma it is doomed to destruction by the diffusion of certified knowledge. One sees here in India the Englishman, no stranger to the influence of

class in his own country, struggling, often with a noble obstinacy, against hindrances created by the conservatism of an ancient race, and endeavouring, ingeniously and persuasively, to introduce into the ancient life of the East the general ideas of Western culture.

Seeing these things, the intelligent observer will understand that after all Burke did not fail. Those glittering speeches, compact of wisdom and passion, have created for the Englishman a tradition, a hieratic cult, which drives the King's representatives to honourable effort on behalf of India. The desire that she shall be governed wisely has become to them almost a religion. To stand in defence of the poor of the land, declaring that their prosperity and contentment must ever be the chief consideration to the Indian official, was the principle by which John Lawrence worked. And he was but one of many who have earned the noble eulogy that they had the "genius of virtue."

But there remains the problem of the future of India, and the manner in which that future is to be evolved through the agency of our Government. Our best representatives in India dream of producing a form of civic life which shall be a model to all rulers. If this is to be done, then we must dismiss the notion that India is to be kept, a thing apart, separate from the thought and life of the Empire. You cannot satisfy the educated Hindu by explaining that the theory of benevolent paternity will not permit him a part in the management of Indian affairs. As Englishmen, we misapprehend modern India if we think that jokes about the Bengali Babu, and references to chattering agitators, will help us in a difficult situation.

Can there be created out of this multiplicity of nations an India possessing a national life and guided by national sentiment, which will include all the different peoples of the land? Like other things, desirable and otherwise, this may come with the passage of time, and its coming may by no means lessen the burdens of the Indian Administrator. But there is no need to seek for it, and the course of Indian development may go on for generations without any manifestation of

genuine national existence. Should such a national life develop, what would be our duty? Many competent students would deny to these Indian subjects of the Empire any voice in the management of government. But the final answer to this is the admission of many honourable civilians that the moderately well-governed native State gives a greater measure of happiness than a system, more severe and perhaps more efficient, maintained by officials of the ruling class. There may be no antipathy towards our Government. Prosperity, peace, and security are guaranteed as never before to the multitude. The men responsible for the government of India sincerely desire the welfare of the people. But, unless the students of native life and thought have erred, the gulf between the Hindu and the ruling class is wide. There is a barrier between the two types of mind, and even Nicholson, who was unto them as a god, could scarcely understand the cavernous background of Hindu thought. Since Macaulay's time two, if not three, generations of students have received a European education, and can look on the question of Indian government from a new standpoint. We could not refuse to educate these men when we accepted the rule of India as a moral responsibility, and it was written in the Book of Fate that these men, being taught, should confront us with questions which must needs be answered.

One cause for reasonable fear is the small number of the white race in the country. And if we were intending to hold the population of India by force alone, it would be absurd to depend on some hundred thousand souls to rule three hundred millions. But in the last resort we cannot hold a united India by the sword, whilst we may hold it indefinitely by wise treatment of the men, who, educated in Western ideas and methods, would, in the event of strife amongst the warlike races, be forced into subordinate positions, but as educated men are capable of being useful servants of the British Government. There is no greater danger assailing our Dependency than scornful treatment of the educated Hindu. Happily the Hindu can distinguish between the gentleman and the cad, without assistance from his rulers.

We should probably strengthen our authority by handing over important judicial positions to natives, and in recent years this has frequently been done. The creation of a native judiciary, trained in the spirit and practice of English jurisprudence, would go far to establish our reputation for fair dealing, and would create a regiment of intellectuals whose sympathies would be with the representatives of British rule.

The most difficult element in the population is the agitating class. Naturally men habituated to the official point of view regard the agitator as an unmitigated curse. And yet the agitator may well be something more than a firebrand to the fuel of anarchy, and a little thought would teach rulers that governing powers, even when vested in upright men, are so liable to blunt the perceptions of those who use them, that criticism is as needful for the rulers as for the ruled. Socrates could smilingly speak of himself as the gadfly of the State. Our modern agitator, a labour leader in England, a spokesman of the inarticulate millions of India, with less urbanity and much less intellectual weight, fulfils a similar function. He stings the torpid nerves of complacent rulers into a recognition of humanity's insatiable needs. And any Government which deals with India, awake, educated, and vocal, must accept the agitator as a factor in society. We have declared that no native of India shall be barred from any position by religion, or place of birth, or descent, and we must accept the consequences of faith in our own constitution and the rationality of the Indian mind. We have created an expectation which we must try to satisfy. The men educated in our schools and colleges read and think in a language common to them all, and we have thus created a homogeneous body of opinion, a united people bent on the publication of their views.

Nor ought this fact to alarm us. The Hindu is like other men; let him speak of his troubles without let or hindrance, and you take the sharp edge off his resentment. It is the habit of pressing down the smouldering discontent, of sitting on a volcano, thankful only if it makes no noise and permits them to retain their position with

the appearance of dignity, that is perilous to rulers. What we need in India is a determination to do good work, and a daring indifference to the impression made upon the observer, whether of our own race or another. With such a temper we might not always present so impressive a front to the world, but we should have the reality of strength in which to trust.

It may well be that parliamentary forms such as we are accustomed to will be, for a long time at least, perhaps always, unsuitable to the rule of India. But democracy is not confined to a form of Parliamentarism. It may co-exist with any form which allows the expression of opinion by the people, and permits the men who represent public opinion to influence governmental activity. And when we understand that here as elsewhere in our Empire there must be a steady effort to extend the sphere of liberty, we shall see that men who often speak and write our language better than most of us do at home, who have proved themselves capable administrators in many offices, cannot be treated as though by natural law doomed to servile subjection.

On what principle then ought alteration to proceed? It must be in the direction of strengthening the power of the native in social affairs. Let the municipality and the village be more than ever a centre of national life and thought. Give to the responsible Hindu of every religious persuasion the knowledge, born of experience, that whenever opportunity offers, he will be introduced to some form of active service, where he can use his gifts for the benefit of his country. This, much more than mere parliamentary forms, will strengthen our hold in India. The central administration may be as strong as ever, but the creation of a local patriotism, the growth of a body of native talent equivalent to our country gentry and our Justices of the Peace, is important to the future prosperity of our rule.

Of course this would not satisfy the intelligent and politically educated Indian, who is clever enough to understand that in such circumstances the central organisation would have the reality of power, and the provincials still be in a state of subordination. But in India political

changes must be made slowly, and no Government could wisely make the cultured Indian the standard by which to gauge the political aptitudes of the populace. And therefore we cannot hope to satisfy all the aspirations of the cultivated Indian for a considerable time to come. But we can and must use his talents, and try to make of him a moderately contented citizen and servant of the Empire. Above all, we should introduce into our governing practice the spirit of Christianity. To create a body of men who are willing to make the Christian law the rule of their conduct, regarding themselves as called, in the order of Divine providence, to their task—this alone guarantees the preservation of our Imperial rule.

And this brings us to the consideration of a difficult question. What is to be the attitude of the British man in India to the religious beliefs of the country?

No philosophy or religion purely contemplative has ever taken strong hold on the English mind. The religious thought of Englishmen will not be so affected by the ideas of Hinduism as to lose the element of activity, always a factor in their thinking. But they may profitably cultivate that sense of mystery in things, of swift movement to an unknown bourne, of changeless stability in the spiritual elements, common to all religions of the East. Is it true that the Hindu makes mystery where there is none? Even this may be better than our assumption that all is explicable, that superficial theories offer to the thinking man sufficient food for his soul. Our Christianity would accord better with the vastness and variety of experience, if there were in it more of the brooding spirit so common to the Hindu race.

Why are the holy places in India always in such admirable situations? Their rivers—the Jumna, the Nerbudda, the Ganges—sacred in their eyes, almost deserve all that has been said of them, if viewed merely as the glittering elements of a picture. The truth is, that in the Hindu mind one discovers a deep vein of poetry, a love for the fine and grand forms of Nature, fittingly expressed in the reverence paid to the mountains and rivers of his land. Animism, the belief that all the separate forms of organised life may be referred back

to some immaterial principle, has found here a durable dwelling-place. To these men there is a soul of the Ganges, a spirit of the Himalayas. Is it superstition? Is it not rather the primitive religion of men who are nearer to the breast of Nature than ourselves? We English, men of the open air though we be, can only at rare intervals (alas, how rare!) throw up some soul like Shelley, to whom Nature is but the curtain through which gleam the limbs of the Timeless Spirit. But to the Hindu, more so than to most men, this poetic pantheism is natural. Centuries of heredity, of mental powers bent in one direction, have given a peculiar susceptibility to the Hindu soul. The poetic temper, emotional and profound, is not rare amongst them. The Hindu reveres those holy men who, initiated to the mysteries of thought amidst the solemn splendours of wild Nature, have received at her hands, in these divine sanctuaries, the gift of calm.

Would you not say then that Hinduism should be, of all religions, the most pure and austere? For where can the sublime ideas of religion find a grander background? And yet of all religions it has suffered most severely from disruptive and poisonous influences. Thirty millions of gods created by a faith which in its original scriptures is amongst the purest, the most free from the image-making instinct. An equal number of Brahmins by caste accepted as saviours! That grand literature, which stirred the scornful soul of Schopenhauer to admiration, so obscured by an immense ecclesiastical corporation that until recent times it was a sin for a Sudra, one of the common people, to read the noblest writings of his native land.

Modern Hinduism, difficult to define, becoming ever more a mere bundle of heterogeneous ideas, is in direct conflict with the Vedas, its sacred books. It too has lost the ancient strain. This is why Swami Dayananda, the founder of the Arya Somaj, attacks the Brahmins and the caste system. He knows that caste is not a religion any more than it is a natural institution. Castes are professions or guilds, into which in ancient times any person might enter who proved worthy of elevation;

out of which anyone might fall by foolish or vicious conduct. The son of a prostitute has been made a Brahmin. It is the ecclesiastics who have divided society into compartments within which the individual is imprisoned. Perhaps the system was hardened into its present granite-like solidity as a barrier against a more definite Faith like Islam. But, in flying from the Crescent, the Hindu has fallen into the hands of one not less autocratic than Mohammed. For to-day the Brahmin is everything—Pope, King, and Priest in one. The human soul born outside that holy circle can never be other than an ignorant barbarian in comparison with the fortunate twice-born man.

The religious and philosophical literature of India reveals an indomitable disposition to pantheism. Something in the atmosphere, in the warm air of these vast plains, engenders the melancholy languor, the subjection of the ego by the immensity of the external order which pantheism suggests. In the earlier books of the Rig-Veda, the most primitive source of Indian thought, one traces the disposition to seek for the origin and ground of the world in a personal deity. Theism promises to be the doctrine of these millions of the Aryan race. But, in the last book of the Rig-Veda, the idea of monotheism has given way to a vague pantheistic formula. A thin, pure stream, rising high among the mountains, it is submerged and enveloped in the broad and wandering waters of pantheistic thought. Why is this? There can be no complete answer; for who can give an explanation of facts so subtle, manifold, various as these? The immensity of the area covered by these people, their enormous numbers, the fact that, though alike in many respects to each other, they yet lack the intense passion of nationality, of race, by which minor differences are subdued—this makes it difficult to create amongst them a definite object of worship, an idea which shall crystallise the elements of faith around one central nucleus. India has never been a nation, she has never been mastered by one religion. And though prolific in poets and thinkers, she has not produced the unifying personality which would blend the strands of thought. She has had no

Socrates. Athens was small, compact; vocal through many lips but a common tongue; her intellectual vivacity finally focused itself in the genius of one man. India has not found one who can speak for her in this comprehensive fashion. Buddha speaks for many, but he cannot speak for all.

As with men so with the gods. Varuna emerges in the early literature, superbly moral, with elements in him worthy of reverence from all men. Surely the Hindu has bounded forward into a region of lofty, ethical worship, while other nations are still toiling through the swamps of a crude polytheism! Alas no! It is but another illusion. Varuna, sublime conception of the human mind; Rita, the moral order connected with him—these fall back, and lower forms, ascidian, reptilian, bestial, take the stage.

Select from amongst this collection of man-made deities the figure of Siva. He combines in himself the energy of life and the terror of death. Around his neck hangs the necklace of skulls, the symbol of corruption, and the phallus, the emblem of procreative life. He gathers into one the extremes of being. Birth and death meet in him. You wonder that this creation, so fantastically hideous, should have captured the affection of millions of men! Out of what glooms of despair have those thoughts come; from what bitter pessimisms have sprung those loathly forms with which the idea of man has here clothed itself? But do you see his throat? It is dark, hideously discoloured, as of one in whom the red blood has been changed to purple by some strangler's hand. That is the mark of the poison. At the churning of the Sea of Milk, the legend runs, when the gods were threatened, Siva drank the halahala, the poison by which the gods were to be destroyed. That is why his throat is black. That is why the people worship him. They see in him the deliverer, the self-sacrificing one, who accepted the deepest law of all, that man or god shall give his life for his friends. That necklace of skulls, that gross image of reproductive life, hangs round the throat blackened by the act of self-immolation. Is it not that the Hindu has realised that through birth

and death, from one extreme of the line of life to the other, the sacrificial principle holds good?

Would you see some of the fruits of these strange worships? There is Tantrism, certainly not one of the great trees in the forest of Hindu thought, but one of the rank weeds growing in this fruitful soil. Emphasising the typical Hindu doctrine of Maya, that all is illusion, it declares that the greatest illusion of all is woman. And on the principle that one can destroy poison by poison, and escape from illusion by illusion, it encourages the practice of sensual vice. Here is the deliverance for man from the tyranny exercised by this most dangerous illusion of all. Strange doctrine! Does it not show how the mind will fashion its formulas after its own desires, and, wherever placed, discover apologies for its own lewdness? To the influence of this faith on conduct there is no lack of testimony. Unnamable vices, repellent to average human nature, are tolerated and encouraged. Incest becomes pardonable. The decencies of life are scorned. Whatever passion, loosed from all bonds, may accomplish, is thought of as but a mode by which the human creature, subject to every form of illusion, may escape from the clouds through which he blindly strays.

Has this evil growth been continuous? Has there been no rebellion of the freer spirits against its deleterious encroachments? Do not believe it. The story of religion in India is not without its heroic figures, its Puritan preachers, its reformers of manners and morals. Buddhism itself is a revolt against the growing tyranny of a priestly order. That Brahmanic society, exclusive, menacing, avaricious, an aristocracy concerned only with its gains, was bound to provoke the anger of just men. Buddhism rises from the depths of the Hindu spirit, a protest against the callous iniquities of a system which threatens, like a climbing plant growing round a tree, to strangle the very life out of religion. True, the revolt itself becomes a reaction. The rebel is transformed into a tyrant. But in its genesis it is an attempt, and a noble one, to bring back the ancient strain of holy thought and austere living.

Jainism, again, is in its origin purely a creed of rebellion against the cruelty of caste, though it has fallen from its original simplicity. Those sharp divisions into which Hindu society is separated are an offence to men who are touched by the spirit of the Jain. The religious Jacobin is not unknown in this ancient land. He too has felt the bitterness of an inferiority for which he is in nowise responsible, which can never be changed save by the break up of the society which keeps him bound, and he too believes that the creation of a more equitable system is within the compass of human abilities. Your Protestant, hating the authority of a priesthood which would bind his free intelligence; your Puritan, desiring to see the life of man moralised, made conformable to an ethical ideal; your Anarchist, seeking for justice in a world which seems handed over to conscienceless strength—they are all to be found in this land, the pregnant womb of ideas which other nations and races have borrowed and applied with happier result.

And then how suggestive is the system of avatars, those descents into human life from the supersensual realms by which the Hindu strove to link the divine and the human. Sometimes it is the sending forth of an emanation, so that we might imagine ourselves amongst the Gnostics of Early Christian theology. Again it is the actual incarnation, the entrance into human life of the deity. Always it is the manifestation of an effort to bring the god nearer to earth, to make him companionable with man. The Hindu mind is seeking for the divine grace, clinging to the belief, the hope, that the dread powers are not indifferent to the welfare of suffering man. Can you not trace here that indestructible faith, the fruitful ground of all deep religion which the Christian believes has been proved and satisfied in the coming of Christ?

And do not doubt that there is grandeur and beauty in these divine forms. There is Vishnu, the god who brought to weary men the promise and the hope of a life beyond this present world, a promise welcome to men, even though that life should be but the certainty

of absorption into the Infinite One. The soul, fatigued with the never-ending illusion, had turned in disgust from the spectacle of a continual change, without aim, without end, save the gloom of the grave. Vishnu came as the bringer of light. He predicted a dawn beyond the far horizon where the setting sun crimsons the sky. It is this prophecy of a life beyond, the gift of the gracious deity, that amidst the multitude of gods makes Vishnu attractive. He proves again that it is not the distant majesty, but the condescension of the pitiful heart that gives deity a grip on human affections.

Amongst the nobler forms of Hindu deity is Bhagavan, the supreme god of Bhakti. This latter is defined as the devout sentiment of one who knows no other god in heaven. It is a mode of devotion, a means whereby the spirit is enabled to pass into the stage of contemplation, attaining rest in the presence of the Blessed One. As such it is one of the purest forms of religious thought known to India. Bhakti, if assiduously followed, can arrest the law by which the soul is compelled to pass from one form of life to another, and transmigration no longer hangs, an eternal menace to peace, over the soul of the believer. It has persisted with wonderful vitality for many centuries, and can count amongst its adherents some of the finest minds of the race. And yet even Bhakti is in constant peril of lapsing into mystic eroticism, that pit into which the Hindu stumbles from the lofty heights of spiritual exaltation with such deplorable facility.

Nor is the element of rapt devotion unknown amongst them, even where one would expect that the disintegrating influence of pure thought would have rendered the devotional instinct weak. The Bhagavad Gita is a song of the devout soul. It chants the glories of the emancipated spirit. For the believer, thus announcing his faith, the universe is strung together upon God as pearls on a thread. All scattered elements are brought together, linked by their common relation to God. The spirit of the adoring saint can find room here to breathe. The soul is not destroyed by the

many forms that life may take, the One is not annihilated by the multitude of its manifestations.

Or think of that assemblage of physical exercises with a spiritual purpose, the practice of which is termed Raj Yoga. Passionate meditation and stern asceticism have nowhere been more admirably illustrated. The slow liberation of the spirit of man, emancipation from the flesh, the search after perfection, are there carried to the loftiest pitch. Is not this too in agreement with the hunger of the Christian saint for completeness? Santa Teresa, sane, passionate, exquisitely poised, is not without sympathetic relations with the Masters of Raj Yoga. Loyola would have been at home with their practice, though unfamiliar with their ideas. Law and Leighton would not have thought their labours vain. The wind of the Spirit blows whither it will. Whether it be the monk on Mount Athos, separated from all suggestion of sex, or the ancient Taoist of China, or the Sufi amongst the Arabs, there is that in genuine saintship which makes all its followers akin. Happy are they who, under the infinite divergences of form, can recognise the unity of spirit.

Two influences then contend for the allegiance of the Indian mind. Samsara, the eternal recurrence of the ego through different manifestations, hangs like a cloud over the Hindu spirit and makes it difficult for them to hope. The ever turning wheel will bring the soul to its appointed place, swinging it down to the deeps amongst the unclean beasts, or carrying it beyond the peaks to the skies, through seventy-three thousand differing births, and of its destiny and goal no word is given, from its doom no escape is offered. Here is the mystic rune of orthodox Hinduism. True, in the nobler writings of the sages one finds suggestions, not a few, that at last, through reverential feeling, man may attain to the blissful state of "never-returning," may overcome Samsara, and possess his soul, no longer in dread of being caught again by the ever turning wheel. In Vaisnavism, especially in the doctrine of Ramanuja, given by the Guru or teacher under a pledge of secrecy, but of such importance that it would have been treason to humanity not to preach it, the

self-rulership of man is boldly announced. Instead of being the victim of his past, man is taught to believe that he is responsible for his own deeds done alone.

Yet everywhere throughout the religious thinking of the Hindu runs the strong stream of Karma doctrine. Nothing has done more to shape the thought of the people than this. And this doctrine is not easily reconciled in its entirety with the Christian ideal. Karma is the law by which the individual is made the victim of the past. It enforces the idea that the present moment in life is the product of all that has gone before. Never can the soul escape from its preceding history. There is no place for repentance, for those new beginnings which form so important an element in the life of the Christian. The sour grapes eaten, the teeth must be set on edge. And this determined course leads, not to the creation of a positive and personal righteousness, but to the absorption of the individual in the World Soul, the ultimate loss of self in the Universal Self. Why is this? Is it not that the Hindu thinker has been oppressed by the tremendous mechanism of Nature, of which man appears to form a part, and has made that mechanism invincible in its control over human destiny? The majesty of the individual soul has been lost to him, crushed as he is by the Nature that smiles and frowns upon him so terribly.

It is true that the Christian thinker also recognises the presence of this mechanical order of Nature. He is aware of the uniformity of law. But then he believes that this order lies within another order, larger, higher, or, if you will, that it is interpenetrated by another, a spiritual order of life. From this, the ruling and guiding energy of the world, there proceed rejuvenating powers, revealing the grace of a personal and beneficent Creator. And it is this religion of grace, this belief in the power of the spiritual to encompass the natural order and direct it to higher ends, that makes Christianity a religion of hope. For it is this which enables Christianity to view man as a self-determining agent. He is not bound by his past, but, rising above it, can take it up into the new self, created by the operation of grace, and there can transform

it into the substance of a new life. The main weakness of Hindu decadent thought lies here, in its failure to give to the individual the confidence he needs for the creation of a new manhood.

Another consequence of the doctrine of Karma is that the believer's concern is always with the escape from himself. This past, which he feels in his bones, a part of his being, he feels to be the main hindrance to the attainment of peace. Therefore most of his effort is directed towards an escape from existence. The Christian's goal is not like this. He does not wish to fly from his own being, but to change that being in agreement with the idea of righteousness. He seeks after a positive good. He intends, not to escape from life, but to get to God. To some extent this Karma doctrine, so severe in its restrictions on the free activity of the soul, is modified by the influence of later teachers. The modern Hindu need not regard Karma as necessarily binding him within the iron fetters of an unalterable destiny, the good that he may yet do can become an instrument for the creation of a new and free spiritual manhood. And this approach to the Christian idea ought to be welcomed.

Yet another difference, and a possible hindrance to union, is the disposition in Hinduism to make intellectualism, pure thought, the only way of spiritual betterment. This is what makes the religion so intensely aristocratic. This deprives it of the inspiration which it ought to give to the poor and the oppressed. For a religion which is concerned with the function of thought alone, must always be the privilege of the select few rather than the common possession of the many. Christianity, with its doctrine of a personal God, with its emphasis on a fellowship between God and man as separate personalities, makes its claim, not on the intellect alone, but on the emotions, the will, indeed on the whole man. And it is this which has admitted within its borders every condition of humanity.

Yet even this sketch of some leading ideas of Hinduism seems to justify the hope of a more sympathetic understanding between it and Christianity. Both of them emphasise the spiritual aspect of life. To the best minds

in both life is seen as a transient form. And the very existence of the numerous sects, all of them with some affinity to Christianity, testifies to the effect of Christian teaching on Hindu thought. Keshub Chunder Sen, the ruling genius of the Brahmo Somaj, was sympathetic towards Christian ideals. Amongst the members of that society, as indeed amongst most educated Indians, there is a manifest reverence for the ethical teachings of Christ. Indeed, this desire for a union of the spirit between Christians and Hindus has led, by a not unnatural revulsion, to the creation of the Arya Somaj, the fruit of the life and labours of the late Swami Dayananda. Both these are the natural results of a reaction against the influence of Christianity on Hindu thought. As such they are a convincing testimony to the impact of Christianity on the indigenous beliefs.

This desire for a closer approach of the two systems does not mean that Christianity is to become a mere eclecticism. For this has been the bane of Hinduism itself. Even its adherents complain that it is so vague as to have lost all aggressive vigour. Hitherto Christianity has succeeded in India, by the confession of those who are least kindly affectioned towards it, through definiteness of statement and a relative compactness of form. Remembering this, it should yet be possible to find, in the beliefs of leading Hindu thinkers, thoughts to which some element in our own religion will respond.

Thus the pure Monism of Sankaracharya, one of the noblest of their teachers, apparently hostile to Christianity, and certainly very emphatic in its rejection of all Dualism or Pluralism, might be elevated, not destroyed, by being related to the monotheism of Christianity. The subtle abstraction of the thinker is not impoverished but enriched by being interpreted in terms of personality, when the emphasis is laid, not on form, as in idolatry, but on the spiritual qualities by which God is related to man. Similarly the idea of renunciation, expressed in the life and teaching of Gautama Buddha, far from being hostile to the spirit of Christianity, is of its very genius all compact. The difference is that, instead of the sacrificial self ceasing to exist, being lost in a universal

nescience, it becomes richer and more potent through its renunciation. Where the Buddha thought absolute extinction the only desirable end, Christ declares that the self, lost for God, shall be found again in a purer form. Here the impact of Christianity on Hinduism ought to be deeply beneficial to the nation. For the curse of India is just this poor conception of the value of human life, which makes the contempt felt for the Sudra possible.

Are we to say then that there is no relation between the ideas of Christianity and the Hindu religions? That would be a confession of despair. There are elements in our religion which emphasise sufficiently the idea of Karma. The sowing and reaping idea, so familiar to Christian teaching, proves that we are as willing as they to acknowledge those links which bind our days to each other. But for us this law is not fatal but is made subordinate to grace, operating through Christ's redemption, so that a new beginning is possible. Certainly also the intellect must play an important part in religion, and philosophy must have its claims adequately met. But man is a many-sided being, and, for the Christian, it is not only the intellect but the whole spirit of man that needs the presence of God. And in Christ we have not only mind in its highest ranges, but character, moral nature, proving itself under trial, revealing God as the lover of men, a person seeking fellowship with a person, and lifting man above the range of mechanical law to a realm where the inner spirit may assume control. Christianity must approach Hinduism, not to discover its defects alone, but to find those ideas which, purged of their grosser faults, may be made contributory to the light that gathers round the Son of Man.

A great Anglo-Indian has declared that, "The only difference between man and man is at last found in the extent to which each has adopted Christianity." In Christianity we have a system of faith which can unite the most diverse minds. Dare we neglect it? The Hindu is a religious man. It is in his blood, a heritage derived from an immemorial ancestry. "In his ancient

literature," says De Tocqueville, "every theory of social order may be found." And similarly it may be said that every form of religion is present in the same fruitful field. These men have pondered the problems of thought for generations. There is at once the difficulty and the opportunity of the Christian apostle. The Mussulman father whispers into the ear of his newborn child the formula of his faith, beginning an education which ceases only with death. The Buddhist, devotee of a legend sublimely beautiful, is barricaded from birth against contact with alien beliefs. Why then complain of the relative ineffectiveness of the Christian teacher? We have done much, more than could be expected, with the resources at our disposal. Ninety years ago there were only three hundred converts in the whole of India. Now there are many hundreds of thousands. True, that is poor enough when we compare it with the population. But those who have worked at this task and are aware of the difficulties are amazed at our triumphs.

One must needs wonder what is to be the future of this country, so strange and fascinating, when viewed in the light of her great past. Perhaps her people, not ignorant of what she stood for in ages long gone by, look with a glance of scorn on her present state, and dream of a revival of her ancient glory. Once these men exercised in their own right rulership over half the world, were sovereigns over Afghanistan, Baluchistan, and Thibet; sent colonists to Egypt to supply with the treasures of wisdom the rulers of Thebes; brought their Vedic learning to Greece where men were already, though they knew it not, creating a culture for ages to come; travelled to Rome, and gazed with large melancholy eyes at that other Empire which, without thought, without grace, without soul, was yet, by force and cunning, to stamp her impress for centuries on the world; and even in Peru and Mexico, amidst a civilisation insulated, exotic, the Hindu could still be met, the messenger of kings, the representative of the gorgeous East. And the descendants of these potentates and ambassadors are now members of a subject race, expected to regard the pale-faced youth who has passed a good

examination at Oxford as one of the Family of the Gods. Will it last? One cannot answer that with certainty, for the future is hidden from all eyes. But we may be sure that there can be no adequate control of this mighty people, capable of resisting the corrosion of time, which is not based on the principles of eternal morality, and affiliated with the truths of the Gospel.

BOOK III

BUILDERS OF EMPIRE

MEN OF THE SWORD

I

THE MAN AT ARMS

DE MAISTRE would have us believe that war is supernatural, because of the virtues produced by it. We cannot ignore the gloomy and pathetic sides of these colossal conflicts. No love of glory can alter the truth that in war we have cruelty and lust and every wild passion brought to the front, that the beautiful virtues of compassion and gentleness are despised and made negligible. But when we have urged every argument against the alluring fascination of the military life and calling, it remains true that there are virtues made manifest by it which add a majesty to the life of the common man.

The British people have taken for granted the right of the citizen to order his life according to taste. That other ideal of life, which always subordinates the individual entirely to the community, which is carried to its highest point in the life of the soldier, will not be without its useful influence upon our national temper. The men who have served in the Army will in this sense act as a leaven for the whole. Where the practice of obedience, immediate and unthinking, has been insisted on for generations, so that the whole nation has been brought into subjection to the will of the superior classes and drilled into a uniformity which admits of no deviation, the sooner military habits are broken through the better for the nation. A moderate amount of drill will do the British man no harm. "The habits of trade, its independence and insubordination," said Admiral Suffren, "are entirely hostile to military discipline." This does not prove those qualities to be worthless, but it suggests

that even they may need to be limited. With our people militarism has always been a secondary thing. Our men have thought much more of the worth of freedom and the right to live in their own way, than of the glory to be won on the battlefield. And this, it may safely be said, is one of the reasons why they have fought so heroically during the Great War.

This independence, this readiness to assert their own rights as men and citizens, is a quality which is always disconcerting to superior and official persons. It may easily become a vice even in a civil society if not balanced by a sense of justice and the spirit of courtesy. But it makes a man even on the battlefield something more than an animated puppet. It provides him with a sense of honour, pride, dignity, it makes him mentally alert and critical, it sharpens his power of initiative, and above all, gives him some reason to fight and continue fighting against systems and policies which have for their aim the stamping out of individual character, the creation of universal uniformity. The British citizen is not military, but he has the making of a perfect soldier.

I doubt whether the prowess of the British soldier has ever received its just meed of recognition. Certainly we are a peculiar people. No nation on earth has less of the military spirit, less inclination for the glories and panoplies, the disciplined fierceness, of the soldier. Yet no nation has more frequently put its fortunes to the test of battle. The bones of our dead lie scattered round the world, bleached by tropic suns and washed by the waves of every sea. Yet how seldom does the average British man speak of these things with pathos or with pride! There is a good deal in us which must seem to outsiders a little like hypocrisy, though indeed it is nothing of the kind. For our customary manner is so different from our actual being, that it is hard to reconcile the two. We have made the phlegm, the cool indifference of the British man on to a byword, and yet we have produced a Shakespeare and a Shelley. Surely the plain truth is, that beneath our assumed impassivity we conceal fiery emotions, intense hatreds, and lyric loves. Perhaps our feelings need this mail corselet of

dull decorum and frigid reserve, lest they burst their banks and swamp us in a flood of sentiment.

Men who have been in the trenches tell me that prior to an attack, during the long hours of waiting, ere the order to advance is given, jokes good and bad, witticisms born of the ironic spirit of the race, pass along the line. We, who are famous everywhere for taking our pleasures sadly, become humorists in the face of imminent peril. Melancholy and severe at a wedding, we smile and talk about the weather at a funeral, so deeply do we dread the surrender of ourselves to the situation of the moment, so firm is our resolution to keep ourselves in hand. It is a strange and complex psychology, which may well provoke strangers to say that we are unintelligible.

Similarly we speak of ourselves as a nation of traders. Our interests are supposed to be limited to blacking and candles, to any fitting thing out of which a profit may be turned. We are the practical ones, the solid matter-of-fact persons, the purse-bearers and breeches-pocket keepers, the dull fellows who do not profess to understand poetry and the sloppy jabber about bards and seers. And so we listen with becoming humility (as the schoolboy listens to the hectoring Keate or Busby of his day) to the clever fellow who explains to us what obtuse boobies we are, and how much better we should be if we would only try to be like him, alert, voluble, sophistical, an intellectual, in fact, of the very first flight and latest pattern. And all the time we are the most romantic of peoples, plunging into new seas, entering on new worlds of adventure, speculating in hazardous enterprises, disdaining the security that the timid man longs for, and believing always that beyond the horizon there lies some Eldorado where the insurgent desires of our spirit may be plenteously met. Sentimental! Idealistic! Why, it is in our blood, born of the purple hills and cloudy fells of the land that bred and cradled us, and indestructible even by the drab squalor of our modern cities. The world would certainly have laughed had Dean Milman's suggestion for a statue been adopted, and Wellington represented as the child Samuel at prayer. Yet it would not

have been entirely ludicrous to depict that iron-hearted embodiment of his race as a pious Paladin seeking guidance on his path.

I am not suggesting that this race is possessed of saintly qualities, that it is in any sense a holy people. There is really very little of that form of pretence about the average British man. But I say boldly that there is more of poetry, romance, idealism amongst these men than they themselves have dared to believe. Do you ask for proof? Look at their history and try to explain its broad outlines and leading motives without allowing for poetry and romance as factors in their achievement. It cannot be done.

Some justification for this contemptuous attitude towards our military exploits may be found in our inveterate dislike for premature planning. No great people has done so little to anticipate dangers or has more boldly grappled with them when they have appeared. The habit of forestalling every calamity, that it may be guarded against, has never found favour with us. And I believe that this is part of our strength, though, of course, like every quality, it carries its own danger with it. Perhaps it has sprung from an instinctive knowledge that war is not an exact science, but a terrible drama, and that, when the bugle blows, we have to confront situations which are sure to be unexpected as they are perilous. The Englishman is far from believing that you can draw up an exact prospectus of the future conditions of the universe. He is much more inclined to keep himself in a tolerably fit condition, and then trust to his own wit and skill to bring him through when the hour of trial comes. Of course our leaders know as well as anybody else that soldiering is not picked up nowadays by accident, and that, as Napoleon said, a man who would break the rules of the business must first at least know them. But as a people we have not taken kindly to the pursuit of that plodding exactitude which is frequently but a cloak for a depressing stupidity. And in this willingness to meet the challenge of the hour, to wait until the figure of an enemy could be discerned and boldly met, rather than to crawl and peep for signs of his coming,

the Englishman has obeyed his native genius, and has found favour, as such men will, with the awarders of life's prizes.

And this high carelessness is not without hints of deeper meaning, is indeed an epitome of a vital philosophy of sorts. The protection that seems to be granted to the drunken sailor who reels with unsteady feet across the plank to his bunk on board, the charmed life that seems to be the portion of certain rash spirits who tempt Death daily in every perilous arena, and yet die comfortably in their beds, are symbolic of the kind of good fortune which seems to await those who trust themselves to the tides of life, without too much forethought as to the shore on which they may be thrown. That antique idea of the jealousy of the gods appears to have a certain ground of reason, to be rooted in human experience, judging from the proverbs of all nations which warn men against the Nemesis that waits on the insolence of pride. Men will not succeed in bold adventures if they foolishly neglect ordinary precautions or deliberately rebel against established laws. That is true. But it is not less true that they cannot guard against every danger, that they never do know all the combinations held by their antagonist, that something must be left to Chance, to the decree of Fortune, if one may say so, to God.

The scientific and organising temper is prone to ignore this element. Within its own boundaries it has achieved such triumphs, the reward of calculated prevision, that it seriously proposes, in the consciousness of its strength, to regulate the universe in the interests of man, and especially of intellectual man. It ignores the "length of Cleopatra's nose," Napoleon's trifling blunder of the horseshoe nails in the Moscow campaign, or his failure to ask the peasant guide about the ditch into which his cuirassiers fell at Waterloo, and all the thousand and one cases where the merest trifle has seemed to decide the destiny of a continent. Life is not, never will be—and it would be good for our calculators if they would accept the plain truth of experience and history—entirely subject to human arithmetic. The drawing up

of schemes for future generations on the assumption that we know or can discover what men and the world will be like a thousand years from now is an interesting and amusing exercise for the imagination, but to speak of scientific prediction where man and communities are concerned is to talk nonsense. To subject the movements of a comet to mathematical law is relatively easy when the formula is known, because you are dealing with ponderable matter. But to apply the same method to men is as sensible as to attempt to measure the winds with a beer jug. The British people know this. They have a considerable respect for the scientific theorist, and gladly utilise his contribution to knowledge. But they know that the winning and holding of Empire, like pancake-tossing and tightrope-walking, is an art not to be learned by any study of strains and pressures alone, but by risking your property and neck in continual practice.

And with all this carelessness and mental slovenliness, so maddening to the pure intellectual, there is combined a certain belief in a high destiny, and an acceptance of its implied obligations, which make the British soldier one of the most interesting of human creatures. His calm belief that the type of civilisation which he embodies is the best that men have yet created, along with his entire freedom from aggressive disputation on such a radically debatable proposition, becomes impressive, where, stated by others, it might be only absurd. And when one observes the incalculable toils and sufferings which he has undergone in the service of this silent propaganda, he becomes a figure truly heroic. Not that he is consciously an apostle of any religion, usually leaving that function to the appointed official, but that he feels, in the inner depths of his being, that in rendering obedience to his officer, in serving the State according to his station and capacity, he is furthering the cause of that "Right" for which in his soul he has such a genuine though inarticulate respect.

I am aware that to say this, even with every qualification, leaves one open to the gibes of those for whom the British soldier is either a drunken hireling, drifting into

the ranks because free industry has no place for his kind, or a disciplined brigand, stupidly obedient to orders from those who are practised in concerted robbery and legalised massacre. But I am not concerned, at this time, with these imputations, so easily scattered by those whose security is guaranteed by the toils and wounds of men whom they delight to slander, but with the finer element, assuredly there, of the soldier's spirit, that faith in his country and devotion to her mission which make his obscure personality an instrument for the achievement of mighty ends.

And it is not without reason that men have admired in the British soldier the disciplined will, the sense of responsibility to his country and King which, while not destroying his independence of character, has saved him from the false lights of an immoral ambition. His glory has been found in the furtherance of a cause which he believed to be worthy of his highest gifts, the extension of his country's authority in the world. Though there have been times when, as Havelock said of his own men, every soldier was worth his weight in gold to his country, though we have frequently been ungrateful to the men who have fought our battles, yet this nation has never wanted for men who would serve her in the field. And these men, rough in speech, not often thinking of themselves or their work in categories or terms of religion, have not been without some touch of that fine spirit by which man is led to choose stinging hardship in preference to an ill-bought comfort, and a lonely but honourable grave to the passage of easeful days. And is not that religious?

Bonaparte could gravely suggest that the English people would be wise to look after Wellington since, with a few more victories, he would be able to seize the Crown. It is no disparagement to the greatest man of modern times to say that he did not quite appreciate the spirit of his antagonist or the temper of the men who fought under that leader's command. We have not, as a people, welcomed the idea that the soldier should be a politician, and although there is as much personal attachment between our officers and men as in any army,

with most happy results for troops and commander, yet the inspiring motive has been loyalty to England, to the Crown, and to the conception of disciplined freedom for which they stand. Our great soldiers have, on more than one occasion, had the making of an Empire under their sway, and the disinterested observer, knowing the cupidity of men, may have wondered why they did not seize for themselves the prize held out to them. And they have refrained from that treason, not merely because the Tower is within hail of Westminster Abbey, and one cannot find sanctuary in both, but because they have learned to subordinate themselves and their own ambitions to something greater than any single personality, the development of an Empire which ensures to its citizens the amplest measure of political freedom.

And can we not say of these men that they have seldom been afraid of an enemy? The habit of throwing themselves blindly into every rough-and-tumble row that is going, if only for the sport and pleasure of the thing, has not been without its influence on our national history. They are the last people in the world to be frightened by a name. Great reputations do not perturb them. If necessary, they will see for themselves whether the fame is merited, and if they find the mettle of their rival ring true, they are the first to gladly acknowledge the fact.

What land is there on the surface of the globe where the prowess and endurance of these men has not been tried? They have left their bones on the battlefields of all the world. Europe knows them from of old, and the flat plains of the Netherlands, the steep sierras of Spain, and the fair fields of sunny France have been washed with their blood. But it is as the vanguard of Imperial rule, in North America, in India, in Africa, that they have established their immortal fame and won for us the crown of Imperial rule. Stern and cruel is the work of the sword, that scythe of death which mows a path through the rank grasses of the world for the multitudes of quiet souls who follow in its wake. But its severity may be beneficent, if those who benefit by it are conscious of their high duty; and the soldier's

work may be interpreted, not without reason, as the preparation for a rule, an order, a civilisation, which enriches and glorifies our human life. As such the Christian faith may recognise and honour him, and he himself, the surgeon of the body politic, view himself as an agent of the Will that rules the world.

Are we then still to think and speak of these men as though they were roystering reprobates, swashbuckling braggarts, a sort of "legion of lost ones," surrendered before judgment to the perdition they have earned? That way lies all sorts of trouble for this people. For we are likely to see raised in the future, in an acuter form, a conflict which has long been imminent between two theories of the soldier's place in society. The one regards the soldier as a disciplined ruffian, a necessary but objectionable appendage to civil society. The other acknowledges in him the elect of the nation, accepting arduous service and the chance of death, in obedience to the will of the people. To the one he is a detestable relic of an age and a system which ought to have perished from the earth. To the other he stands for that endless strife by which alone the good in the world can be saved from absorption and annihilation by the evil. Now, whichever of these two views we take, this at least is evident—the soldier is going to be with us for some considerable time to come. Whether we detest him or revere him, we have to accommodate ourselves to his presence. How shall we treat him? I believe there is but one answer possible. He is not any longer a hireling, if ever he deserved that name. He is a citizen, fighting, if at all, for his liberty as a citizen. He is a reader, thoughtful, reflective, knowing well at least two aspects of life—the one his old life of industry, of possible starvation, and frequent social neglect; the other a new life of travel, romantic adventure, of terrible happenings on sea and ashore, with a sudden discovery made by himself, and also by society, that he, the obscure toiler, is of immense importance to the welfare and even the existence of the Commonwealth.

Well, do we imagine that this man, having received these supernatural revelations of his true place and part

in the social structure, is going to remain a soldier, and to take his part in defending his country's possessions all over the world, if we continue to think and speak of him as though he were a hired assassin? One of two courses is open to the civilised world. It may abolish war by decree of all the nations, though for how long that decree will hold, no man can say. Having done that, the soldier takes his place in the armoury room and the museum. He becomes an historical curiosity. Or there is the other course open to our world. It may recognise, with regret, the existence of the soldier as an integral element of every corporate society, the result of conditions which humanity is as yet far from outgrowing. And then we must all drop our superior attitude, cease to patronise him, understand his position as a man and a citizen as well as a soldier, and adapt our society to this new conception.

And this new situation will affect others besides the civilian population and the men who believe in a continual peace. What of the bureaucracy, the official personage, the heir of generations of red-tape and traditions antiquated as the Ark? Do we imagine these gentlemen, who have been accustomed to thinking that discipline was a matter of buttons and pipeclay, whose theory of the soldier was that of a machine without brains, who must never even hint at the possession of an idea of his own—do we seriously think that this kind of person is going to legislate for an army of millions of self-conscious moderns? The proposition is impossible. Mechanic, steel worker, bootmaker, clerk—these are men who, in the world of industry, have learned to appreciate reality; and not all the nodding plumes of a general's hat will blind them to the need for brains beneath it, or any quantity of red-tape invalidate their claim for rationality in the authority to which they profess allegiance. And since the tendency of the military mind, excepting under the stern pressure of war, is to move in prescribed ruts, and to avoid experiment, whilst industry can only hold its own in the world by constant and adventurous experiment, we may look for a frequent clash between these two types of mentality in the democratic army of the future, and unless the

principle of progress and the need for intellectual movement is acknowledged by the military authorities, in peace time as in war, the results will be disastrous—to the military authorities.

Happily the tremendous shaking which our whole national system has received during the last three years has convinced the most reluctant of our citizens and rulers that this nation cannot maintain its position in the world, or do its destined work, unless mental activity is encouraged. The sacred fane of the Department, the temple of well-paid and secure incompetence, has been invaded by the business man accustomed to handling large affairs in a large and generous spirit, and above all, aware of the value of dispatch in a world where Time waits neither for institutions nor persons. Militarism has come to us to stay, for a period at least. We would gladly have had it otherwise, but it was not to be. Let us, however, have amongst our people a clear understanding of what this militarism is for, its function in the life of the Commonwealth. Let it be known that it is not for parades and reviews, and above all not for the creation of any class subordination, the battening down under clamped hatches of the democratic spirit, that our people have consented to bear this burden. It is for the guarantee of our Imperial security, to preserve peace, and to get things done in a way which will tend to peace, and, if peace is not feasible, to make war effectively and expeditiously, that we, as a people, have accepted the position of citizen soldiers and are prepared to bear arms for our country.

Then indeed that vow of the soldier that he will die for his country, for the guardianship of her domestic virtue, of her righteous laws, and of her challenged honour, will bear an interpretation which is not only consistent with the highest forms of civic ethics, but may take on the fuller tone and deeper meaning of a sacrament, may become what it ought to be, a religious obligation.

II

ADMIRALS ALL

It seems to be in agreement with a providential order that small lands should be influential in the making of history. Look at Rome in its early days, or Carthage with its one proud city and vast hinterland. Think of Venice floating amidst its wide lagoons, or Holland, almost created out of the hard-won spoils of the sea. Some kind of constriction, the result of pressure from without, seems needful for the creation of vigorous societies. Far from its being true that wide expanses are a condition of high culture, we must look to small and confined lands as the birthplace of formative civilisations. It has been said that we owe the foundations of intellectual liberty to Sicily, a country small indeed when compared with the area included in the civilised world. And to England, a small island in the Northern Seas, the world is indebted for some of the boldest and most profitable experiments in the government of men.

The geographical position of England has been favourable to the creation of the Empire. What used to be regarded as her unfortunate insularity has proved the chief source of her strength. In days when men had not charted the seas, when their knowledge of navigation was so small that they were helpless before the vagaries of the ocean, their chief feeling about the sea was an irritated terror, the feeling one may have about an enemy whose prowess is recognised while his person is detested. But now that the seas of the globe are mapped out as exactly as the topography of a civilised country, when high technical skill, based on science, ensures us against most of the dangers that menace seafaring people, instead

of regretting our insular position we may well rejoice in it. For we have found on the sea a highway to the ends of the earth, and through our command of it, a guarantee of provision for our national necessities. And the greater part of the world acknowledges that this rulership is not only necessary for ourselves, but beneficial to the interests of humanity. For they know that it is held as a heritage in trust for the well-being of the race. The Vikings boasted that they were friends of the sea and enemies of all who sailed upon it. If that were to become the spirit of our people, if we were to use our rulership only to play the pirate on the ocean, we could not retain our naval supremacy for a twelvemonth. No nation could, by mere force alone, maintain supremacy over the sea.

This is not to say that the goodwill of other peoples, even of those most friendly to us, would continue if our claim to authority on this element were not supported by effective power. Competition, rivalry, with its concomitants of emulation, jealousy, and strife, is as frequent and as real amongst nations as between individuals. And history enforces the lesson that they who would hold sea power must be prepared to defend it at any cost. Recent events have shown that not all the nations are content that Britain should hold sway upon the ocean. But would America, France, Russia, and Italy, not to speak of the smaller States linked with these peoples, have stood with us in this critical conflict if, putting other motives aside for the moment, they had not recognised that British naval supremacy was, on the whole, beneficial to mankind? Moral influence counts here as elsewhere, and the belief that we try to use our power justly is no small help in the creation of that friendly tolerance of our sea power which has been manifested during the period of the War.

If the Spartans could truly say that their walls were made of living men, can we not also say of our sailors and their ships that they are the walls of our Empire? Yes, and not only the defenders of our own property and people, but the guardians of all that sail the seas. The nations of the world may not all love us, but the

simple truth is that they depend, for security from piratical raiders, naval, legal, and otherwise, on the puissant protection that Britain affords. It is the knowledge of this, as well as our latent might and the valour of our men, which enables us to maintain our supremacy at sea.

True, this position has had to be fought for, it has been bought at a dreadful cost. One after another the World Powers have tried their hand at keeping us in subjection or breaking our prestige. And they have all failed up to the present. Think of the manner in which this mighty engine of ours was first fashioned, of the adventurers who went forth from England, as did Francis Drake from the Devon coast, to see what the world was like on the other side of the horizon's rim. Believing in his religion, in his country, and his Queen, of all those who have seen the Pacific since his day, there are not many who have looked upon it with larger eyes than this great Englishman. In him one can see that fierce courage, that inability to understand when he was beaten, which our countrymen have come to regard almost as their peculiar possession. A man who, seeing his boats floating out far away from the shore, threatening to be lost in the ocean, can at once construct a raft, and on that frail support go after his boats and rescue them, doing the desperate thing quickly since it must be done, is of the very breed and blood which has made the British Navy. By such daring spirits, acting without the open patronage of chiefs and rulers, the Island people wrested from Spain her empery of the seas.

What then is the principle which has ruled England's maritime activity? Is there indeed such a principle at all? Unquestionably there is. It has not been luck alone that has led to the creation of this immense naval power. The English at a relatively early period realised that they must be a sea-going people. Accepting this as a truism, making it part of their corporate consciousness, there was only one course for them to follow—to acquire sea power. Either they must be shut up within the borders of their islands, limited by the restrictive native conditions, or they must be free

to wander over every ocean, seeking a fullness of life not possible at home, and making their highway the waters of the world. Sea power or national constriction and insignificance. There was no third road open.

Not that this was deliberately thought out and planned. That would not have been in keeping with the genius of the nation. The Japanese have been transformed from above, changed by edict and statute from Orientals to men of Western habits. The attempt to make Germany a sea power has been engineered by the rulers of the State. With the English it was the expression of an unconscious impulse, it had its birth in their geographical situation, it throve because it was in accord with their national temper and idiosyncrasy.

The purpose was not at once intelligible, not definable in a formula, but it grew to crystal clearness at last, and set hard as rock in the thought and will of the people and their leaders. This is why they have successfully attacked and overthrown the nations which competed with them for command of the oceans. Spain, Holland, and France have successfully been compelled to own that on the water there was one Power which would brook no rival near its throne.

It follows from this that one policy, and only one, was permissible to a people with such an ambition. That policy the English have invariably pursued. They must enforce their claim, and defend it at every cost. And the only effective mode of defence was by bold and unsparing attack. Their ships of war were built, manned, and directed to one end—not the preservation of their own safety, that was secondary, but the destruction of an enemy's fleet wherever it appeared. It was the duty of their admirals to take risks, to play the bold game, to steer straight for the enemy's fleet and annihilate it whatever the price. Doing this they had fulfilled their mission. Failing to do this, there was no excuse for them in the eyes of the nation.

It was a necessary part of such a policy that, as the Empire grew, there should be obtained and held a sufficient number of strategic points to assure the continuance of this control of the oceans. Ports were required where

the fleet could obtain supplies. Vantage-grounds were needed from which the narrow seas and the great oceans could be policed and commanded. Hence the importance of Gibraltar, of Aden, of St. Helena, of Minorca. To hold such positions was vital if command of the sea and a free outlet for the energies of an Island race was to be maintained. "Selfish, aggressive, but not cruel," is Mahan's judgment on England's sea power. To which one can only say that aggression in this matter was her only defence, and selfishness her invincible will to live, in a world where mildness is too often mistaken for pusillanimity, and generosity interpreted as cowardice.

But all this would have been useless, her ambition, her boldness, her command of salient points would not have served her for a generation, had there not been that perpetual traffic of her merchandise upon the sea which has earned for her the contemptuous title of a nation of shopkeepers. What has made her strong is not even her great fleets, which have been outclassed and outsailed more than once, but the constant flow of her coastal populations towards the sea and its adventures. The merchant service has provided her with that reserve of ships and men and wealth without which no nation can for long retain sea power. The failure of Spain, with her fine ports and splendid fleets and rich colonies, is traceable to her inability to maintain a sufficiency of merchant shipping. Military fleets are not sufficient. They must be fed from a sea-going population, and supported by that commerce which the hidalgos of Spain so foolishly despised. Colbert, trained in the school of Richelieu, would have built up the maritime power of France on her merchant service, had his august master had the foresight to appreciate the statesman's design. Rejecting the idea of colonial expansion and the control of the Eastern trade, and turning to aggrandisement on land, Louis did his best to ruin his country.

I have said that the policy of England was to insist on supremacy at sea. She has consistently acted on the principle. The Duke of Sully, sailing under the French flag and meeting an English captain in the Channel, is ordered to lower his flag in recognition of that

supremacy, and on refusing is favoured with three cannon shots, a genial hint that sea power is a reality. Protesting, the English captain expresses his regrets, but declares that his duty is to compel all ships to acknowledge the flag. When the French King, allied with the English against the Dutch, demurs at his ships being commanded by an English admiral, Charles can only say in excuse, "It is the custom of the English to command at sea." In the nature of things this must have been exasperating to other nations. But it was a proof of genius in those responsible for England's welfare that they should claim and defend this supremacy of naval power. They knew it was a case of first or nowhere.

It was in pursuance of this policy that in 1666 Monk, with an inferior force, attacked the Dutch fleet. English prestige must be maintained, and on the principle that he who attacks prevails, the people who would keep maritime power must be prepared to assert their control even when the odds are against them. For the same reason the Spanish fleet, carefully created and husbanded by the far-seeing Alberoni, was annihilated off Cape Passaro in 1718. In the Commons, Pitt boldly states the principle and defends it, declaring that France is dangerous to us as a maritime and commercial Power. William of Orange, himself a Dutchman, consents that when the English and Dutch fleets are co-operating, and a council of war is called, the Dutch Admiral shall sit below the English junior captain.

Of course this arrogant assertion of superiority on the ocean has made us many enemies. The world has rebelled, and justly rebelled, against this enforced submission to one Power. In the great game of international politics the rival naval peoples have combined against England in a spirit of not unnatural resentment. Yet, although the manner in which the policy was enforced may often have been offensive and indiscreet, the policy itself needs no defence when adopted by a seafaring and colonising people. One Power will always have the predominance at sea. If England should lose it, another would claim it, and in calculating the good and evil arising out of the pursuance of the policy, we have to

consider the general character of the people and their habitual mode of using the power they have so hardly won. And, on the whole, they have used it honourably and well. But they could never have gained it had they not possessed a native aptitude for the work and a reckless courage which accepted every challenge. Although, says Mahan, Hughes was inferior to Suffren in mechanical science, he displayed those qualities which mark the seaman, qualities which are produced only by constant practice of the seafaring art. Howe saved the situation when in conflict with D'Estaing by his immense activity, by sheer capacity for well-directed work. Rodney beat De Guichen because, great tactician as he was, he was not fighting a battle of positions, but bent on the destruction of the enemy's fleet. As for the obstinate courage which makes the best of a bad situation, the annals of our Navy abound in it. In Hughes' fight off the Indian coast, Commodore King, asked by the shipmaster what to do with the ship, already badly damaged, if things get worse, answers laconically, " Fight her till she sinks," with the result that the ship is saved. At the Battle of Four Bays, fought against the Dutch, Sir John Harman's ship started to burn through being grappled to a fireship. Fifty of the men jumped overboard for their lives, and more were following, when the commander rushed amongst them with his pistol, threatening with death any man who did not continue to work the ship and assist in extinguishing the flames. A mast fell on his leg and broke it. At that time he was offered quarter by a Dutchman, to which his only reply was a broadside which killed the Dutch commander, after which his opponent sheered off, content to leave the fierce bulldog of a seaman alone.

And if such was the character of the captains and subordinate officers, the temper of our Admirals was not less determined. Their one objective was to obliterate the enemy's fleet, as a fighting force, from the face of the ocean. " No officer can do wrong who attacks an enemy ship," is Nelson's word to his subordinates. " If I had taken ten and allowed one out of eleven of the enemy's ships to escape, I could never call that a good

day," is another of his heroic sayings. Rorke fails in his expedition against Cadiz, but being discontented with his appointed task, seeks out and captures the Spanish galleons loaded with treasure which are hidden in Vigo Bay. Anxious to make amends for his failure, the same officer attacks Gibraltar, and captures it in 1704 for England, by assault, thus giving to his country the key of the Mediterranean. At Passaro, Captain Walton, commissioned to pursue several Spanish ships, which had escaped, executes his orders and sends the laconic message to his commander, "Sir, we have taken or destroyed all the Spanish ships upon this coast, the number as per margin.—Yours respectfully, G. Walton." These men were hardened to their work, inured to toil, to drill, to the bitter life of the sea by exposure to all climates and to every sort of weather. In the chops of the Channel, in the rough seas of the Bay, or in the hurricanes of Eastern and Southern seas they were at home, whilst their enemies were frequently compelled to grow rusty and incompetent in the safe seclusion of port, so that Nelson could truly say that one night's storm did more damage to the Emperor's ships than a year's voyaging would do to the English fleet.

And it is clear that sea power has been at the base of our colonial success. Had we not lost it to France for a time, in the Atlantic waters, we might, so competent students have declared, have retained the obedience, though, alas, we could never have regained the loyalty, of the American people. Yorktown decided that against us. In the long struggle for India, had the counsels of La Bourdonnais prevailed over those of Dupleix, and the French concerted measures for the destruction of English sea power, they might have been to-day the rulers of India. Dupleix entered upon a policy at which Hastings and Clive could beat him. La Bourdonnais would have kept communication open between France and India by way of the sea, and would have laid the foundations of an Empire in the work of a great navy. Had we not possessed sea power we could never have conquered Canada. And the same is true in varying degree of all our colonial lands. They could have been

cut off, segregated, and captured by any Power that held the seas against us, and would have passed automatically to that people which could keep its ships constantly traversing the ocean highways. Sea power is not then *a* form of power, it is *the* form which lies at the root of every other authority. The British people have learned their lesson. It has cost them a fabulous price in blood and treasure. But the precious things of life are not to be had on easier terms.

The more one thinks about the Empire, the greater becomes the importance to be attributed to sea power. Rulership over all the oceans may, at any time, be decided within twenty-four hours. The course of one day may change the balance of power for the world. That reflection must needs solemnise the minds of the men who bear the responsibility of directing naval affairs. That we are to-day the rulers of the sea, exercising lordship by the tacit consent of the nations, says much for those who have built up this vast edifice of sea power. Would any other people be likely to wield this weapon with more tolerance than ourselves? Can it be merely prejudice (I like to think it is something better) which leads us to believe that this control, necessarily vested in some one nation, can have no better trustee than those who now hold it?

There have been men, clear thinkers too, who have felt that the monopoly of the seas by one Power is irreconcilable with equity. They would be glad to see the authority of our Navy distributed amongst the different nations of the world, the seas divided up amongst the Powers, as common lands might be split up amongst the magnates of a country district. Any such scheme will remain illusory, so long as human nature retains its present characteristics. There is no guarantee that the nations involved would act by the standard of ethics agreeable to the best amongst them. Probably there would be persistent effort towards lowering the ideal of international conduct, and the best would have to adapt itself to the ideas and practices, if not of the worst, at least of those who were behind the foremost flight of ethical ideas.

Besides this, there is the pressing difficulty of apportioning correctly, or even with an approximate accuracy, the respective areas of the ocean over which the nations are to have control. Freedom of the seas in this sense may only mean the beginning of strife, for there is no body of authority which can, with sufficient force to support it, decide the claims of the separate litigants. The creation of such a ruling body has long been the dream of the liberal thinker, but it is not much nearer being actualised to-day than a hundred years ago. And then there is the present situation itself, always of some importance, and that shows us one Power in possession of this rulership of the seas. Only through a complete transformation of the world can we imagine England submitting to the limitation of its control. The only rational course is that which has already been adopted and practised with success. Let the public opinion of mankind make large demands upon the spirit of this Island race, and the race will not fail to respond. The English have proved themselves capable of meeting the legitimate needs of the world, have shown that, as the police of the oceans, they are a blessing to mankind, and their past justifies their claim to be the most potent, protective, and civilising agency in the world.

The new situation which has arisen since the War began will of course need attention. For the first time in history we have been compelled to recognise that for all purposes of war the Empire is a single entity. Equally with Britain herself the Dominions have borne their share of the War. It would be madness for us at home to suppose that this can happen without vital changes occurring in the relations between the constituent parts of the Empire. Hitherto the cost of the entire Navy has been borne by Britain, and the authority by which it has been ruled has of necessity been strictly kept at home. But with the new attitude towards affairs brought about by the War there will come new needs, felt and expressed by the Dominions, for some share, not only in the upkeep of the Navy, but also in the direction of Naval Policy. And this will mean that, for all purposes of war and peace, the Empire and the Fleet must be re-

garded as one. We must have a fleet sufficiently mobile to be transported at immediate notice to the place of danger, sufficiently strong to strike effectually and finally wherever the attacking or threatening foe may be found, and this implies that though the Dominions will contribute in ships, money, and men proportionately to their respective abilities, the rulership of the fleet will be in the hands of those men who can consider the interests of the Empire as a whole. The defence of Sydney or Hobart or Port Elizabeth will be as important as that of Glasgow or Liverpool. The needs of each member of the Commonwealth will be represented by their appointed spokesman, each section will have its voice in the Council of Imperial Defence, but the ruling idea of Naval guardianship will be that the Empire is one body, and that every part open to serious attack must rely on the Imperial Fleet for defence.

Proud as we are of the exploits of our Navy, it is not without shame that one thinks of the men who, quite as much as the timber of our ancient oaks, were the material out of which it was constructed. Those ships of Nelson that stood between the Grand Army and the conquest of the world, though the Grand Army never saw them, were sailed and fought by men whose pay was contemptibly small, and who lived under conditions which would be revolting to our decent artisans.

Hardy and bold they were, careless of praise and accustomed to blame, yet we could wish that there had been a more generous temper displayed by our predecessors in their treatment of the sailor and their valuation of his work. Always held in affection by the people, respected even when the soldier was maligned, they have not been overwhelmed with considerate attention by the merchants whose fortune they helped to make and guarded as though it were their own. Short commons—weevily biscuits and salt junk—when they were supplied, something less than this when they were unfortunate, piggish accommodation, ropes end and belaying pin as the chief persuasives to industry, with wind and rain and washing seas as the accompaniment to much of their voyaging—who better than the sailor man knows the

inclemency of Nature, the blood-soaked paws and fangs that lie beneath her silky sheen of azure and gold?

"'Tis a poor thing indeed," says one of them, "that the sailor should live hard, work hard, die hard, and then go to hell in the end." Yet that seems to have been regarded by many pious souls as the appointed destiny of these sons of the sea.

Since "blood is the price of Admiralty," we need not be surprised to learn that pain and cruelty have played their part in the forging of this weapon. Discipline, that god of the martinet, has had its own sacrifices in the Navy. Wellington was no tearful sentimentalist, yet when he went on board a ship in harbour, he declared that though there was plenty of bright metal about, there was not a bright face in the ship, and of the two he preferred the latter. Nor can one think of men being flogged for being the last down from the work aloft, and keelhauled—dragged by means of rope underneath the barnacle-covered bottoms of the ships, from one yardarm to the other as a punishment, with a tolerable chance of being injured for life—without questioning the wisdom of those who made such atrocities possible.

It is worth noting that the first attempt to appreciate the position of the seaman was made by the Long Parliament, who framed a code of laws for the guidance and also for the protection of the sailor. It was under the second Charles that this idea was scouted, and the Navy handed over to Court favourites, with disastrous results to the interests of the nation. The mistake made by so many of those who have considered the position of the seaman is best stated in Fielding's words: "All flesh is not the same flesh, there is a flesh of land men and another of sea men." On that principle, nearly all our blunders in the handling of this important body of our fellow-citizens have been based. There has been an idea prevalent, not only in naval circles but accepted by people at home, that the seaman is a stupid child, needing, like a child, to be petted and whipped without reference to his own intelligence and judgment. This was the thought in the minds of those officers who had the gratings constantly rigged at the gangway, so

that no time should be wasted in tricing a man up and administering the traditional four dozen. This is why, in those bad days, no officer went on deck without a rattan, and why, just before Trafalgar, a midshipman could perch himself on the gun carriage, and calling the strongest of the sailors to him, amuse himself by kicking and beating them at his pleasure. Applying the same ideas to seamen as in those days were applied to the civilian population, it was enacted, in 1635, that disobedient sailors should have weights hung round their necks until the heart and back were ready to break, whilst their tongue should be scraped, as a punishment for blasphemy and swearing. For many years the doctrine of the Navy was the doctrine of the knight and squire on land, starve and drive.

What have been the consequences of this principle? It is not unreasonable to believe that nearly all our disastrous experiences at sea—and we have had our share of them—may be traced to this failure to understand that the sailor is a man like others, hates injustice, and responds to generous treatment as swiftly as his brethren of the shore. Captain Hawke, one of the two men who emerged from the battle at Toulon with honour, after a most daring and brilliant engagement, always looked after his men. Preparing, as commander, for the battle of Quiberon Bay, waiting for the time when he could attack the enemy, he carefully watched the welfare of his men, and at last sent word to the authorities that the whole system of victualling at Plymouth should be remodelled. It was with men trained under such a commander that he could attack, in a storm and in the darkness, a fleet of the enemy, listen to his master's expostulations as to the danger, and say, "You have done your duty in warning me, now lay us alongside the *Soleil Royal*." Nelson was charged with demoralising his men by kindness, yet his victory at Aboukir could not have been achieved, unless there had been between his men and officers that spirit which could justify the great captain in saying, "I have the happiness to command a band of brothers." The miserable tragedy of Portsmouth and the Nore, that dark incident

in our naval story, would never have happened had there been a frank admission on the part of those in power that seamen had rights like other men, were justified in stating their claims and in taking legitimate means to get attention paid to them. Perhaps nothing in our history has been on the whole more beneficial to the interests of the Commonwealth, than this plain proof that even seamen will not submit to be treated like refractory idiots when their just claims are in question.

Of scarcely less value and importance to our naval welfare was the well-deserved drubbing given to us by the American Navy in 1812. The despised sailors of America, during that war, made us realise that, when we were fighting with men of our own blood, who had tasted the joys of freedom and knew what they were fighting for, it was something more than a midshipman's rattan that was necessary to ensure success. The British *Guerriere*, beaten by the American *Constitution*, with a loss to us of seventy-nine and to the American of fourteen; the *Frolic* whipped by the American *Wasp*; the *United States* hammering the *Macedonian*; and the American *Hornet* gaining an easy victory over the English *Peacock*, may well have made the martinets of the Admiralty and the swindling victuallers of our naval stations wonder whether they had been on the right track in their treatment of the British seaman. And yet there was no difficulty in proving that the quality of our fighting men was as good as ever, when they had once found a man who could lead them by a better method than that of the pious ruffian, Captain Kettle. For when the captain of the *Chesapeake*, in the insolence of victory, ventured on a game at bowls with the *Shannon* under Captain Broke, there could be no question of who were the better men at their trade. Skilful and brave as the Americans were, they were not equal to a British crew and a captain who had spent six years in training his men to shoot, and looked after their welfare like a father. It was but another verification of Nelson's maxim, "Aft, the more honour; forward, the better man." It is the abolition of the horrible punishments formerly in vogue, the

creation of a sense of self-respect amongst the men of the lower deck, which has made it possible for Lord Beresford to send three thousand men on shore, and to have only three defaulters out of them all.

For while cruelty to individuals has not been absent from Navy and Army, it has never been acquiesced in by sailor or soldier, never accepted as a necessary part of the management of these great Services. It has been instinctively resented by the men as an insult to their humanity. They have known that these stupid tyrannies were not the designed outcome of the national system. In this way they kept a hold on their self-respect, looked on themselves as a part of the national life, and gladly sacrificed themselves when duty called. And the hope of the Navy, as of every other institution of our Empire, lies in the steady diffusion of such ideas and sentiments. Sir Thomas Hardy trusted to the honour of his seamen, and found them worthy. Collingwood lays down the law that where a mutiny occurs it is to be attributed to the captain and officers of the ship. These men who sail the seas for us may in a sense be regarded as mercenaries, hired soldiers of the sea, whose task it is to defend us from peril. But there is this difference, and it is great, that they are our fellow-citizens, have a right to the same elementary justice, the same opportunities of making the most of their native ability, as those of us who spend our days in the security of the land.

Already the lower-deck man is something more than the ignorant brute he was once supposed to be. A man who spends his time amongst delicate machinery, who must combine in himself the qualities of sailor and first-class mechanic, with some elements of science thrown in, is justified in the demand that for him also the road to advancement shall be open, that where there is native ability in the engine-room or the forecastle, it shall have its opportunity of proving itself in fair competition with other men. The spirit of democracy, the determination that caste, birth, status, shall not be the last word concerning life for British men, is as certain to be found in our Navy as elsewhere, and the rulers of these Islands

have got to face and understand it there, as in every other realm of life.

For even Nelson cannot be the Nelson we know, the great captain of the seas, unless there are ships and men to work with him and a proud people to support him. The sea captain is built up on the foundation of the man. He is a human being before he is an Admiral or even a sailor. And in this he is like to all those who went with him upon his glorious exploits. And he who recognises this, makes it the pivot of his thought on which all turns, in so far as he does this, is touched with the democratic spirit. He sees these fellow-bipeds around him, not as food for cannon but as human creatures, and he would have their self-consciousness grow, through contact with all forms of experience, through relationship with an increasingly manifold society, until the sense of their own value becomes itself a motive, an inspiration, at once a bridle and a whip. And it is this spirit which has made the British seaman something more than a highwayman of the waters, wandering round the world in search of rum, women, and loot. Keenly conscious of his race, of the work which he believes to be apportioned to his people, of the dignity of his own order, and the obligations entailed upon him, it is the resultant of these moral forces which has made him a worthy guardian of the seas.

I do not say that, because of these things this man is religious in the accepted sense, though one might often truthfully describe the sailor as an essentially religious man. But who can doubt that here are the feelings, the temper, which religion endeavours to create? And it is upon such a temper, often strengthened and refined by religion, that the safety and welfare of the Empire must depend. Do we doubt the reality of these nobler sentiments in men who are so well acquainted with the harsher aspects of life? It can only be because we do not know the men. "Being without any particular knowledge of religion," says a sailor boy, relating his experiences in battle on the day of Trafalgar, "I repeated the Lord's Prayer." There is at once the simplicity, the piety, which, in boy and man alike, may be found lying

deep hidden under the dead lava crust of a rough and often harsh profession, but revealing itself, as it has often done in the men of our Services, a core of genuine religion rooted in the central tissues of their being.

The world has now learned to accommodate itself to a new form of locomotion, the full effects of which are not even yet realised. The coming of the flying man has created a revolution in the mode of moving about the world which will change many things, and may even alter appreciably the balance of power in Europe. Few facts are more remarkable than the progress which has been made within the last hundred years, and still more during the last thirty years, by those who are interested in the science of aviation. From the year 1783, when the brothers Montgolfier first proved that a heavy body capable of transporting passengers could be made to rise in the air, to the present time, there has been a steady progress made, until to-day it can be said with certainty that the conquest of the air has been achieved. Amongst those whose names will always be associated with this immense triumph of human ingenuity and courage, the Englishman may recall with pride the names of his own countrymen: Sir George Cayley, who, in 1809, invented the aeroplane; and Henson, who, in 1842, attempted, though without success, to build a machine, capable of guidance, which would fly. The German will remember the name of his countrymen: Lilienthal, who sacrificed his life in the effort to make a machine with wings like a bird; of Count Zeppelin, whose name has malignant associations for our countrymen, but who is entitled to the honour of being one of the leaders in this triumph over the air; whilst the American may boast that to the brothers Wright the honour is due of having made the first turning movement in flight through the air.

But in this, as in so many other things, it is the Frenchman who can most, justly assert that his countrymen have made the whole world their debtors. For it is to Meusnier that we owe the science of aerial navigation—a man who only missed seeing the actual triumph of his ideas by the fact that the driving power by which his machine was to be propelled had not yet been invented;

whilst it is to Colonel Charles Renard that we are indebted for the solution of most of the mathematical problems connected with the art; and to Bleriot, another Frenchman, who, in 1909, crossed the Channel in twenty-seven minutes, that we must turn for the first demonstration that flight over long distances was possible, that man had, in fact, become master of the air. War has, of course, compelled men to work at this form of science with still greater enthusiasm, and we are now within measurable distance of the time foreshadowed by the scientific prophet, when a machine will take passengers from Europe to the United States within the day. For now that the flying machine can travel more swiftly than the wind, there are not more than a score or so of days in the year when an ascent is not possible. The problem of stabilising the machine has been worked out with some success, and we may yet see the time when the aeroplane, able to remain stationary in the air, can start from any kind of ground, and land by its own mechanism at any chosen spot; when the roofs of hotels throughout the civilised world will have hangars and resting-places for flying machines, as they now have garages for motors; and when the amplitudes of space will be as carefully mapped out as the geography of the earth now is in Europe and America. This will mean that the task of exploring the earth's surface will be immensely simplified. Instead of labouring through forests and across wide plains of ice, the Burtons, Stanleys, and Shackletons of the future will pass over these desolate heritages of man with their photographic apparatus, and will bring back unimpeachable reports of the country they have visited. By combination amongst the different nations, whole tracts of earth, now almost or entirely unknown, will be made cognisable by men, and the waste of brave lives in the task of exploration be a thing of the past, whilst the North Pole and Central Africa or Asia will soon be as well known as Norway or the Levant. To the lover of his country this will, of course, bring questionings which need an answer. We British people have proved our ability to hold our own on the oceans, we have asserted our right to travel over the world's surface. Shall we be capable of accomplishing anything like the

same deeds in the upper realms of the atmosphere? That is a question which can only be answered by time, but the work already done is proof that we are not incompetent in this department. We have shown that we can utilise science as well as other people in the service of our commerce and our Imperial Government, and the temper of our race is such that there is no fear of them shrinking in fright from the even more dangerous tasks which await them in the management of aerial craft.

For the principles by which leadership is won and retained do not alter, though the conditions change perpetually. In the end it is not only the wheel, but the man behind the wheel, that counts. The qualities which have made our people equal to Imperial rule will be equally valuable in the future, and those qualities, the result of a happy mixture of elements, are not ultimately dependent upon any static conditions, but upon the temper and character of our race. What other men have done, I can do if I like, is the secret thought of every Englishman, and no quantity of hard hitting is equal to hindering him from making the attempt. And our young men have revealed a courage, dash, and impetuosity in this phase of activity which makes all talk of decadence an absurdity. To fight in entirely new conditions, to venture upon the most perilous enterprises in a fresh and relatively untried element—to do this alone, unsupported by the pressure of numbers, is a test of hardihood as sharp as any ever applied to man. And magnificently have they met the trial.

For many years to come the ocean highways will still be the routes for all great traffic, and thus we have time to prepare ourselves for whatever changes may be suggested by the advent of this new form of locomotion; but, whether on the sea or in the air, the spirit of our race must be directed, not only towards the maintenance of rule, but towards the fraternisation of the peoples, the creation of ties which unite men to each other, and the building up of a kingdom in which men shall enjoy liberty in combination with obedience to law.

III

AN IMPERIAL LITERATURE

Builders by the Word

Is there an Imperialism in letters? Can there be any kind of literature which is really worthy of carrying outwards to the world the thought, the poesy, the intellectual temper of a ruling people? Two or three literatures have met this demand. They have satisfied the world's examiners. We know now that the finest expression of a nation's life may be found in its literature, so that even when the nation itself has ceased to count the influence of its written word will tell. Greece has long ceased to have a deciding voice in the political affairs of nations. She will never cease to be a ruling power in the world of thought through her literature. The brief and pregnant sentences of Cæsar, the biting epigrams of Tacitus, are a fitting utterance of that stern Roman mind, so bent on the fulfilment of practical duties, so incapable of losing itself in the world of pure thought. And the English mind is not less capable of adequate expression through the medium of its literature. Here also we have a mighty national spirit gradually uttering itself through the words of its chosen sons, and making that utterance so full and complete that there is scarcely any phase of human thought which has not been investigated, illuminated, and expressed in some fresh form by this noble organ of utterance.

Like all strong growths, the development of our literature has proceeded along strictly natural lines, generally with an entire lack of consciousness on the part of its promoters, yet through the veins of this

literature there runs the blood of a true Imperial instinct, for the men who wrote it have known something at least of their England, and have believed in the splendid future to which the people of these Islands were destined. These men who write poetry and prose so full of indignation against the cruelties of society, the sharp acerbities of life, have come to see the importance of their work in the light of that future which shines before Englishmen.

In every country man is rooted deep in the soil of Nature, and the Englishman has drawn from the soil much of what has gone to the formation of his literature —that literature which has, more than most others, the very sap and genius of its native clime in every line. You find in it that spirit of fierce resistance to the austerities of the climate, to the attacks of the marauders who have so often made this bare, harsh coast their objective. You find in it the ferocity, the harshness of mind, produced by contact with the cruelties of a scene in which man seems to be an intruder, forcing his way in where no provision has been made for him, and only by dint of repeated efforts holding his own against a world that would destroy him. Barbarity amongst them is common. At the time of the Conquest men and women are bought, in different parts of England, and taken to Ireland to be sold. Out of this very barbarism there springs the courage, the unfailing hardihood, which has made these men famous through the world. They have learned to love strife for its own sake, to delight in the straining muscles, the panting breath, the flowing blood, the glory of conquest. Such peace as they know and can enjoy is that which is given by the wounds of an enemy's weapon, the quietness that follows on tremendous exertion. It is natural that these men should find in Christianity something adaptable to their own requirements. They are fierce, gloomy, conscious of the authority exercised over them by the flesh. And Christianity comes to them as a faith which is no stranger to the wild moods that they know so well. It is fitted to this people, so strong, so melancholy. They find in it the answer to their own spiritual yearnings. They look

with affection on a religion which was founded on the bloodiest tragedy in history. Then come the French, who will teach these people the meaning of honour, will introduce them to the idea of chivalry, and so alter the whole course and meaning of war. Still breaking arms and legs, still delighting in scenes of cruelty and blood, they have yet learned how to restrain the rushing torrent of their passion, how to behave like human creatures instead of mere brute beasts. The French teach them to use ideas, to connect their thoughts one with another so that an argument may be conducted, a scheme defined, a proposition defended. They are learning already how to bring the wild shoots of their fancy into subjection to the leading idea of their theme. Yet this does not mean that they are to be merely the speakers of a foreign tongue. They are too sturdy, too resolutely dull, to array themselves altogether in the raiment of a foreign speech. What happens is, that they take the swift, keen brightness of the French mind, and in some degree allow it to modify the activities of their own slower intelligence. They learn from these invaders of their ancient sanctuary many new words, many fresh forms of expression, yet the actual substratum of their speech remains the same. But they cannot all at once eradicate the passions and appetites that belong to their stern Island race. They are still men who take delight in fighting. There is no crime at which they will balk if their inclination runs that way. Their kings will cause the offending noble to be hanged and disembowelled, will tear out the eyes of a stupid page in their anger, and will have dungeons beneath their castle floor where their enemies may live and rot. Never are we allowed to forget the passionate instincts which are operating in these fierce, angry souls. Beneath their thin veneer of chivalry they are the same men as those who fought their way across the sea to England, from the wild shores of Jutland or the fertile plains of Normandy.

You find amongst them always a certain spirit of liberty. They cannot endure the thought that they are not free. Sturdy in their opposition to any form of tyranny, even though they are not strong enough actually to remove

the yoke from their own necks, they are yet deeply attached to their laws, believers in the value of their ancient customs. Even their cultivation of manly exercises, their practice of the bow, by means of which they are to become the best archers in the world, their wrestling and bull-baiting, through which they are to become habituated to pain and to the sight of blood, is valuable in their eyes, because it helps them to prepare for the defence of their personal liberties against aggression from those above them. In the main they are tillers of the soil, landowners in some small way, for the time of great estates is not yet. And it is out of this sense of proprietorship that there springs the self-respect, the independence, which makes these men so dangerous to handle. Already they are beginning to believe and to declare that there should be no ruler for the Christian man but Christ. They look jealously on the usurpation of priests, and cannot accept the idea of a Vicar of Christ, believing, with their native common sense, that theories of this kind are but the excuse and cover for the vanity and cupidity of ambitious minds. Never has there appeared a type of character more resolute in the maintenance of its own freedom, more jealous of every infringement of its right to live according to individual desire.

In such a world Chaucer comes as the singer, the man who has learned how to make music out of words, how to touch every subject, even the most sordid and revolting, with the magic of his pen. He is the pleasant story-teller, the agreeable entertainer, able to say the right word, and thus amuse the plethoric and heavy-witted nobleman who listens to him when the platters have been removed. He tells the stories of the ancient world in new form, making them live again in this world of gross eating and heavy fighting. Something of the ancient grace he has captured, and will bring it to these halls, where strong men are content to relax the tension of their spirits and be amused and edified by hearing their own speech turned into song. He is the observer of character, who has watched with keen and kindly eyes the men of his day, and has the art to transfer them

to a canvas that will not fade. Hence we can go back to that distant time and see once more the long and gaily coloured procession of pilgrims wending their way to the holy shrine, and, mingling with the crowd, catch once more the echo of their merry laughter, the pathos of their search after an unattainable felicity.

The men of this race are strong, fitted to cope with vigorous passions, equal to the varied demands of life, carrying a sword, masters of its use, handling the pen like scholars, yielding themselves to the free play of their wild fancies like poets. Sidney is the ideal of such, bold in affairs of love or war, yet nourishing his mighty heart on visions, quaffing with eager lips the wine of poetry from the rich chalice that life holds out to him. Worthy to rank beside Sidney as the paragon of the same manly and comely virtues, and equal to any that ever lived in the opulence of his imagination, Spenser illustrates the magnificent generosity with which at that time Nature endowed the souls of men. He is a lover of beauty, the sworn devotee of ideal loveliness, seeing all things under the light of an imagination rich beyond compare, yet entirely unspotted from the world. He has the skill of the enchanter, and can evoke from the deep, strange phantom cities, weird yet beautiful scenes, which must needs continue to haunt the mind that has once been introduced to their mysterious terrors and dim splendours. And all these things are real to the poet, for he has seen them with his inner eye, and therefore we can see them too. Virgin heroine, knight, monster, ogre, beast—they are all to be found in those enchanted lands of which he holds the key.

The literature of an Imperial race must have in it something universal. It must appeal to many types of mind. It will not be enough to say of such a literature that it has some qualities which make it worthy of note. There must be in it the essential element of humanity. Life must be mirrored in its pages, not merely the life of a nation, of an age, of a great metropolis, but of man. And it is this claim that must be advanced for the literature of England. To be acquainted with it is in itself a liberal education. Men who know its

famous authors must feel that they have found a philosophy, a poetry, a science which is not merely the presentation of a people's experience, but is also an epitome of life as it is seen and known by all thinking men.

In advancing such a claim for English literature it is not unimportant to note that the background of all our writing and thinking is found in the Bible. The great Book has entered into our speech, its ideas have become part of the mental stock-in-trade of our thinkers. And from this proceed the two leading characteristics of all English thought—the sense of life's mystery, the recognition of the overshadowing darkness by which human existence is enshrouded, and the importance of the idea of duty, the primacy of conscience in the affairs of human life.

From the Hebrew mind, looking out upon the world from its home amidst the solitudes, the wide expanses of the desert, there has come the idea of God, the Ruler as well as the Creator, the Moral Guide as well as the Source of Being. That sublime conception, the only one which could give coherence and unity to thought about existence, which could give some kind of harbourage and security to the mind oppressed by the thought of Eternity, humiliated by the knowledge of man's weakness before the immensity of Nature, has entered into the English mind. It forms the basis of our thinking. Even those who have felt constrained to stand apart from current faiths and popular religion, have found that here was something which could not be escaped. They have come back to the primitive idea as a necessary assumption if their thinking was to have any clearness, any relation to the natural existence of man. The Englishman is incurably religious.

At any rate this is what you will find in the most noteworthy English thought and literature. Does this emphasis on conscience suggest that you are turning the fair fields of literature into gardens of utility, where beauty, freshness, novelty are all sacrificed to the idea of the useful? There may be justification for your fear. But it is the English way. You find it in her preachers. Jeremy Taylor is content to dedicate his

vast powers to the enforcement of moral lessons, the creation amongst men of a love for virtue. Poet though he be, it is not in his nature to forget that there is something more important than for the poet to wear his singing robes. He must have a message, be the apostle, stand before men to convince and persuade as well as to please and amuse. You find it in the poets proper, the men who have made themselves the servants of the Muse. They are not content to sing. That idea of the poet as one who makes himself a reed to be blown upon by every wind of passion will not satisfy these men. Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson must have a subject, a theme worthy of these gifts, and the theme must be treated so that it will aid man in his spiritual struggles.

And there is the same principle at work in the practice of preaching, where one man becomes the mouthpiece of the assembly, putting in intelligible speech the thoughts of these men, the current of whose life runs so deep, so still, so strong, that they are not always capable of finding the fitting phrase. Judge of the character of these men and their religious bent by the words of Cromwell. Morley likens him to a hippopotamus, rolling in the folds of his immense jaws the morsel that has been given to him. He has thoughts which are craving for utterance. It seems as though he might burst in the effort to get himself expressed, and, even when he has said the word, it is easy to see that it is far from being the complete utterance of his profound and meditative mind. Yet he is not a solitary figure. He stands in this connection for the Englishman of action who is conscious also of the religious, the supersensible world, and would fain get his thoughts thereon made clear to himself. And it is because the Englishman is thus afflicted with dumbness in the presence of grave emotional moments that the preacher is needed. He will say what other men are thinking. He will produce conviction by revealing what his hearer had come to think was known only to himself, buried in the recesses of his own breast.

They are men who believe that in religion reason ought to have some play; indeed, they are prepared to acknowledge that without this lamp religion is very

apt to become darkened by superstition, a mere tool for priests to use. They like to think that there is some justification in the open courts of the mind for their faith. Sir Thomas Browne has the mind of a sceptic. He sees the bones of men beneath their skin, the corpse beneath the finery, and of that temper are unbelievers made. But he is a Christian, for to him it is not strange that in a world where there are so many things to marvel over, religion itself should also be something of a wonder.

And when you come to the thinkers, the philosophers, you find that they also are aware of the influence of imagination, and as the poets must needs have some practical end in view, so the thinker will have the instinct to bring to his service all the wealth of imagery, the rich tropes, the bold metaphors, by which the thought is illuminated and stamped irrevocably upon the mind. This is the characteristic of Bacon. It is by instinct, by the flash of poetic genius rather than by a long chain of consecutive reasoning, that his conclusions are reached. He is thoroughly practical. He can find no value in much that the former generations have treasured. He is afraid that many of the most precious treasures of the past have been submerged beneath Time's stream, and the light and flimsy productions of the human mind have come down to us, swimming easily on the surface of the river. And therefore he will begin a new era. Man shall now observe, study, doubt, and by experiment rather than by generalisation, by careful and timid induction rather than by the bold speculations of the older world, acquire the sound knowledge that he needs. Yet he cannot avoid the tendency to poetise. His imagination is too strong for him. He would have men learn that they may act wisely. Yet he cannot refrain from bold speculations, has discovered nothing of any value in practical physics, and in his personal life remains a monument of the weakness of humanity.

It is now that we begin to see the play of the Imperial instinct upon the mind of this people. They are so strong, so adventurous, that it was inevitably their destiny to travel far, to make many experiments, to do what other nations have not yet dared to venture on.

Politically they are advancing. The power of the King is being limited, the balance of the three estates is coming into being as a fact. The Commons are gradually becoming aware of themselves. They will go on until, when the Tudors have gone and the Stuarts have arrived, it will be their duty to force their rights upon the attention of an English king, and, since he will not learn his lesson, bring him to the block. And this immense strength is now to be concentrated on the conquest of a world, on the production of a literature which remains, not so much a finished production of art as a gigantic torso, indicative of the immense strength of conception, the virility of the idea by which the sculptor was inspired. These men of brawny chest and powerful muscles are to see many lands, and from them all will bring some desirable things, some trophy of their wanderings and exploits by sea and shore. But they are not only to see the world of earth and air and sea. They are to introduce us to a new universe of feelings, making the depths of the human mind explorable, bringing to their task of explaining the passions, illustrating the affections and appetites of men, such a lucidity of vision, such a grasp of the soul, as was never granted to any other body of men in a corresponding degree. It is here that we find the true Imperialism, in a speech which is worthy of being made the tongue not of a nation alone, but of a world. Massinger, Marlowe, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Jonson, Shakespeare—they are all there, the men who have made our literature great beyond the reach of cavil, painters of the soul, lovers of life, and therefore willing to consort with death. Rape, seduction, murder—there is no crime to which these men are strangers, no horror they cannot bring upon the stage. It is not for them to select, to pick out the fair and fine things, the choice gems from the mine. They would rather throw the whole heap on the board and leave you to do with it what you will.

Do you think that in this free air you will have escaped the moralist, that here at least he cannot come? You are wrong. Jonson is here, and he knows of no task more important or more profitable for men than the

castigation of human vices by the poet. And so he fills his stage with characters, each one of them intended to represent a vice or virtue—characters which can hardly be said to live, because they are essentially caricatures, built up on the exaggeration of one feature, the overdrawing of one peculiarity, but which serve, nevertheless, to bring into bold relief the determination of the poet to lash the wickedness of the time.

And then there is Shakespeare, the quintessence of human life, the master of those who know. He has made a world for himself, so ample in its dimensions, so fully equipped with all that men may need, all that they can think or divine of beauty and tragedy and love and hate and laughter and tears, that one wonders how the human mind could reach such boundless, such universal command over the materials of the imagination. He is the poet pure and simple. Men complain that they cannot find the man in the writings. Truly the man is in every page. Only a sort of exquisite sensibility could give to us the pathetic self-questionings of Hamlet, the terrible rage of Lear, the devilish cruelty of Richard and Shylock, or the tender love of a Cordelia, an Imogen, a Desdemona. This man has felt all the emotions that harass these human souls. He has known the torture of every passion, the sorrow of every remorse, the agony of every limitation. The work is the man, and beyond that no one need inquire. He is of all races and of all ages. For he deals always with the unchangeable constituents of human experience. The scene alters with every age, but the affections, lusts, and passions of men remain the same. And it is of man as he is in his primitive nudity that the poet writes. And yet when we speak of him as living for all men it remains true that he is of the English soil. If ever he becomes truly human, if ever the poet is visualised before us by his words, it is when he speaks of England. The speech of the King before Agincourt breathes the very spirit of bold patriotism. For a moment the poet becomes something less than a world-embracing seer, he has become an Englishman, insular, prejudiced, doggedly resolute to abide by the honour of England even though it cost his

life. It is this Imperial mind that is introduced to the world through the medium of our tongue.

It is not to be wondered at that the men who have given to us this literature should have permeated it with their own moral ideas. They were bound to do so. For they are essentially men to whom life reveals itself as action. They have learned that there can be no intellectual treatment of the problems of life which does not finally result in conduct, and the only conduct they will accept, the only formula to which they will bow, must include the idea of the soul and of God, the one an independent and responsible entity, the other a Lawmaker, a Ruler, a Judge. And it is this fierce desire for the moral, which is to them the truly beautiful side of life, which drives these men of letters to the creation of the noblest monuments of literary genius. Is it not of this spirit, this temper of mind, that one of the genuinely great books of the world is born? English religion, English ethics, give to us *The Pilgrim's Progress.* That strange story of a man oppressed with the burden of his own sins, finding that life has lost its savour, that death has become at once desirable, as an escape, and terrible, as a gateway to the presence of an inflexible Judge; passing through many adventures until at length he finds peace through the grace mediated to him through Christ, and enters into the Beautiful City, his burden having fallen from him, is one of the world's apologues which will remain eternally precious because eternally true to the spiritual experience of man. Nor should this surprise us. For it is out of these tempests of rage and grief, these indefinable terrors of the soul, that the enduring literature of the world has sprung. And this product of a tinker's musings, the fruit of meditative years passed within the confines of a jail, bears not only the indelible stamp of the ethical teacher on every line, it has also a beauty of its own, a radiant loveliness as of fair dawns and summer days, playing upon its surface like light upon the bosom of a deep, still mountain tarn. The theme, the persons, the occasion—all would suggest awe and fear, the presence of a terror that would appal the soul, and lo! there is here a joy that sings, a charm that allures, more

sweetly and more powerfully than can be found in those works of supreme talent where the avowed purpose is merely to amuse.

After all, beauty is many sided, takes to herself many forms, and can be monopolised by no man or people. Cologne Cathedral, Whistler's nocturnes, the head of the Sphinx, a brass bowl shaped by a Benares workman—these are all beautiful in their several degrees and modes. And there is a grave, severe loveliness, quiet as marble, cool as a March wind, yet burning as with flame, which will always have its devotees amongst the chaste souls of the world. Such a beauty John Milton loved, and with unfaltering feet pursued. He too is a moralist, severe in his judgments on men, most severe upon himself, believing in the feasibility of virtue, and contemptuous of men who will not seek it. His rigid code would seem to be the negation of all colour, the enemy of all freedom and joy. And he has written "Comus," where chastity is clothed with a cincture of pearls and crowned with all the glories of perfect poesy, and "Lycidas," where sorrow takes to herself new and entrancing forms, and appears robed in a gorgeous splendour plundered from the treasures of the world's beauty. He is a poet, yet he does not deem it beneath his dignity to strip himself for the fray, to enter into combat with the tyrants who would make the prophet into a hired bravo for their own base ends, or would close by fiat of the law the mouths of honest and indignant men. Printing needs no licence to his mind, because the good word will find its lodgment in the bosoms of men, and will fructify there, falsehood being from of old predestined to destruction in this æonian encounter. He is a poet, but that does not affect his rights as a citizen of the land where people have learned to appreciate the value of freedom, and are prepared to assert their claims to it, even if it should mean that they must exact it at the price of blood. And so Salmasius shall be taught that Englishmen are not merely murderers, slaying the Lord's Anointed on a point of order, but sober and reflective subjects of a noble realm, doing nothing rashly, but capable of doing all things if they find any man daring to trespass upon

their sacred and imprescriptible rights as persons and citizens. To Milton, the poet is something more than a harp tuned to the caress of every wandering wind. He is the heroic man, the bold citizen, the trumpet voice who speaks for the multitude of his fellows on the solemn themes of mortal life. Pamphleteer do you call him? He would not disdain the word. It does not make him the less one of the world's great singers. He is a poet, and through the heavy mists of his dialectics, through the rage with which he defends the English people against their traducers, the enthusiasm with which he declaims the majesty and beauty of truth, there shine out, like the sun, the bright beams of his gorgeous imagination. Nothing is too rare, nothing too good, to be used for this end—the liberation of his countrymen from the rule of an irresponsible tyranny, and the protection of their reputation as sagacious and honourable men from the slanders of their enemies. One would have said that to poetise the theology of the Reformation, to make the bold and definite outlines of the religious situation of the day into material for immortal verse, would inevitably lead to the destruction of the very qualities which make high poetry possible. The greater triumph, therefore, has been won when this union of inductile material and verbal music has been wrought, as in the work of Milton, and the idea and sentiments of an austere religion woven into the rich mosaic of noble poetry. This man believes that poetry is the divinest work to which man can consecrate his powers, and he comes to it as the priest to the altar, wearing the vestments of his office, his heart and mind prepared for the treatment of the loftiest themes.

Is there anything in this man which will suggest the growth of Imperial ideas? Yes. He has already begun to feel the impact of that wave of patriotism which swept over England during the time of the Renaissance; but with him it is not merely the England of green dells and rolling upland that he loves—though his affection for her is surpassed by no poet—it is the England of a free people, pursuant of peace, yet swift and terrible in arms—the England of political justice, where one who works evil to the State, though he even wear a

crown, may be called upon to expiate his treason with his head, where men dare to announce their independence of opinion even in the teeth of a venal magistracy, and from the baron to the labouring churl there is a consciousness of personal worth which will brook no tyranny from superiors in station. This is the England loved of Milton, and in this he sees the genesis of a rule which may well carry the English tongue and English ideas to the farthest shores of the world. His Imperialism is essentially that of the believer in the right of the best man to rule, and he finds in his countrymen just those qualities which, strengthened by discipline, will enable them to act the part of beneficent overlord for mankind.

Naturally, when the Restoration came, that period in which the floodgates were opened to every political turpitude and social iniquity, the idea of an Imperial destiny sank into oblivion. Cromwell had made England respected on the seas. It remained for the second Charles to sacrifice what had been so hardly won, and to make the flag of England contemptible to the world. In that time of open vice, when a countess could hold her lover's horse while he slew her husband, when the Court was the home of titled prostitutes, with manners less pleasing than those of their more obscure professional sisters, when fleets and docks were allowed to rot while fortunes were squandered by kings and nobles in idle dalliance, it was to be expected that the greatness of England and her possible destiny as a World Power should be ignored. To snatch the day, thinking nothing of the morrow, this was sufficient for the men of that time. A nobler race must be born before the dreams of Raleigh could be made real, and the adventures of Drake and Hawkins made to pale by the side of mightier achievements.

Perhaps in Dryden one may catch some echo of the loftier theme, life may again become something better than a night scene in a bagnio. He can understand what Antony must have felt when he saw the sails of Cleopatra's ships bellying to the wind at Actium, and realised that a world empire had passed from him for

ever. Dryden can feel the pathos in that affection of the aged soldier for his fallen chief, which Ventidius displays with such grand simplicity. These are truly tragic feelings; they have in them the elements of noble drama and true humanity. We are again in the region of Imperial visions, of issues which are to decide the fate of sovereigns and statesmen, of cities and empires. And yet we should be wrong if we thought that there was any immediate development of the moral quality in the leading men of this age. Bolingbroke and Marlborough are not examples of political integrity. On the matter of honour, personal and public, they differ not at all from the captain of highwaymen. Walpole is content to hold his office by bribery. Corruption has become a common thing in the public life of the nation, and those who would protest against these abuses are driven to believe that they are inevitable, the price that must be paid for such liberty as they now enjoy. How can you extract from this mass of putridity any kind of moral idealism? Who will enable men to attain to any conception of national life which will permit the finer elements in the soul of this people to manifest themselves?

And yet the energies of the people are not destroyed. The vital forces are too strong for death to capture them. A certain sombre energy, irritable, melancholy, liable to burst out in wild and obstinate effort against Nature, against man, against institutions, can be found among them. Gloomy and intractable, discontented with themselves and with their age, the time will soon come when Swift, burning with fierce indignation against all things, will speak for these men, utter their inarticulate contempt for all that they have accomplished and attained, and so reveal the eagerness of their hungry hearts for an enterprise worthy of their concentrated and fused energies. For the heart of the ancient tree is sound, and when the occasion comes we shall find that they are as susceptible as ever to their religious teachers. Wesley is met with dull hatred, with the opposition that one might expect from goaded beasts, when he preaches the gospel to miners and iron-workers in the dark places of the land. But when he has once secured his hearing and

made a few converts, the movement he has started goes with its own momentum, and men are changed from the semblance of fiends, drunken, lustful, surly, to respectable citizens, prayerful saints, possessors of a peace and a serenity of soul as far removed from anything they have yet known, as the pure rays of the evening star from the fuliginous glare in which topers fuddle themselves with gin. And these men only illustrate upon a larger scale what is being done in all the churches, what every public teacher is trying to effect according to his degree. Barrow and Tillotson and South, and a host of others, whose dull prelections are now impossible reading for all but the very strongest stomachs, spend their lives in emphasising with little art, but with blows as of a Thor's hammer, the elementary ideas of morality. And it is these serious men, worn with their immense labours, who, in parsonage and village and city, keep alive in the heart of the nation its belief in a destiny to which it has been called, and prepare the material by which the Empire is to be built.

And it is this incessant hammering on the importance of duty and the idea of right which gives dignity to our statesmen. Chatham will not yield to popular clamour, is adamant against the disapproval of his peers, in his opposition to the crimes and stupidities of the American War. He publicly avows that as an Englishman he endorses the American decision, and agrees with their defence of their property and their rights. The Empire has become a fact, colonies crowded with riches are possessed by England. But here is a blow which seems likely to bring the whole proud edifice to ruin. And the leading statesman of the age agrees with those who have struck the blow. He will not have Empire bought with such injustice, such stupid forgetfulness of the rights of man. If the Empire cannot live without this flagrant violation of every principle of freedom, better that the pageant of its glory should pass like a dream.

This is what gives such intensity to the declamation of Fox, as he thunders against the criminals in high places who are using their country's distresses for their own benefit. He cannot forget the dying bird, however

great may be his concern for the plumage. When he remembers the sufferings, the intolerable cruelties, by which the Revolution in France has been preluded, he feels it to be a crime against humanity to assist in subduing a people who have at last arisen to shatter the idol to which they have been sacrificed. And if in that process of destruction it should happen that kings and queens lose their heads, yet there is no cause for interference on the part of outside nations, since they were content to remain indifferent while the lives of peasants were made wretched through many scores of years. So the mighty orator argues, and the base of his dialectic is always the same—a belief in the freedom of man, the rights of the individual, and a deep-seated distrust of the aggressive instinct that rises when rulers are granted unlimited power. Gambler, libertine, profligate, the paragon of all private vices, you will find in him this energetic love of freedom, this distrust of licensed authority, which is the spring of all public virtue. It is the ethical instinct in the race revealing itself. So you find it to be with his greater contemporary Burke. He burns with indignation against those iniquities which have stained the history of our early jurisdiction in India; and the man who is overtly responsible for them, though he may be a scholar, refined in taste, a mighty ruler of men, skilled in every art of intrigue, a gentleman, honourable in all his dealings with his peers, yet he is to the righteous soul of Burke a wretch, whose public life is one extended tissue of falsehoods, meannesses, crimes, whose name is perfidy, out of whose subtle brain there have proceeded the sinister designs by which the impoverishment and death of thousands of inoffensive Hindus, from the rank of princess to that of labourer, have been effected. Of all the men that ever lived, Burke was the most qualified to appreciate the splendours of the Empire, rising, in those days, like a mountain peak wrapped in purple and gold, that greets the sailor's eye from some far ocean horizon. And yet this man is so sensitive to the peril threatening the conscience of mankind, from the undue development of Imperial ambitions, that he will not hesitate to impeach as a

criminal one who has been guilty of offences against the ethical rule.

One of the most influential minds amongst those that have been bent to the study of Imperial questions is certainly Macaulay. And that which makes Macaulay so important in all Imperial affairs is his passionate insistence on the maintenance of the ethical standard. He cannot conceal his admiration for Burke, though their political opinions are widely divergent. He can sympathise with the delicate situation in which Hastings found himself, can understand how difficult it must have been in a world of intrigue and lying to maintain his integrity and yet succeed in his enterprise. But he cannot conceal his predilection for straight dealing, and there is in him a hatred for the wily tricks, the subtle schemes, by which the Imperialist has sometimes furthered his ends.

It is certain that in English literature you get the principles of political and civil freedom illustrated successfully and vigorously. If literature be the expression of souls in revolt, I know not where the instinct for revolt finds more complete utterance than in the writings of our masters. From the historian to the novelist it is the same. True, our fiction has not the psychological subtlety, the fierce passion for introspective analysis, that you find in the best work of the Russian people. There is a difference easily discernible between Thackeray and Dostoieffsky. Our masters cannot dissect the soul with the terrifying candour of the Slav. You will not find amongst us the absolute precision of form that one looks for in the work of representative Frenchmen. Each nation has its peculiar gifts and its corresponding limitations. But where else shall one look for a literature in which the wealth of imaginative effort is conjoined with the power of balance, the ability to hold fast to elemental rules of the reason? These men are daring to the point of madness in their thinking about life. But they are too wise to lose their grip on the actualities of conduct. They know that there must be subordination, that each must fill his own place in the scheme of things if the national life is to

continue, and so, though they are perpetually protesting against the injustices and absurdities that spring from social disparities, they never blunder into the worship of an abstract and impossible equality. Dickens is a man who thrills with indignation when he sees the cruelties inflicted on the poor by the rich. He loathes the worship of rank, which he sees maintained by the society of his time. But this does not make him into a doctrinaire supporter of levelling theories.

There may have been too much of the feudal element in the productions of our famous writers in the past. Centuries of graded social order, the intangible force exerted by the pressure of tradition, would make it difficult for any man to write, if he wished to get a hearing, as one might in a new country, and addressing an unsophisticated audience. Our poets, from Shakespeare to Tennyson, have felt the power of a sentiment thus generated through many years of national development. They have appreciated the values of an aristocracy, and have not been particularly indulgent to the failures of the democratic principle when applied to the practice of life. But this does not affect the truth that our literature, by its appeal, by the width of its sympathies, by the tendency of its emotions, is peculiarly democratic. Whilst preserving some of the grace and dignity of an older régime, it manifests a regard for new ideas and fresh points of view. In this sense it may yet prove truly worthy of its place as an Imperial literature, ministering to the needs of many millions of people who have few interests in common save those which spring from their attachment to the Empire.

I do not consider that the literature of Imperialism proper has hitherto been adequate to the subject of which it treats. There is not sufficient of the finer side of our nation's work in the verse of Mr. Kipling. It is altogether too reminiscent of the bar-room and the habits of the swashbuckler. Frequently true to life in the sense that the speech of men is reported with a wonderful accuracy, it is often entirely false in the impression which it gives of the motives and ideas actuating our adventurous pioneers. One can picture Mulvaney, but one gets

no portrait of Clive or Lawrence. Gungha Dhin may live on the canvas, and Thomas Atkins be luridly represented, but one seeks vainly for such an inspiration as must have been his who surrendered his life above the precipitous walls of Quebec. No, the true literature of Empire is to be found in that mass of writing which has for its purpose the dissemination of ideas, the enlargement of the area within which the emancipated intelligence can freely wander. Whatever form the literary production may take it is still in the realm of thought, provocative, challenging, at once inspirational and didactic, that we find the substance of our contribution to the stability and beneficence of the Empire.

It is easy enough to say that the Hindu, acquainted with the writings of Herbert Spencer, versed in the agnosticism of Huxley, or touched with admiration for the spirit of Comte as George Eliot and Frederic Harrison have presented him to us, is only a worse and more unmanageable edition of the thieving Pathan or the treacherous Bengali. Not on such lines can progress be made. For good or ill we are pledged to deal with the great dependencies of our Empire on the assumption that the masses of the population are capable of being educated, and that it is for the good of the Empire that they should be admitted to whatever treasure of thought and knowledge may be locked up in the English tongue. Surely it must be like entering on a new and enchanted world for the Hindu or the Chinaman to be admitted to the enjoyment of Scott's novels. Romance is there as rich and varied as was ever offered to man. Those pictures of life, whether that of the high born or the lowly, which have charmed many a household in these Islands, would surely fascinate the mind of one who first came upon them from another land and an alien speech, and caught through the fog of another language some shadowy picture of the glory drawn for men by the hand of the Great Magician.

One reason for the influence of our writers to-day is that literature now exists, not for classes of men but for mankind. The old distinction between the people who read and those who are illiterate hardly exists. For the

number in civilised communities of those who cannot read is daily becoming smaller. Hence the man who now writes in one of the great languages will address a much larger community than could be reached by his predecessors, and the English language, steadily acquiring an unquestioned priority in its appeal to the student and the man of affairs, has even now personal forces operating through it whose influence is felt over the civilised world. And then the extension of the Empire has meant the spread of British literature over the globe. Ideas born within our own island have been carried to the other side of the world, and there is something majestic in the fact that, thousands of miles away, under conditions utterly different, the thoughts of our countrymen are being studied, their ideas discussed with sympathy and understanding, by men of other climes. The writer and speaker of the English tongue to-day appeals to multitudes outside his native land, and finds an audience awaiting him in countries where he will never set his foot; and this universal appeal of the English tongue justifies the respect accorded to those who thus mould the thinking of many millions.

Yet there are certain facts which may well cause the thoughtful reader to be fearful concerning English literature. It is doubtful whether its tone has improved during the last quarter of a century. Instead of dealing with character, analysing motives, and producing pictures of life which are true to humanity at all times, our writers have made fiction a medium for the discussion of problems connected with marriage, with the relation of the individual to the State, with the industrial situation, and similar themes. Doubtless there is something to be said for this practice. The novelist declares that he has taken all knowledge for his province, and that since his is the chief form of literature read in these days, he ought to deal with these problems. Hence discussions of the Christian Faith, inevitably ending with a discovery by the clerical hero that there is no place for him in organised religion. Or a young woman finds that the life of a mother with children, legalised by the State and

sanctified by the Church, is less satisfying than the position of one who has become a mother with no sanction beyond her own impulse. Whatever this form of literature may have gained in popular appeal, it lacks the elements of great tragedy. The atmosphere created by these writers is not that of the masters of the soul, who place their characters in situations where the conscience is at war with itself, or with those obligations which come to men from circumstance. They create men and women whose desire is to do what they like, who are consequently incapable of those battles against circumstance and fate out of which heroic character is made.

If we look to our drama for inspiration we are no more likely to find what we desire. Men seem incapable of appreciating the issues of life and death which form the staple of great drama. Comedy of the lighter kind may be tolerated, but it must not fail to bring all things into the light of a cynical, contemptuous humour. Should the grand element in life and character be suggested, a liberty has been taken, and the audience will resent it. The public seems to have assumed that great actions and great men are no longer possible. The most that it will tolerate is a skit on a Cæsar, a Pitt, or a Napoleon, shown in his less imposing moments. There are, doubtless, reasons for this debasing of a grand art. It is said that the man of affairs is too fatigued after the exertions of a modern day to sit through a play in which appeal is made to his deeper emotions, or it is alleged that the sorrows of life are too bitter for him to be interested in creatures who exist only in the imagination of the dramatist. We are to believe that since man became aware of his insignificance in the presence of the vast and vacant spaces, the educated can no longer be moved by these exaggerated pictures of affliction. These lamentations of kings and queens, still less of the obscure millions who live out their little day, ought not to provoke our tears. Lear becomes an irascible old man, guilty of a blunder for which he was adequately punished; Hamlet is transformed into an anæmic and self-conscious person, of a type too common in our modern cities; and Lady Macbeth becomes an

ambitious virago, who would have found her métier to-day in wielding an axe on the furniture of a drinking saloon.

Great literature cannot be produced by men who thus bring all things and persons to a common level. If this hatred of profound emotion and splendid action were the consequence of democratic ideas, we should regard the movement towards democracy as a calamity for mankind. If spiritual equality means this jealousy of the heroic temper, then the sooner we seek for some theory, feudalistic or what not, that will enable us again to respect the great emotions, the better for the race. But does the conflict thus indicated exist? When has it been shown that the democratic spirit is hostile to noble literature? The truth is, that much of this literature suffers chiefly from a lack of matter. It has little hold upon life. Byron is said to be an unsatisfactory poet because he lacks substance. He has not crowded his pages with the stuff of thought and knowledge. Revolutionary in his thought, opposed to every form of injustice, he remains nevertheless detached from reality, a dreamer, an improvisatore, unqualified for fellowship with the sons of men. And the remedy for that defect, both then and now, in poet and prose writer, is a larger acquaintance with life, a more sympathetic understanding of man. In other words, we need for the great writer more of the democratic spirit. Scott may be in politics a high Tory, but that does not affect his attitude towards mankind. At heart he is democratic, because he has insight into the soul, holds the magical key which gives admission to the mysteries of human character. This is the element which has made our literary masters great. Seeming to be the spokesmen of a parish, they have become men who speak in every tongue to the soul. They are Imperialists, not as Kipling is, by the beating of a big drum, and the raucous shouting of the showman advertising the attractions of the Fat Lady and the Human Gorilla, but by their universal appeal to the instincts and sentiments of humanity.

Nor has the love of the English race for equitable judgments and practical results hindered them from speculating

on the mysteries of existence. There can be found in our tongue every question that the mind can formulate. The idea that this is a people of stodgy mentality, unwilling to interrogate the Universe lest their prejudices be shocked, an idea fostered by some of our popular writers as a dark foil to their own brilliance, could not live for an hour amongst men who know our literature. Freedom of discussion for opinions is granted to all writers who will observe the decencies. True, we see no profit in the public unveiling of physical nudities, and literature as a provocative of sensual passion has not been encouraged amongst us, so that our writers are not usually distinguished in the pornographic line, and the copromaniac is kept in his place, though even here we can find examples in our own tongue which are sufficiently startling. But our taste generally rejects the emphasising of sensual interests, and we have preferred to think of these things as sufficiently illustrated in life, without literary talent forcing them on our attention. It is easy to scoff at these peculiarities of our countryman. He is supposed to be a Tartuffe because, aware that there are many painful and ugly things in the world, he will not spend all his time in contemplating the beauties of a sewer. There is, indeed, no nation whose writers have handled delicate questions with such freedom, yet our people have essayed to move in a region where, though the physical side of life is recognised as the base and ground of existence, the sentiments may have free course, and the nobler passions may affect the soul.

If the writers of to-day complain that the unpleasant is not allowed in the realm of art, the answer is direct enough. They declare themselves to be men of genius, and therefore entitled to the freedom of high talent. Let them prove their versatility and power by operating within the area prescribed to the genius of the great masters, and when they have exhausted the themes offered to every artist by the nobler sides of life, they may perhaps be permitted to investigate the pathology of moral disease, and claim our attention while they descant on the beauties of mental leprosy. The Englishman is no hypocrite in this matter of literature. The truth is, that

he does not love the artist of the lewd, though he may pity him, and his own healthy instincts lead him to prefer the clean things of the world.

In one respect we may clearly see the influence of Christian teaching in our national literature. Through all its pages there runs the tone of a sentiment which can only be produced where religion has had some influence on the life of the people, the feeling of the Infinite. These writers of ours who have done so much to educate the world, have first been awakened to the true appreciation of values by the influence of a profoundly spiritual religion. Where can one find a conception of the life of man more thoroughly suffused and drenched with the sentiment of the Infinite than in the poetry of Wordsworth? And yet there is no writer who is so thoroughly English in his attitude towards life, in his natural affections and antipathies, as the poet of the Lakes. It is not that he has learned to look upon the mountains with a lover's eye, or to dwell upon the movements of the clouds as might a painter, that makes him a great and representative English poet, but that he looks on these things and on the life of man as one who sees the living world in the light of God and of eternity.

And then through our representatives and emissaries, men who carry over all the globe the name and fame of England, a constant stream of new and interesting material is provided for consumption by the mother country and the national tongue. This means that practically all things that happen are in course of time passed through the alembic of our national literature, and this continual flow of information and ideas from the centre to the circumference, and back again, is what makes the literature of the Empire so rich in nutritive and educative material. You get this in the memoirs of our statesmen, where you find that they have been learning, through years of experience in office, far more surely and successfully than they could ever have learned from bookish study alone; you find it in the letters of the many men who have held important posts in our great Dependencies, who have been the representatives of Imperial power in lands where the Island

stands for whatever there is of majesty and power in the world. These men have seen the glory and the terror of earth, and have earned the right to speak with authority on themes that are eternally interesting to mankind.

And another element in our literature, which is the direct result of our Imperial expansion, is the increased sympathy with humanity in all its forms which has been produced by the scattering of our children throughout all lands. The pathos of existence has been strongly accentuated in our minds by the knowledge that our kindred are to be found in all parts of the globe, living out their days, apart from the dear ties of blood, frequently oppressed with loneliness, even when amidst a population with whose temper they have much in common, and cherishing tender memories of the ancient land from whence they have gone forth, though they may know well that they have small chance of ever seeing again the white cliffs or the green fields of their home. The tears in human things are felt in this people's writings, have become, though they are regarded as the least impressionable of all nations, an inseparable element of their prose and poetry, and the presence of this feeling has created a new note in literature, deep and musical as the mournful undertones of the restless sea. We are the voyageurs of the modern world, and always in our consciousness there runs the "Hail and Farewell" of the pilgrim who, in seeking for the new, is for ever feeling his heart-strings wrung by the pain of parting from the old.

Is it not permissible then, in view of what our countrymen have accomplished, to suggest that, in literature, as in life, in thought, as in action, we British are an Imperial people? We possess a treasure, ever increasing, which is not ours alone, but is the property of all mankind, and through the medium of this stored wealth of knowledge and meditation the vital ideas of our religion are even now being published to mankind. It is not for us to despise our heritage, or forget the obligations it imposes on the priestly successors of those who, in former ages, officiated in the Temple of Beauty.

IV

SOLDIERS OF THE SPIRIT

WHAT is the story of Christian Missions? Is it integral to the religion, part of its being, or is it simply an excrescence superinduced by the excess of zeal and piety manifested by some of its adherents? That question can be answered at once. Christianity is an evangelising religion. Wherever it has been understood and cordially accepted it has meant the creation of a missionary spirit. Ulfilas commenced his work amongst the Goths with the belief that the nation to which he was accredited had a right to hear the truth, that right being founded on the fact that they were men. Frumentius takes religion to Abyssinia in the fourth century, in accord with the precepts of the Master. Chrysostom, an Ultramontane of the nobler breed, trained the Goths to be teachers to their own people, because he believed that the mission of Christianity was for the whole world. By the fifth century there is a manifestation of the Apostolic spirit amongst the Celtic peoples of Ireland and Scotland, which has had a deep influence on the course of civilisation. Columba in his lonely isle amongst the Northern Seas, Aidan in the bleak vales and dense forests of Northumbria, were beginning that work of evangelism which was to make the people of these Islands a professedly Christian nation. From our country, ministered to by these men, there went forth others who, on the shores of Iceland, amongst the meres of Friesland, by the waters of the Zuyder Zee, and in the depths of German forests, were to discover the scene of their labours, and often to find for themselves a martyr's grave.

By the ninth century much of evangelistic work had

been done in Europe, and men were beginning to understand something of the meaning of Christianity. Yet an observer might well have wondered whether the religion could maintain its hold for long. For on the South were the fierce Saracen tribes with their Gospel of the sword; on the East the wild Hungarian hordes, as yet impervious to Christian ideals; and on the North the Scandinavian clans, still untouched by the spirit of the Gospel. It was a missionary, Anskar, who, as teacher of the tribes in Denmark and Sweden, turned the wild men of the North from their human sacrifices to listen to the message of the Nazarene, and thus saved the nascent civilisation of Europe. It was in Bulgaria and Moravia that the Christianising process began, by which the Hungarian hordes were taught a higher form of truth than they had known, whilst Vladimir's baptism, at the close of the tenth century, marks an epoch in Christian Europe, for it meant that the ameliorating influences of Christianity were also to be brought to bear upon the innumerable Slavic tribes. Slowly indeed the new seed grew, how slowly we may understand when we recall that, in the thirteenth century human sacrifices were still offered in Prussia, and that not till the sixteenth century were the Lapp peoples seriously affected by the new religion. But the seed grew. And how far reaching were the purposes of Christian men we see from the fact that in the fourteenth century Raymond Lully, saint and scholar, urges upon his fellow-believers the duty of sending missionaries to the Moslems, and himself dies, a martyr, at Bugiah, in North Africa; whilst from Bagdad, the city of Haroun Al Raschid, the Nestorians sent forth missionaries along the coast of Malabar and to Ceylon. In the thirteenth century, Marco Polo travels to the city of the Mongol chieftain, Kubla Khan, with Dominican friars as his companions, and not long after missions are established in Peking, whilst Diaz, Columbus, and Cabot, bold adventurers all, go forth, with the imprimatur of the Pope, on the understanding that they try to spread the Christian Faith.

These indeed are ancient things and battles long ago. But when we deal with the more modern period of our own history, we are equally in the presence of a missionary

zeal which will not be quelled. True, the Reformation seemed to stop for a time the enterprise of the Apostolic spirit, for the new churches were scarcely yet accustomed to the sense of freedom with its accompanying responsibilities. Yet in England at this time the growth of maritime power synrchonises with an effort at evangelism, Raleigh leaving £100 to the Virginia Company for the propagation of the Christian religion. But it is under the Protectorate that we find the greatest of Englishmen recognising the opportunity offered to the Christian Church as a missionary institution. He desires a Council for the Propagation of religion, which shall do for the Protestant Churches what the Roman Propaganda was doing for the older communion. This idea was afterwards revived by Richard Baxter, with the result that John Eliot is made one of its missionaries, the man who, declaring that " prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything," brought out the Bible in the Indian language, having learned sufficient from the twenty or so Indian tribes to be found near his Boston dwelling to justify him in writing a Grammar of the Mohican dialect. By this time men of science like Robert Boyle had begun to see the worth of missions in the new lands to which Englishmen were going, the Bishops, such as Berkeley, Sharpe, Laud, and Butler, were realising again the meaning of the evangelical commandment, and with the dawning of the eighteenth century the missionary idea had taken concrete form.

Beyond our own coasts the growth of the idea was equally vigorous, the Danish king of the time sending to the Coast of Coromandel men of the breed of Ziegenbalg and Scultze, whilst the Moravians, driven from their native land to Saxony, were organising their missions to Greenland and the West Indies, sending out from their little colony men who were afterwards to make their home in places so far apart as Surinam and Greenland, Lapland and Ceylon, Tartary and Algiers. Of these different places Greenland appears to have had a particular fascination for the missionary of those days, so that there is something to be said for that well-known phrase about "Greenland's icy mountains." Amongst

these, Hans Egede, the Dane, has made a name for himself as one of the most daring and industrious. Led to give himself to this work in the belief that he would find in Greenland many of his own countrymen who had gone to settle there, he went to be a missionary and teacher of religion amongst them. Arrived there, however, he found that the Northmen had gone, and that the only people to whom he could minister were the Esquimaux, of whose language he was entirely ignorant. To overcome this difficulty and learn the language took him some years of hard work, but, undeterred by the difficulties, he persisted, and had at last the pleasure of seeing good results from his manifold labours. Then came the smallpox, which almost destroyed the population amongst whom he worked, and made it necessary to begin over again. Yet he did not despair, and, in the face of all these obstacles, made many converts, opened up a trade with Denmark, and prepared the ground for such civilisation as the Esquimaux were able to receive. He is the author of several works on the country and people of his adoption, and is known to science as one of the men who have given a veracious account of the great squid or sea-serpent, which he saw on one of his voyages. Compelled to return to Denmark, his place was taken by his son Paul, who carried on and extended the noble work done by the older man.

Turning again to our own land, we find one of the really great names of missionary enterprise in that of Henry Martyn, who, born in 1781, was a Senior Wrangler before he was twenty years of age, and was intended for the Bar, but, hearing Simeon preach and reading the life of David Brainerd, missionary to the North American Indians, determined that he too would be an apostle to the heathen. At the age of twenty-four he was a chaplain of the East India Company, and was soon preaching in Cawnpore in his own compound, learning Hindustani, and busy in translating the New Testament into that tongue. This accomplished, he turned the Book into Hindi, then twice over into Persian; later, translated the Psalms into Persian, the Gospels into Judæo-Persic, and the Prayer Book into Hindustani, labouring

all the time under difficulties caused by feeble health and the furious bigotry of his chief moonshee, Sabat. Animated by an unconquerable faith, he resolved to go to Persia to correct his version of the New Testament, met there with many of the chief men and debated with them on points of doctrine, and then, having made up his mind to go on to Arabia to translate the Scriptures into the Arab language, crossed the Araxes, rode from Tebriz to Erivan, thence to Kars, to Erzerûm, to Chiflik, and at last stopped at Tokat, overcome with fever, exhausted by his immense exertions, and died there at the early age of thirty-one, having crowded into his brief career more work than most men of equal talent could have compressed into the full span of human life. Earth has had many men who have made more noise in the world than this consumptive scholar, but she holds no nobler dust.

Worthy of being classified with this great soul is William Carey — a name ever memorable amongst modern apostles—a shoemaker of Northampton, who, sent by the Baptists to India and beginning there as manager of an indigo factory, is soon to be found as Professor of Oriental Languages in Serampore. Twenty-four different translations of the Scriptures stand to his credit, with dictionaries and grammars in the Mahratta, Sanskrit, Punjabi, Telinga, Bengali, and Bhutanta tongues, whilst to him must be attributed the systematic circulation of the Bible amongst the tribes of India. Since his day all the churches have been emulous in the pursuit of missionary enterprise, sending out men of varied gifts and acquirements to different parts of the world, all intent on the one purpose of spreading the teaching of Christ amongst illiterate and idolatrous peoples. Heber of Calcutta gives himself to this work, labouring as scholar, man of letters, and missionary, until his health breaks down; whilst Alexander Duff devotes himself, on behalf of the Scotch Church, to the same great enterprise. Gray and Steere justify their title as Bishop in South Africa, welding the small and struggling churches of their order into harmonious unity; whilst John Mackenzie proves that the missionary is not

without administrative skill in his handling of the Bechuanas at a time of crisis for the Empire. In New Zealand, G. A. Selwyn, as first Bishop of New Zealand, bends his trained mind to the service of the Maoris, and, through evil and good report, ploughs on his lonely way, until he has convinced his people that there is no truer friend to their interests than the representative of Christ. In Melanesia the heroic Patteson is murdered by the natives, and is succeeded by the son of Selwyn, who, animated by the example of his father, takes up the work of Patteson, and toils amongst the islanders of the South Pacific until, after twelve years, he must come back, a broken man, to die, still young, a martyr to the cause he had at heart. Nor is it only amongst the white men that these fine spirits are found, for on the banks of the Niger there labours the escaped slave Bishop Crowther, who, a negro of the negroes, translates the Bible and Prayer Book into Yoruba, establishes a trade in cotton for the natives, brings to his own people some knowledge of the Western principles of agriculture, and finally sees many of the chiefs of his district confessing themselves as Christian believers.

What does this brief record of a great movement mean but that in Christianity we are dealing with a religion which must, by the nature of its genius, prove itself a propagandist faith? Never has it been successful when its representatives have been content to exist upon an established reputation. The Gospel must express itself by bold attack upon unknown regions, by the expansion of its borders, and by ministering to all kinds of men. For Christianity must conquer or die. There is for it no middle way. This does not mean that to other religions it offers an uncompromising opposition. There is something of truth in them all. Eclecticism may not be the highest form of belief, but there must be in the Christian believer the spirit which finds, in every mode of approach to the Eternal, a shadow of the truth as revealed in Christ.

The history of the Church shows that in ceaseless proselytising effort we find the true articulation of Christian genius. Four hundred years after the religion

had been born came the abolition of Paganism by Imperial decree, and one step in the long journey had been taken. Two hundred and fifty years later the power of Druidic worship was destroyed. Ancient cults which had maintained the sacrifice of human life for the appeasement of an angry deity were no longer a ruling force in the world. With the crowning of Charlemagne came the death-blow to Scandinavian Paganism, and the creation of an Empire intended to bring Europe directly under Christian rule. All this was the consequence of a movement outwards, which sprang from the very genius of our Faith. Men, touched by the spirit of Christ, began to feel that their belief was something more than a provincial cult, that it held the secret of world rulership. Do not these things indicate that the strength of this religion can never be found in acquiescence? She must struggle to shape the rocky substance on which she works into a form more suitable to the purposes of the Divine Maker.

If we would feel the full force of this missionary, this aggressive, spirit, we must know something of those who risked all for the Gospel. Of Xavier, the finest example in the annals of the Roman Church, it was said that he knew how to speak of God to man, and how to speak to God of man. There, in such a character, is the truest harmony of devotion and humanism, of piety and philanthropy. Of that blend of qualities the Church has always possessed representatives. Such a man goes forth to the remotest corners of the earth, hacks his lonely way through trackless woods under a sun which, blazing in the heavens, yet cannot penetrate the thick umbrage of brown and green under which he struggles onward. He accepts with equal mind the torments of the forest as they come to him in prickly undergrowth, and binding tentacle, and fever-bearing mosquito; fears not the death that comes swiftly by the flying arrow or slowly and horribly from the blazing faggot, content if, in the moment of earthly dissolution, he may know that some soul has been awakened to nascent life by his impassioned labours. These men, the chief glory of the Church of Christ, the Empire has sent

forth by hundreds, brave scorners of health and opulence and even life, whose one ambition has been to serve mankind through serving this high Cause.

Confessedly these ethereal purposes, the purest by which man can be urged, may be vulgarised by crude interpretation, so that your common-sense person shall come to think of this hunting for souls as though it were a subsidiary agent in commercial expansion, and therefore as easily capable of reduction to arithmetical terms as some contract between trader and slaver in the days of black ivory. Such was the spirit of that donor of missionary enterprise who "preferred to work in the South Seas because there he got more souls for his money." It takes all sorts to make a world, and the economist who haggled over the price paid for a conversion may have his place in the social order. But how remote are such ideas from the spirit of men who have spent their lives in unrecognised devotion to the backward races of mankind! Compare with this pious Gradgrind the figure of a man like Mackenzie, who had ever on his lips the prayer, "O Lord, send me to the darkest spot on earth." Whether he could have found that in Tierra del Fuego, or would have done better to seek for it in Ratcliffe Highway, may be a matter of doubt amongst the pious patriots who scrutinise our impoverished districts from the security of a suburban dwelling. But the passion that breathes in such an adjuration is a more precious asset to an Imperial people than the prudence that never goes a step beyond the beaten trail of urban comfort.

But it may be alleged that, while the chief duty of the Imperialist is to civilise alien populations, this implies no ostensible recognition of religious belief. Indeed, to some of our world wanderers it seems a sin against common sense to send to men of a poorer racial calibre than our own the evangelist of a religion which proclaims the brotherhood of man. The sportsman, after recounting some of his exploits in the shooting of wild game and subduing the natives to a proper respect for the white man, not infrequently suggests that the chief crime of the humanitarian is to commission to these

waste places of the world the ambassador of religion. According to the testimony of such travellers the surest way to revive the hatreds and cruelties of these degraded tribes is to preach to them the gospel of the Nazarene, with its ideals of rational comradeship amongst men. It is an old story that these men repeat, and it seems to lose nothing by the passage of time. Mental enlightenment, growth in knowledge and self-respect, are assumed to imply the ruin of those to whom they are given. Unquestionably there are white men who dread the native influenced by religious or ethical ideas. And because of this they foolishly discourage the diffusion of a religion which is really the only remedy for the evils they deplore. These men represent to the black peoples, frequently very finely, the traditions of the English race. And because of this they need to learn that the Empire exists, not only for the maintenance of an existing civilisation, but also for the purpose of bringing into being a world which shall know less of blood and murder, more of fraternity and co-operation, than they deem either possible or desirable. They must learn that the missionary, far from being a nuisance to be despised and swept out of the way, is the messenger of a gospel which, needed everywhere, is called for most of all in those gloomy regions, once full of the moaning of women and the anguished cries of slaves, in which sportsmen are accustomed to find their chief excitement and delight.

But the British man himself has often been an unconscious missionary of the faith. Himself the shyest of men in matters that belong to the spiritual life, he is yet capable of being transformed into something not unlike a martyr, when a genuine claim is made on his loyalty to God. Some element of greatness in these men responds to the call of the exigent moment, so that they rise to it as the war-horse to the battle, and are conscious of a wild joy in offering resistance to the allurements and severities of a hostile world. And it is in keeping with the national character that an Englishman should understate rather than exaggerate his faith, choosing by preference the lower pitch of expression about life's grand problems, but then maintaining an unflinching loyalty to his con-

fession. The simple soldier who was offered his life on condition that he would apostatise, and answered that "he must not deny the Lord Jesus," revealed the same high quality, the fidelity that cannot be seduced from the simple principles of duty. Though a certain reticence on such themes is one of the most marked features of his character, yet it was an Englishman who could say with entire sincerity, "I am ready to go to Sierra Leone and to die for the name of the Lord Jesus,"—a declaration which gives a flashlight photograph of the enthusiasm that burned, a glittering flame, in the depths of the heart. And there is a courageous faith, the fruit of sincerity, of wide experience, in that saying of Henry Smith, Commissioner of Police, to his sons, "If you keep communion with God in the way of His own appointment, I am warranted to say that He will never leave you nor forsake you."

When Dante spoke of the misery of those who lived without glory and died without shame, he was thinking of men whose sluggish souls had never been stirred by the evocation of fair ideals, who could realise no other modes of being than that of mere gustation, the flattering of a trained palate by meats and drinks. Such men, declares the mighty poet, must needs be taught in other worlds that they had missed the greater good of life, whilst avidly seeking for the lesser grace. Happily our nation has had instances, not a few, of those who have proved that in remaining faithful to their vows they have trodden a path which, arduous enough at the beginning, has brought them with every step nearer to that self-mastery which is the fairest crown of life.

It has been complained that English religious thought is too restricted in its outlook ever to do justice to the world-wide interests of the British people. The religious man is described as one who lives in his own narrow circle, contented with the small world which he mistakes for the universe, viewing with jaundiced gaze the men who have penetrated beyond the thickets of prejudice within which he and his futile tribe pass their days. How can such men as these pronounce a rational judgment on issues important to the life of a great nation! Thus,

with a snorting scorn, as of one who would blow away the chaff from the wheat and set all the children of men in their proper places, speak the full-blown Imperialists, of aggressive disposition and vigorous fancy, who take to themselves the credit of having created the Empire into which they are so fortunate as to be born.

And, putting these on one side, there remains a considerable body of persons who imagine that Christian opinion in this country is best represented by Jonathan Dymond and his early admirers, that we have been permanently controlled by the philosophy of the Quakers, and, like our teachers, have an invincible repugnance to facing the hateful realities of the world. We are supposed never to have read Seeley, and to be blessedly ignorant of the existence of an "All Red Route." On this matter Christian opinion must be sufficiently explicit. For the Church should not willingly be separate from the life of the nation. To be severed from the main current of the national history may be imperative for a Church at a certain time of its history. But it is not desirable. Such a position was that of the Early Christian communities in Rome. The toleration which was founded on an equal contempt for all the deities could not commend itself to the reverential mind of the disciple of Christ. He was out for world conquest, and if the way led him through the fires of martyrdom, at least he was not deterred by its terrors. Is that to be our relation to the Empire within which we live? Must we say that the secular power is so profoundly atheistical that we cannot recognise its claim upon our service and devotion?

At least let us consider the facts before we accept that as the ultimate decision. Granted that it is absurd to speak of any nation, our own or another, as in a genuine sense a Christian people, yet taking things as they are and not as we would like them to be, is it not true that no nation has been more keenly sensible of the moral value of Christianity? If the ethic of the Sermon on the Mount is to be taken in its rigid sense, then we have no commerce, no diplomacy, no politics which can be described as Christian. Paganism has its part in all these activities, and to some of us the part seems far

too large. But on what principle are we to reject the good because it is not the best? Shall we cease to endeavour to refine and ennoble diplomacy because it has not yet bent its neck to the yoke of the Redeemer? Shall politics be left to the manipulations of the unscrupulous wire-puller and the conscienceless Boss, because the supreme ethic is not predominant over its operations? If we are to cut ourselves asunder from the tasks and responsibilities of Empire we have but to follow the same course of reasoning to reach a Quietism which would leave the world at the mercy of satanic powers.

But then is the conduct of the Empire such a piece of organised wickedness as our critical brethren assume? Is the lurid picture of our cruelties, of our blood lust and gold lust, not a little overdrawn? The very intensity of the colouring, Rembrandtesque as it is, serves to make men sceptical about such a statement of the case. In the service of their own cause the critics of the Empire would be wise in moderating their tone. To compare the conduct of Empire with the management of an ideal Commonwealth, in which most of the women are angels and the majority of the men are eunuchs, is a proceeding unworthy of rational men.

The kingdom of heaven may be safely used as an inspiring ideal, tempting men towards the higher ranges of activity and endeavour. It should not be used for the purpose of proving how futile are the efforts men have already made. To hold the mirror up to the imperfections which are bound up with the constitution of human society at this age of the world, is not to help but to sicken and fatigue the panting toilers for human good. The comparison must be made not only with an ideal world, but also with those Governments which have left their mark on history. Let the picture of an Empire founded on a servile system be put by the side of that which at least presumes the freedom of its members. Let the iron rule of the Cæsars be compared with the authority exercised by our constitutional monarch. Go to the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies for illustrations which will fit the case. Should the results of these

comparisons prove unduly flattering to the vanity of Englishmen, when their pride can be effectually reduced to normal proportions by a glimpse of the spiritual monarchy after which they seek. It cannot be denied that the makers of the Empire have been, on the whole, benefactors to the general interests of humanity. Crimes, indeed, may be laid to their charge, sufficiently vile and terrible to make the proudest of us blush. But if they had their vices, let us not deny to them the virtues with which they have adorned the annals of humanity. The captain of freebooters may have had no exalted idea of his own place in the body politic, and was assuredly not a visionary of the poetic type, but his sword carved a pathway for the trader and evangelist into otherwise inaccessible strongholds of superstition and ignorance.

It is true that our countrymen have not always been daring or even wise in their treatment of the religious problems of the Empire. Probably it would have been infinitely to our advantage as a people, it might have increased our prestige with the races over whom we exercised suzerainty, if we had been more explicit in our declaration of allegiance to the laws of the Christian kingdom. Lawrence of India put that very strongly when he said that what stirred up the Mutiny was the habitual cowardice of England as to her own religion. That is probably unjust, but coming from one who had unusual facilities for forming a sound opinion, it might lead us to inquire whether we are wise in treating our religion as an unimportant factor in our Imperial affairs. Many people assure us that there never has been any connection between the religion and English life. The nation has moved onward, according to the dictates of its own genius, in accordance with the exigencies of the hour. The religion has remained an excrescence, never vitally connected with the people or State. But this can only be believed by a thoroughly prejudiced mind. The facts of history are too plain to allow us thus to blink their meaning. Englishmen have been affected by their religion even when least inclined to acknowledge it. Probably no nation in the world has so frequently

done things which suggest the extremity of madness, but were really inspired by the spirit of their faith.

There has been a good deal of comment made by our travellers, much of it the reverse of complimentary, on the work of the missionary. This criticism is intelligible enough, some of it may be even deserved. It is stupid to expect that all men will laud labours with which many of them have no sympathy. But as I hear these contemptuous judgments I am inclined to ask a question: On what do these men propose to trust for the civilising and reforming work hitherto done by the despised Christian evangelist? Does any reasonable man think that we can for generations to come hold in subjection these conquered races, without at least trying to improve their moral character? Or is it said that our best weapon in such a task will always be the gun and the sword? Has any nation permanently kept the rest of the world in awe by the sword alone? The average critic of missionary work seems to be chiefly anxious to stop the movement of human thought. He would keep certain areas of the world rigorously free from all civilising influences, save the rifle and the whisky bottle. He conceives it fitting and proper that men who labour for the uplifting of native races should be confined as lunatics, or set to work in penitentiaries, where they may learn to be humble in the presence of the wandering trader and the vagabond sportsman. Yet is it not clear that we men of the ruling races are being offered even now a choice of ways? Either we must attempt the impossible and keep half the world in awe by clubbing them to stupidity, drugging them with various forms of poison, and then remain always alert, so that at the slightest sign of consciousness we may again stun the victim of our protective kindness, or we must educate, so far as they can receive education, the races which come under our tutelage and control. And if we admit that the latter is not only the more humane but is also the more profitable method of getting through with our business as managers of the Empire, and only a madman surely would deny that, then we must learn to regard the missionary as the teacher of elementary decency and

morality to the millions who acknowledge the King as their overlord. The position may not be all that the true missionary might fairly claim for himself, but less than this we can scarcely refuse to the men who have been, albeit unconsciously, the vanguard of our Imperial hosts.

Is it said that there is no need for missionaries? Consider the conditions which prevail in many of these lands. It is known that the cannibals of some districts in Africa used to keep their victims alive for weeks, cutting out pieces of flesh each day. In Borneo, under the old régime, the Dayak girl expected her lover to bring the heads of those he had slain that she might see them. These were the common incidents of life in those regions which formed the black borders of civilisation. And doubtless similar atrocities are being perpetrated every day, in those lands where the restraints of religion have not yet confined and repressed the passions of mankind. Darwin was a believer in the value of Christian missions to the human race. He had seen the truth for himself. He has given us the story of a man who, being pressed by hunger, speared the nearest living thing, which happened to be his wife. This is the form of ignorance, these are the animal ferocities with which the missionary has to deal. Bland Sutton tells us that when Speke entered Uganda his donkey was regarded as indecent, since it travelled without trousers. Yet these people were thoroughly immoral in all their relations. When a woman had a sick child, it was customary for her to leave it in the forest at night to be devoured by the hyenas. The god Kitinda being angry, a man is dragged to the lake, his knees and elbows broken, and he left there to be eaten by the crocodiles. And this hideous form of sacrifice is but typical of what men have believed and practised in most parts of the world in the early days of their evolution, only emerging from it as the light of a purer faith has begun to shine on them. Every ivory tusk, says one who has seen the sorry spectacle for himself, told a tale of woe, of slave raids carried out with remorseless cruelty, of men and women tortured that others might make wealth out of their sufferings. To deny the need for a spiritual message which may

put a stop to these horrors by changing the hearts of the people who have practised them, is to be guilty of an act of treachery to our common civilisation. If we cannot sympathise with the religious purpose of the evangelist, we might at least acknowledge the worth of that philanthropy which has made him one of the world's most heroic figures.

We have all heard the charge that the English missionary is so fond of the higher classes of society that he becomes at last an instrument of the governing power, an official without status. There may once have been some apparent justification for this opinion. Men who find themselves in a foreign land, far from all their friends and customary surroundings, might be forgiven for making much of the few of their countrymen who are in the neighbourhood. And it is a thankless business to suggest to some hard-worked missionary, toiling amidst conditions which might well break the heart of a hero, that he is not to enjoy any brief respite from his labours that may be given by the companionship, if only for a brief day, of those who speak the same language. But we cannot, until we have seen something of what such a life may mean, appreciate the need for such refreshment and change. Seeing the unenviable conditions amidst which he must work, we shall measure better the merit of the man who, rising superior to all sense of personal discomfort, makes himself a friend of the common people, the bearer of their burdens, and the participator in their troubles. And this is just what is being done by the majority of those who have in recent years, in India and China, taken the work of evangelising the heathen so closely to heart. They have been chiefly distinguished for their uncompromising championship of the people's cause. For it is amongst the plain people, with minds full of crude superstition and with the blood of thousands of generations of Orientals in their veins, unsophisticated children of Nature, friendly to vice and crime, yet not strangers either to beautiful virtues—it is there that the mission preacher feels himself to be in the succession of those who first went forth to deliver the evangel to the world. There is something strangely attractive in the

figure of the traveller, moving from village to village in the mighty and wonderful world in miniature that we may find in India or China, and making, with every person he meets, an opportunity for preaching the gospel of the Suffering Christ. We do well to keep that picture in mind as a necessary corrective to the more impressive picture of great results in education and translation produced by large and wealthy societies. And the modern missionary is more fitly represented by these lovers of the poor and the lonely, than by those splendid performances which are the pride of our Christian communities.

Not the least important part of the missionary's work is to protect the native from the grosser form of white man. When the coloured man has his day, says one traveller, the European will suffer badly and will have deserved it. What of that planter who, being offended with a black who had sulked and, seeing another boy on the other side of the river, shot the latter as an example to the rest? Does that make the native love the white man? The negroes of Tanganyika, when the storm comes on, beg the white men to lie in the bottom of the boat, because the gods cannot bear the sight of them. Since the missions in Cali have been given over to the Civil Power it is said that the authorities prey upon the natives, taking all, and not even giving them the spiritual consolation which they received formerly from their priestly rulers. These are illustrations of what constitutes a real need. The white man sometimes requires to be protected against himself, or at least, against the less desirable specimens of his own breed, in his relation with native tribes. And whilst the missionary acts as a defender of the native against the cruelty of the mean white, he is himself compelled to work amidst conditions which are often full of demoralising influences. In the South Seas, we are told, the native will often bring his wife down to the beach, act the rôle of Pandarus, and take the money his wife has earned from the sailors, regarding the whole transaction as a normal incident in the day's happenings. A vast deal of nonsense has been written about the simplicity

and purity of native ethics and conduct by those who have never seen the reality at close quarters. The wonder is that the missionary himself, working under such conditions, should not, more often than is happily the case, prove a black sheep in the flock.

Because the work of the missionary is often the only barrier between the whisky-sodden and lecherous Mean White and the native, because he preserves his own moral integrity in circumstances which are sufficiently trying to threaten any man's security, he has earned the respect of those who are aware of the work he has done. Let his virtues be counted unto him for righteousness by those who would compute the value of his place in the Commonwealth of mankind.

Whatever then may be the criticisms passed on the work of the missionary, there ought to be a frank acknowledgment that the most remarkable fact about it is the measure of success he has achieved. It was in 1854 that Thakombau, chief of the Island of Mbau, one of the Fijian group, a man of unusual capacity, was converted to Christianity. That may not have been of much importance to the trader, to whom all niggers are alike, constitutionally incapable of thought or conduct befitting human beings, but it was the commencement of a process which transformed that part of the world from a slaughter-house into a home for decent men.

On this island is a patch of land, the site of an old-time human sacrifice, which is now converted into a cricket pitch. Where formerly the victim was hacked to pieces that he might propitiate some bloodthirsty deity, is now the scene of healthy sport, that true sign of civilisation. That one fact is eloquent enough. No great gift of imagination is needed to enable one to see with the inner eye that gory business transacted in an old and now obsolete world, to picture the long procession of exulting worshippers singing, with raucous voices, their diabolic hymns, and dancing obscenely, with wild and passionate gesticulation, as they pass along the broad, sun-illumined path. One can see the malignant faces of infuriated women, the harsh cunning of the priest who, on these days of blood, feels himself to be the

true ruler of the people, more potent than the monarch whose lightest word may loose ten thousand arrows, and, amidst them all, the chief centre of attraction for all gazers, the victim of this murderous superstition, the appointed partner of Death, who goes now to his couch under the eyes of a nation, along a path which ends in a crimson haze, belted by the opacity of night. And this, which casual thinkers and personally-conducted travellers describe as paganism or heathenism, which wild artists lament over as the fountain of Romance, now, alas, being stanched and covered by the heavy oversoil of civilisation — this, which must have been to those who suffered by it like an orgy of unclean ghouls, has now been replaced by a cricket pitch, where boys and men may spend in harmless play the exuberant surplusage of their vital strength. Surely the faith which has accomplished this, the men who have been instruments in this mighty transformation, deserve something more from the world than the cold recital of their mistakes.

And, thinking of that open space, I have been dreaming of the men who wrought here and there and in many different parts of the world, until at last some of the things they fought and agonised for had been done. What bitter solitude they must at times have known, what a despairing sense of helplessness, as they looked at the dense forests, full of writhing, tortuous forms, of ropes of green, slender yet strong enough in their accumulated and co-operative power to break the mightiest tree! They would see those pestilential swamps lying calm with the peace of death hanging over them, a thin mist for ever rising from their long-stagnant waters, and spreading abroad throughout the plains like an ever-expanding hand, within whose softly folding clutch no living thing could long continue to breathe. And in the mist there rise and float, filling the air with their soft booming, the deadly things that carry beneath their wings the poisoned arrow, one touch of which will turn the strong man's blood to water—a weapon deadlier than the silent blowpipe, more unerring in its murderous attack than the sharp sting of a rifle bullet.

And around the fetid swamps and through the deep retired glades of the forest troop strange forms, whether animal or man who is to say, since man and beast are alike to be dreaded, fled from in terror, or confronted with courageous heart and such lethal weapons as one may chance to have. Is it a small thing to have met these perils, to have lived as these men have lived on the outskirts of the known world, with their eyes always turned to the unexplored vastnesses of the wild? Let those speak lightly of it who have themselves, cheerful and unafraid, looked into the face of Death.

Do you wonder then that the figure of such a man as Duff, who, saved from a wreck, with the Bible and the Psalms as his only possession, sees in it a divine interposition in his favour and becomes a missionary—shines, splendid as that of any belted knight, when judged by the obvious and clamant needs of these distant lands? It is pleasant to think of the glory of the gorgeous East, to dream of its vivid and passionate colouring, to hear the soft murmuring of its multitudinous and mobile life, when one is at home. But its barbaric splendour grows dull when seen under one's eye through endless months of burning sun and drenching rain, when one knows that there is nothing to be done but to endure, with such patience as one may possess, the interminable succession of dreary days. Life there has its own fascinations—and they are many—but the men who have exiled themselves from their native land, in obedience to the call of duty, are not likely to take the pleasures of Eastern existence as an adequate compensation for the simple and honest joys they have denied themselves.

Nor is it to be wondered at that these men, travelling often like the patriarchs of old in lands they did not know, thrown thus upon their own resources for such faith and courage as they required, should have discovered the wealth of inspirational force that resides in the Scriptures. If I had ever doubted the value of the Book, I must have been convinced of its priceless worth by watching its effect in strengthening the souls of men in times of tribulation. Think, for instance, of the

experience narrated of themselves by the two army officers who, during one of our innumerable little wars, were thrown into prison at Bokhara and kept there, in torment and the hourly expectation of death, by the order of a malignant and treacherous king. They had with them a Prayer Book containing the Psalms, and, while they lay in filth, sweltering in the heat, and slowly dying of starvation, they read frequently for their comfort those poems of the soul. And in the letters written during this time of misery—letters which after many months reached their destination, to be read when the writers had passed away—they declared that during the time of their imprisonment they had made the momentous discovery, as it was to them, that "there were splendid things in the Psalms." The Book that can come successfully through such a test, satisfying the hunger for consolation that men feel when all their earthly hopes have proved vain as smoke clouds, is a Book which can with safety be left to make its way. And it is because the men who have been the leaders in our evangelistic explorations have been men of this Book, have made it their friend and their companion, that they have been such redoubtable and daring evangelists to the less enlightened races of mankind.

Westermarck may tell us that the men of the South Seas will sometimes say, "As stupid as an Englishman," and there are, of course, occasions numerous enough when he may seem to have deserved the appellation. But the fact remains that the Englishman has created a force at present more effective than any other in the world for the fashioning of ideas and manners amongst nations, and that where the swiftly thinking and imaginative man has failed, this stupid person has become the artist under whose hands modern humanity is to receive its chief impress and pattern. But the man who enters upon this task, who seriously thinks of himself and of his nation as agents in the production of a moral renaissance, certain to influence at last every class and condition of humanity, and who has to support and inspire him only some vague humanitarian sentiment, is very unlikely to travel far on his chosen road of pilgrimage. Under chill Northern

skies, where the fight for life is keen and bitter, the propagandist of nebulous notions is likely to be transformed into an adventurer animated by the first principle of egoism, the determination to save oneself. And in the languorous atmosphere of the Tropics, where the joys of life are simple and passionate if not particularly pure, it will require something more than the charm of an abstract idea, a bodiless phantom, however euphonious and impressive the name may be, to create and maintain alive the nobler altruisms of the heart. This is why we need such a religion as Christianity to urge men to the completion of their braver adventures.

Nor ought we to forget the manner in which these men have lived in their far-off homes. They have left the comforts of the West to face the dangers and disappointments of an unknown world. Their simplicity of life, the way in which they have kept the idea of a pure home alive in lands where the very name was unknown, the manner in which they have upheld the holiness of Christian marriage, the noble frugality with which they have often silently rebuked their fellow-countrymen who had learned too soon to appreciate the luxury that comes with power, their earnest pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, as with Morrison in China, Carey in India, mastering intricate tongues and bringing home to the savants of Europe the information they had so hardly acquired, and, above all, the unselfishness of the motive by which they have been driven, the desire to diffuse amongst all nations the truth as they had learned it in Christ, make them worthy of any company of the heroic sons of men.

In the imagination of those who have voyaged the world over upon their occasions, the missionary then figures as the prophet of a greater era, a diviner race. Like Mackenzie, he may be more a man of affairs than of ostentatious piety; or, like Borrow, there may be that element of romance, of mysterious suggestion, in his nature which makes the particular form of his belief insignificant in comparison with the massed weight of his personal authority; or, like Nicholson, he may be one of those born leaders whose code of honour, austerely

simple and yet universally embracing, carries with it, when applied in particular instances, the accumulated force of an avalanche, and compels reverence even from a cynical enemy. But whoever they be or whatever their chosen function, such men reveal themselves always as the propagators of their faith, the unconscious instrument in the hands of Eternal Wisdom.

I say then that as the herald and forerunner of Imperial rule the missionary has proved himself in the past an indispensable and praiseworthy ally of whatever is finest in our national life. Think of him in the lowest terms to which he can be reduced—an unrecognised, unpaid, and frequently maligned servant of the Crown—and he stands forth as one of the most heroic figures in the army of those who have carried the flag to the far corners of the world. Think of him in his highest terms—as messenger of the Cross, the preacher of an evangel which is rooted in Redemption, the prophet of a fraternity which is grounded upon the Incarnation—and he becomes one of the mighty, albeit unconscious, figures of the modern world's romance, worthy to rank with any knight or paladin of the palmy days of chivalry.

Have I suggested that the only messenger of our religion to whom we need pay attention is the man specifically appointed for its propagation? That would be a denial of all that I have attempted to say in this book. Not only through him, but through all those men, traders, soldiers, mariners, explorers, servants of the Crown, through every man who wanders about the world speaking our mother tongue (yes, even when he himself is not a believer in Christianity, for no man can wholly dissociate himself from the society into which he has been born)—through all these, Christianity is to-day knocking at the temples of all the gods, claiming to be heard where ignorance, superstition, tyranny, and vice have been the ruling agents for countless generations, laying its hand alike on the nations of the past and the peoples who hold the future of the world in pawn. We British men are perforce co-operators and even lenders in this divine adventure.

And surely it is a belief worth cherishing, this

conviction that our ancient race, rich in its traditions, mighty in its faith, its spring-time ever renewed with the dew of youth, may be instrumental in building up an Imperial Commonwealth, into which men of many nations may come, forerunner of that still vaster Imperialism, which knows no boundaries save those of Humanity, and no monarch save One, whose diadem is a crown of thorns!

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